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Poetry.

"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY."

[The following is the poem read at the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue at ...ton, Va., on yesterday:]

...'ack arms, men; pile on the rails;
...the camp fire bright!
...ng if the canteen fails;
...e a roaring night.
...doah brawls along,
...Ridge echoes strong,
...brigade's rousing song
...Jackson's way.

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! We shall give him ——!"
Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff;
Attention! it's his way
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God.
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod;
Amen!" That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade.
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen!—whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar,
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah, maiden! wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah, widow! read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

[The authorship of the above poem has been the subject of dispute, but the claim of John Williamson Palmer is considered the more tenable. According to Mr. Palmer, it was written September 16-17, 1862, at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md., within hearing of the guns at Harper's Ferry, when that point was taken by Stonewall Jackson. Palmer was a Southern war correspondent. He says he lost the original copy of the song a few days after it was written, as he was crossing the battle field at Harper's Ferry. The authorship has also been claimed on behalf of Major E. King, of the quartermaster's department of the rebel army.]

ÆNIGMATA.

I wanted the sweep of the wild wet weather,
The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall,
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,
The measureless grey that was over them all;
Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken;
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry—
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,
The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us! We see them ever—
The trees and the sky and the stretch of the land;
But they give us a word of their secret never;
They tell no story we understand.
Yet haply the ghost-like birch out yonder
Knows much in a placid and silent way;
The rain might tell what the grey clouds ponder,
The winds repeat what the violets say.

Why weeps the rain? Do you know its sorrow?
Do you know why the wind is so sad—so sad?
Have you stood in the rift 'twixt a day and a morrow,
Seen their hands meet and their eyes grow glad?
Is the tree's pride stung at its top's abasement?
Is the white rose more of a saint than the red?
What thinks the star as it sees through the casement
A young girl lying, beautiful, dead?
—[The Speaker.

A MEMORY.

There is a voice comes to me yet
Across the vanished years,
And manhood's dimming eyes are wet
With boyish, happy tears.
Again I hear the robin's song,
The blackbird's cheery note,
The level meadowland along,
Burst from his quiv'ring throat;
The sunshine and the shadows chase
Athwart the rounded hill,
Then down the slope, where, in its place,
Still drones the gray old mill.
Once more up through the clustering leaves,
Astir with love and wings,
That shade my rustic window's eaves
There comes a voice that sings
A happy song of love and youth,
A song of long ago;
My rosy sweetheart, 'tis, in sooth,
Who sings for me, I know.
* * * * * * *
Not hers the voice comes to me yet
Through all the vanished years,
But the accents of the hired man
A-swearing at the steers.
—[Washington Post.

Our Story Teller.

A SCANDAL OF BOHEMIA.

BY CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "MICAH CLARKE," "THE WHITE COMPANY," ETC.

I.

TO Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen; but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer, excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results. Grit in a sensitive instrument, or a crack in one of his own high power lenses would not be more disturbing than a strong emotion in a nature such as his. And yet there was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory.

I had seen little of Holmes since the singular chain of events which I have already in a bald fashion narrated under the heading of "The Sign of Four." My marriage had, as he foretold, drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness and the home-centered interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment were sufficient to absorb all my attention, while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings, of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night—it was on the 20th of March, 1888—I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker street. As I passed the well remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his drug created dreams and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been part my own.

His manner was not effusive. It seldom was; but he was glad, I think, to see me. With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly eye he waved me to an armchair, threw across his case of cigars and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner. Then he stood before the fire and looked at me over his singular introspective fashion.

"Wedlock suits you," he remarked. "I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you."

"Seven," I answered.

"Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness."

"Then, how do you know?"

I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?"

"My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly have been

I SAW IT AS SHE HALF DREW IT OUT.

burned had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess; but as I have changed my clothes, I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice; but there again I fail to see how you work it out."

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands together.

"It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by some one who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot slitting specimen of the London slavery. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his right forefinger and a bulge on the side of his top coat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull, indeed, if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession."

I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. "When I hear you give your reasons," I remarked, "the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, and yet at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours."

"Quite so," he answered, lighting a cigarette and throwing himself down into an armchair. "You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room."

"Frequently."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Well, how many are there?"

"How many? I don't know."

"Quite so! You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this." He threw open a sheet of thick, pink tinted note paper which had been lying open upon the table. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud."

The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

"There will call upon you to-night, at quarter to eight o'clock," it said, "a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber, then, at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask."

"This is, indeed, a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?"

"I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?"

I carefully examined the writing and the paper upon which it was written.

"The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavoring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff."

"Peculiar—that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light."

I did so and saw a large "E" with a small "g," a "P" and a large "G" with a small "t" woven into the texture of the paper.

What do you make of that?" asked Holmes.

"The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

"Not at all. The "G" with the small "t" stands for gesellschaft, which is the German for company. It is a customary contraction, like our Co. "P," of course, stands for papier. Now for the "Eg." Let us glance at our "Continental Gazeteer." He took down a heavy brown volume from his shelves. "Eglow, Eglonitz—here we are—Egria. It is in a German speaking country — in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wollenstein and for its numerous glass factories and paper mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette.

"The paper was made in Bohemia," I said.

"Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence, 'This account of you we have from all quarters received?' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts."

As he spoke there was the sharp sounds of horses' hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

"A pair, by the sound," said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas a piece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else."

"I think I had better go, Holmes."

"Not a bit, doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it."

"But your client——"

"Never mind him. I may want help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that arm chair, doctor, and give us your best attention."

A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

"Come in!" said Holmes.

A man entered who could hardly have been less than six feet six inches in height, with the chest and limbs of a Hercules. His dress was rich with a richness which would in England be looked upon as akin to bad taste. Heavy bands of Astrakhan were slashed across the sleeves and fronts of his double-breasted coat, while the deep blue cloak, which was thrown over his shoulders, was lined with flame colored silk, and secured at the neck with a brooch, which consisted of a single flaming beryl. Boots, which extended half way up his calves, and which were trimmed at the tops with rich brown fur completed the impression of barbaric opulence which was suggested by his whole appearance. He carried a broad brimmed hat in his hand, while he wore across the upper part of his face, extending down past the cheek bones, a black vizard mask, which he had apparently adjusted that very moment, for his hand was still raised to it as he entered. From the lower part of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip and a long, straight chin, suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of obstinacy.

"You had my note?" he asked, with a strong, harsh voice and a strongly marked German accent. "I told you that I would call." He looked from one to the other of us, as if uncertain which to address.

"Pray take a seat," said Holmes. "This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honor to address?"

"You may address me as the Count Von Kramer, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honor and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone."

I rose to go, but Holmes caught me by the wrist and pushed me back into my chair. "It is both or none," said he. "You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

The count shrugged his broad shoulders. "Then I must begin," said he, "by binding you both to absolute secrecy for two years; at the end of that time the matter will be of no importance. At present it is not too much to say that it is of such weight that it may have an influence upon European history."

"I promise," said Holmes.

"And I."

"You will excuse this mask," continued our strange visitor. "The august person who employs me wishes his agent to be unknown to you, and I may confess at once that the title by which I have just called myself is not exactly my own."

"I was aware of it," said Holmes dryly.

"The circumstances are of great delicacy, and every precaution has to be taken to quench what might grow to be an immense scandal and seriously compromise one of the reigning families of Europe—to speak plainly, the matter implicates the great House of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia."

"I was also aware of that," murmured Holmes, setting himself down in his armchair, and closing his eyes.

Our visitor glanced with some apparent surprise at the languid, lounging figure of the man who had been no doubt depicted to him as the most incisive reasoner and most energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly re-opened his eyes, and looked impatiently at his gigantic client.

"If Your Majesty would condescend to state your case," he remarked, "I should be better able to advise you."

The man sprang from his chair, and paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. Then, with a gesture of desperation, he tore the mask from his face and hurled it upon the ground. "You are right," he cried, "I am the King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Holmes. "Your majesty had not spoken before I was aware that I was addressing William Gottsreich Sigsmond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein and hereditary king of Bohemia."

"But you can understand," said our strange visitor, sitting down once more and passing his hand over his high, white forehead, "you can understand that I am not accustomed to doing such business in my own person. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not confide it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come incognito from Prague for the purpose of consulting you."

"Then, pray consult," said Holmes, shutting his eyes once more.

"The facts are briefly these:—Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the well known adventuress, Irene Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you."

"Kindly look her up in my index, doctor," murmured Holmes, without opening his eyes. For many years he had adopted a system of docketing all paragrahs concerning men and things, so that it was difficult to name a subject or a person on which he could not at once furnish information. In this case I found her biography sandwiched in between that of a Hebrew rabbi and that of a staff commander who had written a monograph upon the deep sea fishes.

"Let me see?" said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto—hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw—yes! Retired from operatic stage—ha! Living in London—quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters and is now desirous of getting those letters back."

"Precisely so. But how——"

"Was there a secret marriage?"

"None."

"No legal papers or certificates?"

"None."

"Then I fail to follow Your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove the authenticity?"

"There is the writing."

"Pooh, pooh! Forgery."

"My private notepaper."

"Stolen."

"My own seal."

"Imitated."

"My photograph."

"Bought."

"We were both in the photograph."

"Oh, dear! That is very bad. Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion."

"I was mad—insane."

"You have compromised yourself seriously."

"I was only Crown Prince then. I was young. I am but 30 now."

"It must be recovered."

"We have tried and failed."

"Your majesty must pay. It must be bought."

"She will not sell."

"Stolen then."

"Five attempts have been made. Twice burglars in my pay ransacked her house. Once we diverted her luggage when she traveled. Twice she has been waylaid. There has been no result."

"No sign of it?"

"Absolutely none."

Holmes laughed. "It is quite a pretty little problem," said he.

"But a very serious one to me," returned the king, reproachfully.

"Very indeed. And what does she propose to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"But how?"

"I am about to be married."

"So I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meiningen, second daughter of King of Scandinavia. You may know the strict principles of her family. She is herself the very soul of delicacy. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end."

"And Irene Adler?"

"Threatens to send them the photograph. And she will do it. I know that she will do it. You do not know her, but she has a soul of steel. She has the face of the most beautiful of women and the mind of the most resolute of men. Rather than I should marry another woman there are no lengths to which she would not go—none."

"You are sure that she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"And why?"

"Because she has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday."

"Oh, then we have three days yet," said Holmes, with a yawn. "That is very fortunate, as I have one or two matters of importance to look into just at present. Your Majesty will, of course, stay in London for the present?"

"Certainly. You will find me at the Langham, under the name of the Count Von Kramm."

"Then I shall drop you a line to let you know how we progress."

"Pray do so. I shall be all anxiety."

"Then, as to the money?"

"You have *carte blanche*."

"Absolutely?"

"I tell you that I would give one of the provinces of my kingdom to have that photograph."

"And for the present expenses?"

The king took a heavy chamois leather bag from under his cloak and laid it on the table.

"There are £300 in gold and £700 in notes," he said.

Holmes scribbled a receipt upon a sheet of his note book and handed it to him.

"And mademoiselle's address?" he asked.

"Is Briony lodge, Serpentine avenue, St. John's Wood."

Holmes took a note of it. "One other question," said he. "Was the photograph a cabinet?"

"It was."

"Then, good night, your majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. And good night, Watson," he added, as the wheels of the royal brougham rolled down the street. "If you will be good enough to call to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

II.

At three o'clock precisely I was at Baker street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that he had left the house shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of awaiting him, however long he might be. I was already deeply interested in his inquiry, for, though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the two crimes which I have already recorded, still the nature of the case and the exalted station of his client give it a character of its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which my friend had on hand, there was something in his masterly grasp of a situation and his keen, incisive reasoning which made it a pleasure to me to study his system of work and to follow the quick, subtle methods by which he disentangled the most inextricable mysteries. So accustomed was I to his invariable success that the very possibility of his failure had ceased to enter into my head.

It was close upon four before the door opened, and a drunken looking groom, ill kempt and side whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. Accustomed as I was to my friend's amazing powers in the use of disguises I had to look three times before I was certain that it was indeed he. With a nod he vanished into the bedroom, whence he emerged in five minutes tweed suited and respectable as of old. Putting his hands into his pockets he stretched out his legs in front of the fire and laughed heartily for some minutes.

"Well, really!" he cried, and then he choked, and laughed again until he was obliged to lie back limp and helpless in the chair.

"What is it?"

"It's quite too funny. I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine. I suppose that you have been watching the habits and perhaps the house of Miss Irene Adler."

"Quite so, but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the house a little after 8 o'clock this morning in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horsey men. Be one of them and you will know all that there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a bijou villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road, two stories. Chubb lock to the door. Large sitting room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those preposterous English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable, save that the passage window could be reached from the top of the coach house. I walked round it and examined it closely from every point of view, but without noting anything else of interest.

"I then lounged down the street and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in a lane which runs down by one wall of the garden. I lent the ostlers a hand in rubbing down their horses, and I received in exchange twopence, a glass of half-and-half, two fills of shag tobacco and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighborhood in whom I was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

"And what of Irene Adler?" I asked.

"Oh, she has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet. So says the Serpentine mews to a man. She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five every day, and returns at seven sharp for dinner. Seldom goes out at other times, except when she sings. Has only one male visitor, but a good deal of him. He is dark, handsome and dashing; never calls less than once a day, and often twice. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton of the Inner Temple. See the advantages of a cabman as a confidant. They had driven him home a dozen times from Serpentine mews, and knew all about him. When I had listened to all that they had to tell, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge once more, and to think over my plan of campaign.

"This Godfrey Norton was evidently an important factor in the matter. He was a lawyer. That sounded ominous. What was the relation between them, and what the object of his repeated visits? Was she his client, his friend or his mistress? If the former, she had probably transferred the photograph to his keeping. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depended whether I should continue my work at Briony Lodge or turn my attention to the gentleman's chambers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, and it widened the field of my inquiry. I fear that I bore you with these details, but I have to let you see my little difficulties if you are to understand the situation."

"I am following you closely." I answered.

"I was still balancing the matter in my mind, when a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge and a gentleman sprang out. He was a remarkably handsome man, dark, acquiline and moustached—evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home.

"He was in the house about half an hour, and I could catch glimpses of him in the windows of the sitting room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothing. Presently he emerged, looking even more flurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly. 'Drive like the devil,' he shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's, in Regent street, and then to the church of St. Monica in the Edgeware road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes.'

"Away they went, and I was just wondering whether I should not do well to follow them, when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only half buttoned and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man might die for.

"'The Church of St. Monica, John,' she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

"This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I should run for it or whether I should perch behind her landau, when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare, but I jumped in before he could object. 'The Church of Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five minutes to twelve and, of course, it was clear enough what was in the wind.

"My cabby drove fast, I don't think I ever drove faster, but the others were there before us. The cab and the landau, with their steaming horses, were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the man and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the two whom I had followed and a surpliced clergyman, who seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in front of the altar. I lounged up the side aisle like any other idler who has dropped into a church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running as hard as he could toward me."

"'Thank God!' he cried. 'You'll do. Come! Come!'"

"What then?" I asked.

"'Come man, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal.'"

"I was half dragged up to the altar, and, before I knew where I was, I found myself mumbling responses which were whispered in my ear and vouching for things of which I knew nothing, and generally assisting in the secure tying up of Irene Adler, spinster, to Godfrey Norton, bachelor. It was all done in an instant, and there was the gentleman thanking me on the one side and the lady on the other, while the clergyman beamed on me in front. It was the most preposterous position in which I ever found myself in my life, and it was the thought of it that started me laughing just now. It seems that there had been some informality about their license, that the clergyman absolutely refused to marry them without a witness of some sort, and that my lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to sally out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I mean to wear it on my watch chain in memory of the occasion."

"This is a very unexpected turn of affairs," said I, "and what then?"

"Well, I found my plans very seriously menaced. It looked as if the pair might take an immediate departure, and so necessitate very prompt and energetic measures on my part. At the church door, however, they separated, he driving back to the Temple and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. I heard no more. They drove away in different directions and I went off to make my own arrangements."

"Which are?"

"Some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered, ringing the bell. "I have been too busy to think of food, and I am likely to be busier still this evening. By the way, doctor, I shall want your co-operation."

"I shall be delighted."

"You don't mind breaking the law?"

"Not in the least."

"Nor running a chance of arrest?"

"Not in a good cause."

"Oh, the cause is excellent."

"Then I am your man."

"I was sure that I might rely on you."

"But what is it you wish?"

"When Mrs. Turner has brought in the tray I will make it clear to you. Now," he said, as he turned hungrily on the simple fare that our landlady had provided, "I must discuss it while I eat, for I have not much time. It is nearly five now. In two hours we must be on the scene of action. Miss Irene, or Madame, rather, returns from her drive at seven. We must be at Briony Lodge to meet her."

"And what then?"

"You must leave that to me. I have already arranged what is to occur. There is only one point on which I must insist. You must not interfere, come what may. You understand?"

"I am to be neutral?"

"To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasantness. Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes afterward the sitting room window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window."

"Yes."

"You are to watch me, for I will be visible to you."

"Yes."

"And when I raise my hand—so—you will throw into the room what I give you to throw and will at the same time raise the cry of 'fire!' You quite follow me?"

"Entirely."

"It is nothing very formidable," he said, taking a long cigar-shaped roll from his pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self lighting. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the end of the street and I will rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope I have made myself clear?"

"I am to remain neutral, to get near the window, to watch you, and at the signal to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire and to wait you at the corner of the street."

"Precisely."

"Then you may entirely rely on me."

"That is excellent. I think perhaps it is almost time that I prepared for the new role I have to play."

He disappeared into his bedroom and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple-minded Nonconformist clergyman. His broad black hat, his baggy trousers, his white tie, his sympathetic smile and general look of peering and benevolent curiosity were such as Mr. John Hare alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed his costume. His expression, his manner, his very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part that he assumed.

The stage lost a fine actor, even as science lost an acute reasoner, when he became a specialist in crime.

It was a quarter past seven when we left Baker street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiting for the coming of its occupant. The house was just such as I had pictured it from Sherlock Holmes's succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary, for a small street in a quiet neighborhood, it was remarkably animated. There were a group of shabbily dressed men smoking and laughing in a corner, a scissors grinder with his wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse girl, and several well dressed young men who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths.

"You see," remarked Holmes, as we paced to and fro in front of the house, "this marriage rather simplifies matters. The photograph becomes a double-edged weapon now. The chances are that she would be as averse to its being seen by Mr. Godfrey Norton as our client is to its coming to the eyes of his princess. Now the question is, where are we to find the photograph?"

"Where, indeed?"

"It is most unlikely that she carries it about with her. It is cabinet size; too large for easy concealment about a woman's dress. She knows that the king is capable of having her waylaid and searched. Two attempts of the sort have already been made. We may take it, then, that she does not carry it about with her."

"Where then?"

"Her banker or her lawyer. There is that double possibility, but I am inclined to think neither. Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do their own secreting. Why should she hand it over to any one else? She could trust her own guardianship, but she could not tell what indirect or political influence might be brought to bear upon a business man. Besides, remember that she had resolved to use it within a few days. It must be where she could lay her hands upon it. It must be in her own house."

"But it has been twice burgled."

"Pshaw! They did not know how to look."

"But how will you look?"

"I will not look."

"What then?"

"I will get her to show me."

"But she will refuse."

"She will not be able to. But I hear the rumble of wheels. It is her carriage. Now carry out my orders to the letter."

As he spoke the gleam of the sidelights of a carriage came round the curve of the avenue. It was a smart little landau which rattled up to the door of Briony Lodge. As it pulled up one of the loafing men at the corner dashed forward to open the door, in the hope of earning a copper, but was elbowed away by another loafer who had rushed up with the same intention. A fierce quarrel broke out, which was increased by the two guardsmen, who took sides with one of the loungers, and by the scissors grinder, who was equally hot upon the other side. A blow was struck, and in an instant the lady, who had stepped from her carriage, was the center of a little knot of flushed and struggling men, who struck savagely at each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes dashed into the crowd to protect the lady, but just as he reached her he gave a cry and dropped to the ground, with the blood running freely down his face. At his fall the guardsmen took to their heels in one direction and the loungers in the other, while a number of better dressed people, who had watched the scuffle without taking part in it, crowded in to help the lady and to attend to the injured man. Irene Adler, as I will still call her, had hurried up the steps, but she stood at the top, with her superb figure outlined against the lights of the hall, looking back into the street.

"Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" she asked.

"He is dead," cried several voices.

"No, no, there's life in him," shouted another. "But he'll be gone before you can get him to the hospital."

"He's a brave fellow," said a woman. "They would have had the lady's purse and watch if it hadn't been for him. They were a gang, and a rough one, too. Ah, he's breathing now."

"He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in, marm?"

"Surely. Bring him into the sitting room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!" Slowly and solemnly he was borne into Briony Lodge and laid out in the principal room, while I still observed the proceedings from my post by the window. The lamps had been lit, but the blinds had not been drawn, so that I could see Holmes as he lay upon the couch. I do not know whether he was seized with compunction at the moment for the part he was playing, but I know that I never felt more heartily ashamed of myself in my life than when I saw the beautiful creature against whom I was conspiring, or the grace and kindliness with which she waited upon the injured man. And yet it would be the blackest treachery to Holmes to draw back now from the part which he had intrusted to me. I hardened my heart, and took the smoke rocket from under my ulster. After all, I thought, we are not injuring her. We are but preventing her from injuring another.

Holmes had sat up upon the couch, and I saw him motion like a man who is in need of air. A maid rushed across and threw open the window. At the same instant I saw him raise his hand, and at the signal I tossed my rocket into the room with a cry of fire. The word was no sooner out of my mouth than the whole crowd of spectators, well dressed and ill—gentlemen, hostlers and servant maids—joined in a general shriek of fire. Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room and out at the open window. I caught a glimpse of rushing figures, and a moment later the voice of Holmes from within, assuring them that it was a false alarm. Slipping through the shouting crowd, I made my way to the corner of the street, and in ten minutes was rejoiced to find my friend's arm in mine, and to get away from the scene of uproar.

He walked swiftly and in silence for some few minutes until we had turned down one of the quiet streets which lead toward the Edgware road.

"You did it very nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "Nothing could have been better. It is all right."

"You have the photograph?"

"I know where it is."

"And how did you find out?"

"She showed me, as I told you that she would."

"I am still in the dark."

"I do not wish to make any mystery," said he, laughing. "The matter was perpectly simple. You, of course, saw that every one in the street was an accomplice. They were all engaged for the evening."

"I guessed as much."

"Then, when the row broke out, I had a little moist red paint in the palm of my hand. I rushed forward, fell down, clapped my hand to my face and became a piteous spectacle. It is an old trick."

"That also I could fathom."

"Then they carried me in. She was bound to have me in. What else could she do? And into her sitting-room, which was the very room which I suspected. It lay between that and her bedroom, and I was dermined to see which. They laid me on a couch, I motioned for air, they were compelled to open the window, and you had your chance."

"How did that help you?"

"It was all important. When a woman thinks that her house is on fire her instinct is at once to rush to the thing which she values most. It is a perfectly overpowering influence, and I have more than once taken advantage af it. In the case of the Darlington substitution scandal it was of use to me, and also in the Arnsworth castle business. A married woman grabs at her baby; an unmarried one reaches for her jewel box. Now, it was clear to me that our lady of to-day had nothing in the house more precious to her than what we are in quest of. She would rush to secure it. The alarm of fire was admirably done. The smoke and shouting were enough to shake nerves of steel. She responded beautifully. The photograph is in a recess behind a sliding panel just above the right bell pull. She was there in an instant, and I caught a glimpse of it as she half drew it out. When I cried out that it was a false alarm she replaced it, glanced at the rocket, rushed from the room and I have not seen her since. I rose, and, making my excuses, escaped from the house. I hesitated whether to attempt to secure the photograph at once, but the coachman had come in, and, as he was watching me narrowly, it seemed safer to wait. A little over precipitance may ruin all."

"And now?" I asked.

"Our quest is practically finished. I shall call with the King to-morrow, and with you, if you care to come with us.

I AM KING.

We will be shown into the sitting room to wait for the lady, but it is probable that when she comes she may find neither us nor the photograph. It might be a satisfaction to His Majesty to regain it with his own hands."

"And when will you call?"

"At eight in the morning. She will not be up, so that we shall have a clear field. Besides, we must be prompt, for this marriage may mean a complete change in her life and habits. I must wire to the King without delay."

We had reached Baker street and had stopped at the door. He was searching his pockets for the key, when some one passing said:

"Good night, Mister Sherlock Holmes."

There were several people on the pavement at the time, but the greeting appeared to come from a slim youth in an ulster who had hurried by.

"I've heard that voice before," said Holmes, staring down the dimly lit street. "Now, I wonder who the deuce that could have been."

III.

I slept at Baker street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room.

"You have really got it!" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes by either shoulder and looking eagerly into his face.

"Not yet."

"But you have hopes?"

"I have hopes."

"Then come. I am all impatient to be gone."

"We must have a cab."

"No, my brougham is waiting."

"Then that will simplify matters." We descended, and started off once more for Briony Lodge.

"Irene Adler is married," remarked Holmes.

"Married! When?"

"Yesterday."

"But to whom?"

"To an English lawyer named Norton."

"But she could not love him?"

"I am in hopes that she does."

"And why in hopes?"

"Because it would spare your majesty all fear of future annoyance. If the lady loves her husband, she does not love your majesty. If she does not love your majesty, there is no reason why she should interfere with your majesty's plan."

"It is true. And yet—! Well! I wish she had been of my own station! What a queen she would have made!" He relapsed into a moody silence which was not broken until we drew up in Serpentine avenue.

The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she.

"I am Mr. Holmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze.

"Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She left this morning with her husband by the 5:15 train for Charing Cross for the continent."

"What!" Sherlock Holmes staggered back, white with chagrin and surprise. "Do you mean that she has left England?"

"Never to return."

"And the papers?" asked the King, hoarsely. "All is lost."

"We shall see." He pushed past the servant and rushed into the drawing room, followed by the king and myself. The furniture was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed to the bell pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and, plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, esq. To be left till called for." My friend tore it open, and we all three read it together. It was dated at midnight of the preceding night, and ran in this way:—

MY DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES—You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of fire I had not a suspicion. But, then, when I found how I had betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that if the king employed an agent it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet with all this you made me reveal what you wanted to know. Even after I became suspicious I found it hard to think evil of such a dear, kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as an actress myself. Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran up stairs, got into my walking clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed.

Well, I followed you to your door, and so made sure that I was really an object of interest to the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then I, rather imprudently, wished you good night and started for the Temple to see my husband.

We both thought the best resource was flight when pursued by so formidable an antagonist; so you will find the nest empty when you call to-morrow. As to the photograph, your client may rest in peace. I love and am loved by a better man than he. The king may do what he will without hindrance from one whom he has cruelly wronged. I keep it only to safeguard myself and to preserve a weapon which will always secure me from any steps which he might take in the future. I leave a photograph, which he might care to possess, and I remain, dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes, very truly yours,

IRENE NORTON, née ADLER.

"What a woman—oh, what a woman!" cried the King of Bohemia, when we all three read this epistle. "Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was! Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity that she was not on my level?"

"From what I have seen of the lady she seems, indeed, to be on a very different level to Your Majesty," said Holmes, coldly. "I am sorry that I have not been able to bring Your Majesty's business to a more successful conclusion."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," cried the king, "nothing could be more successful. I know that her word is inviolate. The photograph is as safe now as if it were in the fire."

"I am glad to hear Your Majesty say so."

"I am immensely indebted to you. Pray tell me in what way I can reward you. This ring——" He slipped an emerald snake ring from his finger and held it out on the palm of his hand.

"Your Majesty has something which I should value even more highly," said Holmes.

"You have but to name it."

"This photograph!"

The king stared at him in amazement.

"Irene's photograph!" he cried. "Certainly, if you wish it."

"I thank your majesty. Then there is no more to be done in the matter. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." He bowed, and, turning away without observing the hand which the king had stretched out to him, he set off in my company for his chambers.

And that was how a great scandal threatened to affect the kingdom of Bohemia, and how the best plans of Mr. Sherlock Holmes were beaten by a woman's wit. He used to make merry over the cleverness of women, but I have not heard him do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, or when he refers to her photograph, it is always under the honorable title of the woman.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

TELEGRAPHIC BLUNDER.

It Created Quite a Havoc in Uncle Sam's Pocketbook, Too.

I have heard of lots of funny telegraph mistakes, says an ex-telegraph operator in the Chicago *Journal*, but I never laughed so heartily as over one in which a whole military detachment was concerned.

I was holding down the Summit office in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and a message came to me:

"Have one hundred gallons of coffee ready for us."

Good heavens! we were in a quandary. How were we to get one hundred gallons of coffee ready in a few hours?

Well, all set to work. Every grain of coffee that was procurable was obtained and ground up.

Every utensil that could hold coffee was pressed into service. Pots, pans, teacups, basins, jugs, were in requisition.

The train came along, and I, proud of my promptness and ability to execute so large an order, rushed up to the commanding officer and said, cheerily:

"I have got your one hundred gallons of coffee all right, Colonel."

"Who ordered one hundred gallons?" replied the Colonel, haughtily.

"You did."

"To the deuce! I only ordered ten gallons. What in thunder shall I do with one hundred gallons?"

"I don't care what you do with it. You have got to pay for it."

The colonel swore, and so did I.

"Do you suppose that we have ground up every bean in the neighborhood just for the fun of the thing? There is your dispatch—one hundred gallons."

He paid for one hundred gallons, and presented us with it; it was a hot discussion while it lasted, but it was nothing to my chagrin. I was expecting unlimited praise; instead of that I was called a blockhead.

MEANT TO BE FUNNY.

Says John Bull: What, sir, could you do
If we should go to war?
Mark well my line-of-battle ships
Before you go too far."
Quoth Jonathan: "Such talk may do
To smite the public ear.
But it perchance might make me turn
To you my privateer."
—[Chicago Tribune.

It requires years to make one saint, but sinners can be turned out at the rate of a dozen a minute.—[Texas Siftings.

The trouble with most of our gifts to the poor is that we check them up as loans to the Lord.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

One half of the world does not know how the other half lives—nor in many cases would the former half be willing to have it known how it lives.—[Life.

If you are told that you resemble a great man, say nothing. It may be that the resemblance will cease the moment you open your mouth.—[Atchison Globe.

This world is not so wicked. A man's good deeds are more apt to be remembered than his bad ones—except, of course, by his intimate friends.—[Minneapolis Journal.

"Can't you employ me, sir?" asked the tramp. "I have nothing for you to do," returned the householder. "That's just the thing I can do, sir," said the tramp.—[Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Breezy—Just on your account Madam, I've been hiding my light under a bushel for years! Mrs. Breezy—O, dear! Extravagant as ever! Why didn't you buy a pint cup?—[New York Herald.

Photography in natural colors is now said to be on the eve of success. Possibly the time will come when a man may be able to see himself as he looks when painting the town red.—[Philadelphia Times.

"So you want a railroad position," mused the superintendent. "Do you think you could give an intelligent account of an accident?" "Yes, sir, I'm sure I could." "Then I think we have no place for you."—[Elmira Gazette.

A Traveler's Story.

"Once I heard of a remarkable instance of cheek while I was traveling in Texas for a rope firm," said the concentrated-lye salesman.

The others settled themselves in anticipation.

"A local exhorter," he continued, "who had already been refused trust sixteen times in the same saloon, was finally shot in the jaw by the irate barman, but ball fell flattened on the floor."

"There's nothing so very remarkable about that," remarked a party present.

"Perhaps not, but picking up the flattened ball he went to the place next door and passed it for a nickel."—[Philadelphia Times.

And He Deserved It.

He had been talking to St. Peter and was sent down to the other gate, where he was warmly welcomed.

"Why are you here?" asked the fallen angel who stood guard.

"I don't know," he replied. "I never did any wrong. I never said an unkind word about any person in my life."

Then the angel smiled. "That's all right," he said: "Come in. You will find the cage for the hypocrites at the end of the lower corridor next to the furnace."—[New York Recorder.

The Court Required Substantials.

A Georgia editor, who is also a justice of the peace, recently granted a quarreling couple an absolute divorce.

"Mr. Bailiff," he said, "collect $3 costs out of the couple."

"I can't do it," said the bailiff, mournfully. "They hain't got a cent."

"Then," said the editorial justice, "fetch the ordinary before me and make him issue a license, and I'll marry the woman to the first man who's got $3. This court can't live on air. Step up lively, gentlemen!"—[Atlanta Constitution.

Would Live to Do It.

Doctor—Your wife is a very sick woman, sir, and likely to die.

Husband—You needn't worry about her, doc. She got a new dress the other day, and she hasn't tried it on yet.—[Cloak Review.

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes That Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

The stories of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes are always sure to find many readers, for as a writer of domestic tales she is always interesting without being extravagant. Her characters are true to life, and she has also a rare faculty of winning the sympathy of her readers and holding their interest to the end. The latest issue from the publishing house of Geo. W. Dillingham, New York city, is entitled "Marguerite," which is, of course, the name of the heroine of the story, she being introduced to the reader when a child.

From the same publishers comes in the series of Best Stories by Best Authors, a story entitled "Delaplaine; or, The Sacrifice of Irene," by Mansfield Tracy Walworth, the author of "Warwick," etc. The story opens with a tragedy.

Another book from G. W. Dillingham, New York city, is entitled "The Wages of Sin." It is a novel translated from the German by the translator of "The Evil That Women Do." The name of neither author nor translator is given, but the book is full of excitement.

In the National Series of the John W. Lovell Co., 150 Worth St., New York city, comes two stories by well-known and popular writers. The first is "The Heir Presumptive and The Heir Apparent," by Mrs. Oliphant, author of "A Country Gentleman" and other books that have given pleasure and entertainment to the public. The second is by that prolific writer Miss M. E. Braddon, whose plots are always full of fascination. This story has the peculiar title of "The World, The Flesh and The Devil." It has the usual characteristics of this writer.

Elocutionists will welcome a book which has been recently published by Edward S. Werner, New York city. It is entitled "How Salvator Won" and other recitations. It is a collection of those of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems that are peculiarly adapted to public recitation.

In the Sunny Side Series, published by J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose St., New York city, comes a novel entitled "Cy Ros," by Mellen Cole. The story is stated in the preface to be in many of its incidents an actual transcript from life.

A rather peculiar book, but one which will challenge considerable interest, is entitled "Florine; or, The Inner Life of One of the Four Hundred," by the author of "Mignonette," "The Devil and I," etc. It is published in paper covers by G. W. Dillingham, New York city. The book purports to be a combination of passages from a journal of a woman belonging to the "Four Hundred" and is declared to be unequivocated, unvarnished truth.

In Appletons' Town and Country Library is published "A Matter of Skill," by Beatrice Whitby, author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," a story which attracted great attention at the time it was published, and which makes any other by the same author welcome.

In the paper covered series, The Science of Health Library, published by Fowler, Wells Co., 775 Broadway, New York city, comes "Vacation, With Hints on Summer Life," by Dr. H. S. Drayton, somewhat known to the public by his works "Brain and Mind" and "Nervousness."

FALSE AND FAIR.

But It Was Not the Girl—Only a Tress of Hair.

The sea throbs like an opal pulsing with light. Pale clouds fleck the faint green sky, and along the shore the wastes are afire with the hearts of daisy wheels.

"I love you and I do not love you. It is hard to forgive!" he says moodily.

"It is for you to decide," she replies lightly, shaking the sand from the folds of her gown. She rises, and they saunter on together, yet apart.

"If you can not be faithful to me now—how can you then?" and the man's vexed eyes study the sensitive face half hidden beneath its scarlet gauze hat and blazing poppies.

"There need be no 'then'—if you like!" the scarlet pouted lips make answer.

"You would break our engagement?"

"Perhaps. It was a small crime for you to make so great a fuss about. You leave me for a week—I meet a companionable man in the interval—we grow a trifle chummy—"

"A trifle chummy!" he groans.

"Well—too chummy—if you like. We walk—we drive—we swim together. He vows he loves me madly. I allow him to vow. Finally we part. His vacation is over. We have a beautiful scene—worthy of Balzac. He begs a lock of hair. He wishes to enshrine my memory. I have not the slightest objection, Snip! It is his! He disappears, mumbling and kissing it. You return. I tell you all. You rage and spoil a beautiful morning."

"You have destroyed my confidence in you!" he mutters.

She tips her big hat slightly, and surveys him cautiously from beneath its flapping brim. She is fair to look upon and she knows it. "I will not tell him—next time," she whispers to herself.

"I loved your subtle nature—I loved your very perverseness—I loved your very name," he resumes. "I shall probably continue to love you—some. But never again as before. You have deceived me! A lock of your hair! To that cad! The very thought is madness! He possesses a part of you—the woman I am to call my wife."

"Why, no he doesn't!"

"You yourself said it!"

"Said what?"

"That you gave him a lock of your hair—that day upon the sands—these sands."

"You mistook me. I said a lock of hair."

"Why play with words?"

"But, love, look in my eyes. It was only a lock of my switch."

"Angel! So you are not false!"

"Of course not—only my hair."

And the great sea loses its color, the sky waxes dim, awhile it takes the whole long shore to hold such rapture.—[Life.

HATS IN ELEVATORS.

Uncle Allen Lays Down the Law of Politeness.

No, my boy, you don't have to keep your hat off when you are going up or down in an elevator just because some lady happens to be making the trip at the same time. An elevator, my boy, is a public conveyance, like unto a railway passenger-coach or street car. It has its regular runs from starting point to terminus and back again, with its stopping-places along the route, and it has its conductor. If a lady enters a street-car it is not incumbent upon all the male passengers therein to take off their hats and sit bareheaded. Such a bit of exaggerated politeness would border closely upon impertinence.

Moreover, my boy, an elevator is a public conveyance, with a system of ventilation radically different from that of any other. It isn't always pleasant and sometimes it isn't wholesome to take off the hat and ride upward against a current of cold air. Men with more politeness than judgment have been known to take cold by indulging in a performance of this kind. But there is no need of basing your objection to the practice upon a selfish regard for your health, my boy. The ladies don't expect it of you. To some of them it is a positive annoyance. I remember distinctly an incident of an educated, refined and cultivated lady remarking once upon a time in a crowded elevator to the men who were jamming their elbows into each other's necks in the frantic endeavor to uncover their heads: "I hope no one is taking off his hat on my account," and there was something in the tone with which she uttered this quiet remark, my boy, that was more impressive than the words.—[Chicago Tribune.

Got the Wrong Tip.

Rev. Whitie—It is very annoying the way that the weather bureau fails to predict accurately.

Mrs. Whitie—Yes, dear. Why?

Rev. Whitie—Last Sunday morning the papers predicted showery weather. I prayed fervently for rain, and now the predictions have failed and the weather is drier than ever. Just consider the position that leaves me in.—[N. Y. Herald.

Unnecessary.

They had been talking about their neighbors all the evening, and, there being a lull in the conversation, one of the party said:

"Suppose we now talk about ourselves and rip up each other's characters a little?"

"That is unnecessary," replied a thin faced, thin lipped lady; "our neighbors are probably doing that for us."—[N. Y. Press.

ABOUT THE MOSQUITO

THE SINGER OF THE GLOAMING.

Arising From the Marsh Like Venus From the Sea—It is the Feminine Mosquito That Does Most of the Biting.

"I stood on the bridge at midnight," the anything but genial "mosquito," "musketo," or "musquito," sings on these cool, damp evenings St. Louis has been enjoying during the past week, says the *Globe-Democrat*. For such a very little pest the "mosquito" has more names and in more languages than any other living thing. Scientists variously call her the *culex pipiens, ailex Americanus*, the *cousin*, the *moucheron*, and the "humming gnat." The Century Dictionary describes the insect of many aliases as "one of many different kinds of gnats or midges, the female of which bites animals and draws blood." Persons given to attribute to the female sex all the gentleness and amiability there is in the world will bear this in mind.

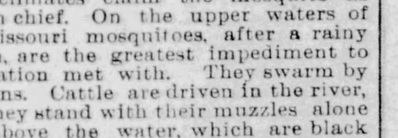
THE MALE MOSQUITO.

Mr. Mosquito is an easy-going, gorgeously arrayed creature, with neither the disposition nor the ability to bite animals and draw blood. He is a sort of Turveydrop in the insect world, who seems to have no higher object during his brief life than "to show himself about town." His life, to be sure, is a short one, but then it is full of indolence and luxury. He is expected to pay certain delicate attentions to his infinitesimal spouse, which she rewards when tired of him by giving him a short, sharp and fatal prod of the remarkable lance which she carries concealed in her proboscis. He is not provided with such a weapon, and is as much at her mercy as a boxer at that of a skilled swordsman. He is of gentle and perhaps amiable character.

THE FEMALE MOSQUITO.

All climates claim the mosquito as pest in chief. On the upper waters of the Missouri mosquitoes, after a rainy season, are the greatest impediment to navigation met with. They swarm by millions. Cattle are driven in the river, and they stand with their muzzles alone held above the water, which are black with the pests. Pilots on the boats are forced to burn smudge fires. Arctic explorers all write of sufferings at the hands or rather stings of mosquitoes.

In the human family the female is the more ornamental as well as the more amiable animal. In the insect world, particularly among mosquitoes, the reverse is the case. There are mosquitoes which confine their activities to the daylight hours, and lavish their caresses principally on the tender foliage of trees and aromatic plants. These principally inhabit woods and marshes. The other varieties make themselves heard and felt during the night chiefly. The greater portion of their active existence is passed in or near human habitations. These are the varieties with which man is most intimately acquainted.



LARVA OF THE MOSQUITO.

But in all the species of the mosquito family, the male apparently is the superior being. In grace and elegance of architectural construction, as well as in variety and georgeousness of raiment, the male mosquito far surpasses the female. The male also enjoys privileges and prerogatives to which the female can never aspire—certainly can never gain. The function which she performs in propagation of the species compels her to consume more food than he does, and all this food she is obliged to get herself. In every essential particular she has to make her own and the family's living, without the slightest aid from him. Such food as he requires for himself, which is neither large in quantity nor varied in quality, he picks up. Beyond that he does little except to display his charms and enjoy life. It is the female of the mosquito family with which the human species comes in most intimate contact. The female does by far the greater portion of the biting done by the family, and the warblings of the mosquito are those of the female mosquito alone.

The mosquito first appears in the form of an egg. The eggs are deposited in the water by the mother mosquito. Before doing this she crosses her hind legs in the shape of a letter X. As the eggs are dropped they are caught by the crossed legs, the glutinous substance attaching to the eggs holding them together. The number of eggs laid by one female before rising is very great. These eggs are arranged in the form of a raft and left to ride on the water; shallow, stagnant fresh water usually being selected. By the additions made to the number of eggs the raft is converted into a sort of a boat, and when the laying process is all completed the boat consists of from 300 to 350 eggs. This is the first stage in the existence of the embryo mosquito. After the last egg is laid and the boat completed, the mother's function, so far, at least, as regards this particular brood, ends, and the eggs are left to shift for themselves.

A few days after the egg boat is launched the larvæ appear. These are of an elongated, worm-like form, and come out of the lower end of the eggs, leaving the empty shells forming the boat lying on the surface of the water. The shell is soon destroyed by the action of winds and water. When the larvæ appear the eggs are hatched. Most country readers of this article have seen these larvæ in immense numbers on the surface of stagnant water during the warm months. They are vulgarly called "wigglers." Suspended from the surface of the water, with head downward, they are enabled to breathe by means of a sort of tube communicating with the trachea. The appearance of the larvæ may be said to complete the second stage in the existence of the mosquito.

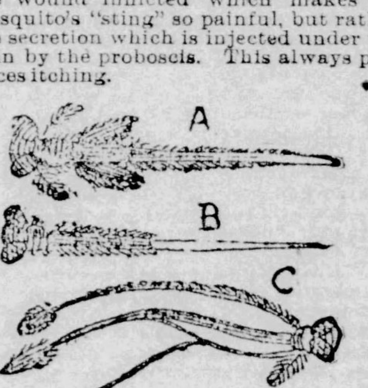
From 10 to 15 days after the appearance of the larvæ the pupæ state is entered upon. They take on a thin skin and roll around in the water, their motions being directed by a fin-like contrivance at the end of the tail. The quick, seemingly irregular movements of the pupæ give them the name of "tumblers." They, too, are familiar to persons residing in the rural districts in the spring and summer. The change of the larvæ into the pupæ completes the third stage.

Between five and ten days after the pupæ appear the last and most critical stage in the entire metamorphosis of the egg into the perfect insect arrives. About this period the pupa skin bursts open, and the mosquito takes its first look at daylight. The pupa shell is in the form of a boat, the opening appearing on the surface of the shell which is furthest from the water. The insect rises slowly and deliberately until it at length balances itself on its tail. A small gust of wind now or a slight eddy and the shell boat would tip over, when the mosquito's active existence would end before it began.

MOSQUITO EMERGING FROM PUPA SHELL.

If the gust of wind or eddy fail to appear—and it is certain that they often do fail to appear—the insect slowly extricates its front pair of legs and places them on the surface of the water, still clinging to its shell boat. Then it slowly and deliberately spreads its wings. They at first strike the water, but are raised above it again, and the sun—for these affairs invariably take place on sunny days—and air dry them. The hind legs are then slowly drawn from the shell until their ends rest on the edge of the boat, the body is stretched out, and the wings expanded. A moment afterward the wings flap, the shell is tipped over, the head is turned shoreward, and the mosquito is ready for business.

Entomologists are by no means agreed as to the number of pieces in the proboscis, or "sting," of the common mosquito. This is the instrument which punctures the flesh and serves as a sort of introduction of the mosquito to the human family. Some authorities declare that it has four pieces, others aver that it has six, while still others assert that it has but five. The average layman would be unwilling to place the number below twenty. The proboscis is tubular in form. The lances attached to it, whatever their number may be, are sharper than any instrument known to the surgeon. It is not the size or the depth of the wound inflicted which makes the mosquito's "sting" so painful, but rather the secretion which is injected under the skin by the proboscis. This always produces itching.



THE MOSQUITO STING.

A—In its sheath. B—Half torn off to show sheath. C—Sucker developed to show parts. D—Barbed point of one blade of sucker.

There is no unanimity among scientists regarding the question of poison in the mosquito's "sting." No poison gland has yet been found in the head of any of these insects which have been examined. The wounds have been known to swell and become inflamed in many cases. In some delicate skins, indeed, ulcers are said to have been produced, but on this latter point many entomologists throw doubts. It is certain, as millions of victims will very feelingly testify, that the wounds are often painful, and always decidedly unpleasant. The saliva injected is believed to be slightly acrid. This quality, aggravated with the action of the barbed joint on one blade of the "sucker," as shown in the illustration, causes irritation, which is sought to be allayed by scratching, but which in reality makes the wound the more inflamed and painful.

Unhappily, the mosquito's "sting" is not so irritating to the victim's flesh as its "song" is to his nerves. Concerning the manner in which this sound is produced the naturalist is almost as much in the dark as the most ignorant and thoughtless non-scientist. The ordinary person, it is true, if questioned on the subject, would unhesitatingly answer off-hand that it is made by the respiratory organs, as the vocal music of man and many of the lower animals is made. The naturalist, however, would not make this mistake. For, whatever produces this sound, it appears tolerably certain that it has no necessary connection with the breathing apparatus. Kirby, a well known British entomologist, attributed it to the friction made by the base of the wings against the chest in flying. Other naturalists, equally skilled and observing, ascribe it to the rapid motions of the winglets, the motions of the poisers, or the vibrations of the thorax caused by the contractions of the muscles of the wings. The wings, indeed, move rapidly enough to produce a buzz of a fairly robust and pronounced character. One authority estimates that they vibrate fifty times every second while flying.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

IRRATIONAL MODESTY.

The Objection to Lady Bicyclists Founded on Oriental Ideas.

Bishop Coxe's tirade against the immodesty of women on bicycles is no doubt well meant, but it savors more of Asia and ancient Greece than of America and the nineteenth century. Time was when it was thought immodest for women to appear on the streets unless closely veiled. During the period of intellectual supremacy in Athens it was considered a disgrace for women to go outside the house except on rare occasions, and then only when well attended. It was regarded as immodest for her to receive her husband's guests in company with him. She must retire to her own apartment when his friends entered the house.

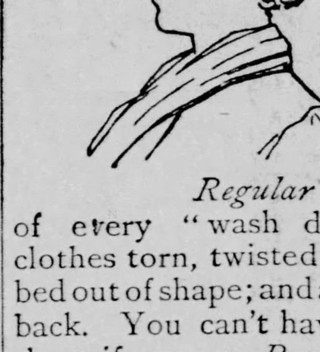
All such ideas have passed away, and neither ancient usage nor merely conventional form determines at the present time what is becoming decorous in the conduct of women. The wisdom of the nineteenth century declares that to be proper for a woman which will tend to health, strength and intelligence, and that is improper which renders her weak, helpless and inefficient.—[Chicago Herald.

SCRAPING THE PAN.

We have often been told of the unalloyed bliss,
Shared alike by the simple and wise,
That has come to each one in his bright childhood days—
The making of tempting mud pies.
But it seems to me strange that the sweetest and best
In our young lives should not be forgot—
The frolic, the fun, the exquisite joy
In scraping the pan or the pot.
In the long, shadowed life, "what is left" is but dregs,
More bitter the older we grow;
Then we think, with a sigh, of the cake in the pan
That we scraped in the sweet long ago.
Could I from the years full of hours gone by
Choose one to live over again,
I would take that dear hour from my childhood's best days
On mother's old kitchen floor, when,
After waiting so long, with a hungering taste,
At last, with a goodness benign,
The old ebony cook put the cake in to bake,
And the pan, all unscraped, then was mine.
—[Margaret Andrews Oldham.

He Had Good Cause.

Mrs. Grayneck—Why, Johnny, what in the name of the world are you striking Willie for like that? Johnny—Well, I should think I had good cause. Mrs. Grayneck—What do you mean? Johnny—Well, I let him use my bean shooter all last Sunday afternoon if he'd say my prayers for me for a week, and I've just found out that he's skipped three days.—[Brooklyn Life.



Regular features of every "wash day" are clothes torn, twisted and rubbed out of shape; and an aching back. You can't have any of these if you use *Pearline*. It cleans the house or hands, as well as it washes clothes. It injures nothing except dirt. Your heart will be heavy 'till you get it; your labor will be light when you have it.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 222 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

DAYS AT CADDICE CASE.

Mrs. Custer's Summer Home on the Banks of the Pocono.

Three miles beyond the Delaware Water Gap on the railroad, is the sleepy little town of Stroudsburg, Pa. Two and a half miles beyond Stroudsburg in a secluded spot fifty feet from the main road, entirely hidden from view by dense foliage, is a little log cabin built by Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, the widow of the gallant general, as a summer retreat from the multifarious and varied obligations which life in a great city imposes upon

MRS. CUSTER'S CABIN.

a popular woman. In the scientific investigations made by the naturalist he finds that the caddice fly has a fashion of hiding away in queer little places and constructing a home nest for itself in spots overlooked by its brothers and sisters of other families.

The caddice fly is very secure in the case it appropriates to its exclusive use in a leaf or a stone or in the sand, but no more secure from intrusion than the mistress of the little log cabin at Pocono, which she has christened "Caddice Case," apropos of its unsuspected existence, tucked away in the dense foliage and among the Georgia pines.

The Pocono creek flows gently along a few feet from one end of the cabin, and seems to exist for its occupant's sole benefit.

The living room of the cabin is an ideal summer home—unfinished, many people would call it—rejoicing in the natural hues of the tree trunks that were cut to build the refuge. Bright curtains, bright rugs, and here and there a picture, lend a glow of homelike color, but the feature of the apartment is a great fireplace built in rough stone set with equal frankness in mortar. In the summer days its opening is filled with evergreens and black-eyed Susans and daisies and golden rod and the flaming blossoms that hang in Autumn over the Pocono. When the early frosts begin, a great log fire snaps and crackles and bids

BY THE FIRESIDE.

every member of the household good cheer.

An army tent 30 feet square covers the sleeping apartments of the cabin and affords the owner a reminder of many happy days in her western experience. The furnishings of the tent are rude and severe. A plentiful display of turkey red upholstery brightens the interior. Great Georgia pines wave their branches overhead, and the morning sun casts fantastic shadows as it pierces the dark recesses and prints the pictures of pine needles on the canvas ceiling.

In the middle of the tent is the literary workroom. Gen. Custer's desk, which he used all through his frontier life, stands there, and the inspiration it furnishes keeps Mrs. Custer busily engaged daily from 9 till 1 o'clock. These are sacred hours, and guests are left to find their own amusement.

When Mrs. Custer comes to "Caddice Case" she leaves behind her all of the conventionalities of city life. The guests who are honored with an invitation to her cabin are only those who are made dear by kindred feeling. The officers' wives widowed at the time Gen. Custer fell are the most frequent guests and find in this sequestered nook most eloquent reminders of the bygone days.

Mrs. Custer is in Europe at present, but the late summer will find her reveling in the autumn glories of "Caddice Case."

BECOMING A FREAK.

Mrs. Mollie Hughes's Body Gradually Calcifying Since 1886.

Mrs. Mollie Hughes, a highly respected widow lady, living near Camernville, Idaho, is afflicted with a unique and most distressing disease. Little by little the flesh of her entire body is turning to solid bone, or, in other words, she is becoming ossified. The disease was first noticed in 1886, when Mrs. Hughes was Miss Duychink of Canon Rapids. At that time only a single finger was affected. Within a month after the time when Miss Duychink first noticed the numbness and stiffness of the finger it had been accidentally broken off while she was asleep.

The incident gave the girl no pain, there being neither blood, nerve or flesh left in the diseased member, but it excited the alarm of the family, who called in a physician. The broken stump of the finger was amputated back to where the living flesh set on and everything was thought to be all right. Soon the flesh, muscles, arteries, veins and nerves on her hands, fingers and arms became as hard and feelingless as the finger had been before it was broken off. Next the awful malady extended to the elbows, the forearms becoming as white and clear as alabaster. Within the year the toes and the end of the nose and ear tips showed a like color and rigidness. The process of ossification has now been going on nearly five years, and the attending physicians say it is only a matter of time when the entire body of the poor victim will be a solid bone. It is a rare disease, and the pathology of it is little understood.—[St. Louis Republic.

A Scotch Anecdote.

"Well, Maggie," asked a teacher of a little girl, "how is it you are so late this morning to school?"

"Please, sir," was the reply, "there wis a wee bairn cam' to oor house this mornin'."

"Ah!" said the teacher, with a smile; "and wasn't your father very pleased with the new baby?"

"No, sir, my father's awa' in Edenburgh, and dinna ken aboot it yet, but it was a guid thing my mither was at hame; for, gin she had been away, I wadna hae kent what to dae wi it!"

Lofty Thoughts.

Mrs. Rondo—Ah, so you have stopped writing.

Mr. Rondo—My thoughts have run up a tree.

Mrs. Rondo—That's too bad! What will you do?

Mr. Rondo (filling his pipe)—I am going to smoke them out.—[Puck.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Buckwheat.

J. N. R., Missouri: Buckwheat grows freely on light soils, but to grow it to perfection, it must have a fertile soil. Sandy loams are the best, especially when they have long lain in pasture. There a several varieties, the common, Japanese, silver hull, and European silver hull. Much merit is claimed for the Japanese variety. The price ranges from $1.50 per bushel for the common to $2.00 for the Japanese, from seed stores. Soil on which buckwheat is raised will not stand fresh manure, if a good crop is expected. It may be sown from May 1 to August 10. In Northern states it needs to to be sown as early as June or July, or it may be injured by early frosts, which kill it. Sow broadcast, two to four pecks per acre. Harvest when earliest seeds are fully ripe. The plant frequently continues flowering after this, and when the early seed is blighted, as is often the case, the plant may be left until these last have matured. It is liable to heat easily. It should be placed in little stooks, about the size of a two bushel basket, over the field, and as soon as dry, taken in and thrashed out. If not perfectly dry, the straw may be stacked with layers of other straw, and when well cured it is excellent for fodder for cattle. Sheep and young horses will thrive on the straw as on hay. It is scarcely inferior to wheat in nutriment, when properly ground, bolted and made into cakes for people. Before grinding the hull or outer covering is removed. The grain is used for fattening swine, but is more profitable when mixed with corn. As human food, it is light and digestible, and many claim that when a hearty meal of it is eaten, hunger will not return so quickly as when wheat bread is eaten. Poultry thrive on it. At one time buckwheat was considered a great fertilizer, but experience has shown that it is inferior to the clovers. Its rapid growth will insure the maturing and turning under of two crops in a season.

Club Root in Cabbage.

G. A., Ohio: Club root in cabbage is the work of an insect. You will find that there is but little lime in the soil where this disease is most prevalent. A heavy dressing with lime in fall and spring will check it to a great extent. The insect cannot exist where the soil is heavily impregnated with lime. It is the experience of the most extensive growers of cabbage, that it should not be grown more than two years on the same soil without a heavy liming, and even then a new locality is preferable, rotating with some other crop. For the wire worm in cabbage there is no certain remedy. Sticking a dibble in the ground near the plant, and dropping six or eight drops of bisulphide of carbon, closing the hole quickly, has been recommended as a certain remedy.

Cow Breathes Hard.

C. B. S., Kansas: Your cow that is with calf, and sticks her nose out and breathes heavily, should receive as little medicine as possible until after the calf appears. Cattle are subject in some localities to a stoppage of the nostrils by an abundant thick secretion and swelling of the lining membrane. Sometimes there is a swelling inside the nostril that nearly fills the passage, and at times bursts and forms an abscess. The treatment in such case, is to inject the nostrils with olive oil, so as to prevent the drying of the secretion. Inhaling the air from a hot bran mash is a good thing. If a polypus has formed in the nose and hangs down the nostril, it may be removed with a knife. If the abcess breaks, the nostril may be syringed with a disinfectant. For cough where the air tubes are involved, take of tar 3 ozs.; molasses, 3 ozs.; salt petre, 1 oz.; stir in a quart of lime water, and give half a pint morning and evening. This should be repeated when the cough returns. Give plenty of bran mashes until the bowels become loose. Ordinarily a physic should be given, but under existing conditions this would be too harsh. After she has her calf, write, giving symptoms, and you will be told what to do.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Gapes in Young Chickens.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Sometime ago I wrote you I would send you some remedies for gapes, cholera and roup in chickens. This one will be on gapes:

GAPES IN YOUNG CHICKENS.—This is a dangerous disease, and not easily cured at times. It seldom appears in yards that are kept clean. But, as it is liable at times when not expected, it is best to be prepared for it. I believe gapes are more than usually troublesome during a wet spring or summer following a mild winter. This would tend to show that the eggs from which the worm (that is in itself the disease) emerges, from the food eaten, or the water drank, in the first instance. But it is more than possible that the insects themselves may pass from one fowl to another. All this we can accept as a settled fact. It has been said that the eggs ejected from the birds in a coughing fit hatch in the water, and that the embryo, resembling an anguillula, may live in water for many months. The chickens are infected by drinking the water containing these embryos. The parasitic worms attach themselves to the throat of the birds, and cause the peculiar gaping of the mouth, which gives the name to the disease.

REMEDIES.—The chickens should be removed from the infested runs, a change of food given, hemp seed and green vegetables figuring largely in the diet, and for drinking, instead of plain water, an infusion of rue or garlic; garlic in this case is the active ingredient, and as it is volatile, when taken into the stomach the breath is charged with it, and in this way (for garlic is a powerful vermifuge) the worms are destroyed.

Great care should be taken to keep the sick chickens isolated on the first appearance of the disease and to keep them closely confined till complete recovery. The cadavers of the dead chicken that has died with the gapes should be buried deep, or it is even better to burn them.—JOHN NEWMAN, Nevada.

To Break Them From Brooding.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—In last week's BLADE the question was asked how to keep hen's from brooding. My plan is undoubtedly successful. Take a box, say three feet square, put the hen under the box in grassy ground; feed and water well, and move the box occasionally over a fresh spot of grass for three or four days, and then turn her out, and she will pay no attention either to chicks or old nest.—J. B. MILLER, Tennessee.

To Prevent Brooding—Lice on Young Turkeys.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I see you request a way to prevent hens brooding. I have practiced shutting them up with success. I catch the hens in the evening, put them in a lath pen and keep them there four or five days, and turn them out just before dark. Feed them good once a day and give them plenty of water. They rarely go back. If they do, I put them by themselves for a week. Do your readers know where to look for lice on young turkeys? Raise up the small feathers on top of the wings, and look along the base of the large wing feathers and you will find them.—W. G., Iowa.

The Dewberry.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Will some one please give instructions for the cultivation and propogation of the dewberry? Do the vines need protection in winter in Central Ohio?—MRS. LEWIS CORBET, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Unoccupied Combs.

"How shall I take care of brood combs left by colonies that have died?" That's a question asked every year, and a correspondent of the *National Stockman* answers it as follows: They're well worth saving. Two enemies are to be guarded against, viz., mice and wax-worms. Years ago, one winter I lost 48 colonies out of 50. That left me a pile of 480 empty combs. I stacked them up in their hives indoors. Do you believe the mice went at them and riddled every last comb except a very few that had never had brood in. New, empty combs they don't care so much for. Those filled with honey are disturbed only so far as they want to eat the honey, and their appetite in this direction is limited. But empty combs, containing cocoons in which the bees have been, are their special delight. Those 480 combs are worth at least $100.

Mouse-Tight Hives—Brimstoning.—How should I have protected them? Why, how would you protect anything from mice? Kill off the mice as soon as you can, but in the meantime shut up the combs mouse-tight, and a mouse will seldom gnaw its way into a hive. Look sharp that there are no mice in the hives when you shut them up. But if I had shut them up from the mice just as soon as warm weather came the worms would destroy them even worse than the mice, no matter how tightly closed. Somehow, the eggs are in the comb, and when warm enough they hatch out into worms. If the combs have been outdoors, so as to be thoroughly frozen, that kills worms and eggs. I don't know just how much freezing is needed, but light freezing will not do; 10° to 15° would perhaps be necessary. Well, what will you do if they haven't been frozen? The eggs are so small you can't find them, but you can find the worms when they are very small, for a white, powdery substance surrounds them, made by their gnawing, perhaps. Still, it's a pretty big undertaking to find the little worms on a big lot of combs, and if you keep them in a cool cellar they'll not hatch out very rapidly nor grow very fast after they are hatched. Fumigating them with sulphur of brimstone, will kill the worms, but not the eggs. If they have grown to full size it takes heavy brimstoning to kill them. If you get them once all hatched and killed with brimstone, then they are safe until the wax-moth lays more eggs in them. This can be prevented by closing them up moth tight. If the combs are hung about two inches apart in an airy place, the moth is likely to disturb them. Some report good success by putting them in hives and then putting in spiders.

Italians as Worm Hunters—I'll tell you how I have managed combs for the last few years. Suppose a colony has died, I try to see that no mice can disturb the combs, shutting the hive up mouse-tight, and then putting it in the cellar if it is not already there. From time to time keep watch, and so long as no worms can be seen I let them alone. As it gets warmer, the worms will be seen, and sometimes I have left the combs there for some time, picking out, with a pin or wire nail all the worms a half inch long; for up to that size they do not work so fast on the combs, especially in a cool place. But there is no place in the world that combs are so safe from worms as in the care of a strong colony of bees, especially the Italians. So, as fast as they can be given to the bees, all anxiety about them is over. The only trouble is that in spring you want to keep the bees warm, and on as few combs as possible. But by the time it is warm enough for worms to do much harm it is warm enough for bees to cover a little more territory. Still I don't need to put the combs right in the hives with the bees, but I place them under. Put a hive full of the combs under the hive with the colony, so that the bees in going in and out must pass through the hive of empty combs. Don't leave any other entrance or exit for them. You may rely on their finding every worm and taking them out too, if they are Italians, and I suppose the blacks, if strong, will make pretty good work at it. Look out for robbing. If there is any honey in the combs, look out or you may have a picnic with robbers. Better put the combs there toward evening, not very long before they stop flying, and by preference when it is warm enough for them to move around considerably at night. Then they will, by morning, get over the excitement caused by finding such a bonanza so near at hand, and will be ready to protect the entrance against intruders. Close the entrance up just as small as you can without hindering them about getting in and out. Of course if there is no honey in the combs there is no need of any such precautions. As soon as you need the combs for new colonies they can be taken, and you will find them in the very nicest condition. One year I left them under until the bees stored honey in them, which I extracted, and some of them had brood.—[Cor. O. Judd Farmer.

Useful Items.

More labor is required to stall-feed cattle than to turn the animals on the pasture, but when the cattle are fed in the stalls there is a saving of manure and land. Although the pasture lot is valuable as affording exercise, and also a change of grasses, yet the greatest profit will be derived when the animals are fed in the stall for a short time before marketing them, for the reason that each should be made to attain the heaviest weight possibe for its age.

The Merino and Southdown sheep are better adapted for hilly sections than the larger breeds, as they are more active and forage over a greater area of ground. They can also be kept in larger flocks than the larger breeds. They make excellent improvement if used for crossing on common flocks, the Merino being the best of all wool-producing sheep, while the Southdown is equal to any breed as a mutton variety.

Sweet corn is harvested before it is fully matured, and therefore does not require as much time for growth as the field varieties; hence, the sweet corn permits of seed being planted as late as July 1 for late supply, and if the dwarf varieties are used even later than that date for planting will permit of a crop.

When sheep hurdle together and keep their noses close to the ground, especially if the ground is loose, it indicates attacks from the gadfly, which deposits its eggs in the nostrils, causing what is known as grub in the head. Keep the nostrils of the sheep well smeared with wood tar.

From fifty-five to sixty-five degrees is the range of temperature for churning. In the summer season it is best to have the temperature somewhat lower, as it will rise before the churning is finished. Always use a thermometer when churning, or you will make a mistake.

Old wheat straw is valuable as bedding, and will serve to absorb the liquid manure. Keep the bright new straw, and, if possible, keep it under cover, as cut straw and hay, with grain, will make a valuable food in place of hay entirely should the hay crop be short.

There is no profit on the food given an animal when the food is only sufficient to supply the waste of the system. To simply keep an animal alive is a loss of time. No animal is profitable unless it produces something, whether it be meat, milk or wool.

There is as much as 1,800 pounds of water in a ton of turnips, but water taken in that shape seems to be capable of assisting digestion more than the same amount of water drank from the trough.

A Bad "Cow."

"Good morning, Herr Professor; how is your health to-day?"

Herr Professor—I am vell, dank you, only I haf a very bad cow.

"How does that affect your health?"

Herr Professor—Ah, it much racks mine body.

"What, is she so vicious? Why will you persist in keeping such troublesome stock?"

Herr Professor—Stock, stock? I said noding of stock. I said cow—cow—c-o-u-g-h—cow.—Fact.—[Pharmaceutical Era.

A Seasonable Lyric.

Sun is climbin' mighty high,
In the middle of the sky;
Birds are singin' by the brakes,
Fish are bitin' in the lakes;
Berries black and cherries red,
All their juicy sweetness shed;
But the things that strikes me best,
When the sun slopes to the west,
Is that melon, round and green,
In the cool fence-corner seen.
Smack your lips an' whet your knife—
Thank the Lord for health an' life!
—[Atlanta Constitution.

An Objection to Matrimony.

Mrs. Bombazine—Mr. Gilhooly, you have been engaged to my daughter Jane for more than two years. Why do you not marry her?

Gilhooly—My dear madame, that would never do. It would not be an easy matter to find another such nice sweetheart as Jane.—[Texas Siftings.

A Sequence.

"I was in a mining camp once when a fellow held a fifth ace."

"What happened?"

"We buried the ace with him."—[New York Truth.

Too Big a Risk.

Simpson—Why didn't you take a chance at that cake at the church fair? Were you afraid?

Simpson—Yes; it was one my wife baked.—[Brooklyn Life.

He Knew.

Miss Dovey (falling to the pavement)—O, dear, I'm afraid my ankle is turned! Mr. Gallant (running to her rescue)—Indeed it is madame, very neatly, too!—[Boston News.

WHEN THE ENERGIES FLAG

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful beverage, and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop."

Talmage's Sermon

AGGRESSIVENESS IS MUCH NEEDED.

Dr. Talmage Preaches to a Great Assemblage at Monona Lake in Wisconsin—Keeping Up With the Times.

MADISON, Wis., July 27.—Dr. Talmage preached yesterday morning at a Chautauqua assembly on the banks of Monona lake, near this city. It was a great gathering of people from all parts of the Northwest. His text was Esther, iv., 14: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther, the beautiful, was the wife of Ahasuerus, the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Israelitish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life; but her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther had her God-appointed work: you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of people we ought to be in order that that we may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast our lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed, or dry technicalities of religion glorified you have come to the wrong place; but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready in the Lord's name to look you in the face. When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder. They want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic, and triumphant help. What we need in the East, you in Wisconsin need.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demands of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They are chief obstacles to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come here today the bondsmen of the world, and yet before you go out of these doors you may become the princes of the Lord God Almighty. You know what excitement there is in this country when a foreign prince comes to our shores. Why? Because it is expected that some day he will sit upon a throne. But what is all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be queens and kings unto God? "They shall reign with him forever and forever."

But, my friends, you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more out-door exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days and weeks and months and years of his life feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest, everyday work?

O my friends! if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more brawn of piety.

A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From these sixteen years you must subtract all the time you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From those eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in childhood and sickness, leaving you about one year in which to work for God.

If you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless, and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic. Ah, my brother, do not adopt a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a judgment day.

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to succeed in this grand accomplishment! Here is a pulpit, and a clergyman preaches in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place and, through cowardice or through self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundation of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that to-day this whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon them the hands of ordination. Every one, go forth and preach the gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach, and there preach. Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him, and said: "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a fanatic." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles held up by the idols General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

I remark again, that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age, you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when he once arises in his strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot wheels of God's gospel may seem to drag heavily; but here is the promise and yonder is the throne; and when Omniscience has lost its eyesight, and Omnipotence falls back impotent, and Jehovah is driven from his throne, then the Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but not until then. Despots may plan and armies march, and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the chariot-wheels of God's providence.

I think that before the sun of this century shall set the last tyranny shall fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of his eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world, God will make a path for his own triumph, and returning from universal conquest, he will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth his footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend
To thee, our ruler, father, friend,
Till heaven's high arch resounds again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."

I preach this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The last despotism will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended.

Making Glad the Waste (Walst) P

"That's what I call making g[illegible] waist places," said Smithson, a[illegible] his arm around a lady's wa[illegible] Lilly won't care much for [illegible] of affection if Smithson [illegible] rid of that disagreeable ca[illegible] Won't somebody tell him that [illegible] Catarrh Remedy will cure him.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic.

In perfect faith, the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., offer to pay $500 to any one suffering from Chronic Catarrh in the Head whom they cannot cure.

Now, if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay $500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them.

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

SALMAGUNDI.

It takes two to make a bargain; but only one of them gets it.—[Puck.

The chances are that the man who hates himself has studied himself pretty thoroughly.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

"He knows his own mind, and don't you forget it." "Oh, is that what makes him so ignorant?"—[St. Joseph News.

Boggs—"Ever see such a fool as Noodles is making of his child?" Joggs—"Yes; he's going to leave it his personal property."—[Drake's Magazine.

"How was it that the judge granted your divorce before even reading your petition?" "He was my wife's first husband."—[Courrier des Etats-Unis.

Jack—"I think I shall invest in a life insurance before I go to interview her father." Tom—"Don't you think a fire insurance would be better."—[Harper's Bazar.

"Did you read my last article?" said one writer to another. "I did." "Don't you think it was a pretty exhaustive review of the subject?" "I found it so."—[Washington Post.

"Gertrude refused Tom four times before she married him," said a girl to her friends at the seaside. "Ah, I see. It was a case of well shaken before taken."—[Washington Post.

Dadley—"Joslin says he has got to go to court for loving not wisely but too well. I don't see how that is an offense against the law." Bardley—"Yes, but the trouble was he loved two well."—[Lowell Citizen.

"Style is the dress of thoughts, you know," he said to her, somewhat patronizingly over their reading. "That's why you are not obliged to care for style," she responded demurely, and was still.—[Washington Star.

Proprietor St. Fashion Hotel—"Sorry to have you leave us so soon." Guest—"Important engagement. Here's a quarter for you." Proprietor—"Sir! I am the proprietor of the hotel, sir!" Guest—"Ah! Beg pardon. Here's half a dollar."—[New York Weekly.

A beautiful maiden
Reading a book;
A picturesque landscape,
A babbling brook.
A man with a kodak
In secret prepares
To picture the maiden
As she sits, unawares.
Her two strapping brothers
Were chancing to pass,
Saw the man with the kodak
And also the lass.
They rolled up their sleeves,
Threw off coat, hat and vest;
The man pressed the button,
They did the rest.
—[Mittens Willet in Judge.

Brains Did It.

A Rockland, Me., lawyer has been imitating Tom Sawyer. Last week he noticed that the grass around his house needed cutting, so invested in a scythe, he approached the job and prepared to conquer or die. In about three minutes his back gave out and he sat down to ponder. Tom Sawyer and the whitewash job came into his mind. "I'll do it," he exclaimed under his breath. And from that time on he sat there, and every man or boy that came along was invited to try his new scythe and "see how easy it works." Inside of two hours the job was finished and our friend had removed his coat-tails from his easy perch. Brains are what most people need; muscle doesn't amount to much in the battle for supremacy.—[N. Y. Tribune.

She Plays for Smith.

"So Smith cut you out with her, did he? I would break every bone in his skin if I were you."

"Oh, I am having a better revenge than that."

"How?"

"Why, her father has just bought her a piano and Smith goes to see her three times a week."—[N. Y. Press.

The Human Equation.

Hicks—Oh, well, of course all men can't think alike. If they did, they'd say this thing couldn't be done.

Wicks—Nonsense! If all men could think alike, they'd agree with me and say it could be done."

Hicks—All sensible men can think alike.

Wicks—Yes, think as I do.

Hicks—No, sir! think as I do.—[Boston Transcript.

A Warning to the Supersensitive.

Primary—What did you do that she should leave you on the wedding tour and return to her father?

Secundus—I kept the promise she exacted of me that we should not be taken for a newly-married couple.—[Epoch.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can buy or sell anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Pension Questions.

E. L. K., Chariton, Iowa: We cannot tell; you had better write again.

S. T., Hall, W. Va.: Furnish affidavit showing that you received the bounty.

J. W. H., Cropsey, Ill.: We can not tell; better write to the commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. M. P. C., Caldwell, Idaho: We have handed your address to an agent, whom we can recommend; he will write you.

J. E., Harris, Mo.: Fees for filling out soldiers' pension vouchers are governed by state laws, and vary from 10 cents to 40 cents.

E. A., Honea Path, S. C.: Send us the card you received in answer to your claim, when you filed same. We will then be able to investigate.

G. W. S., Palace Valley, West Va., asks: "Can I obtain pay for a horse, saddle and bridle that were pressed into service by the commander of Union soldiers?"

You might recover, but it will cost you all they were worth.

J. A. V., Beverly, W. Va., asks: "Where can I get a copy of the United States revised statutes, containing the pension laws, and what will be the probable cost?"

Get any bookseller, to ascertain the cost. He can then order it for you.

Mrs. A. S., Wick, Mo., asks: "1.—Can a soldier's widow, who holds four years' discharge papers, take a claim by staying on it one year? 2.—Can she get a patent for it without paying anything more for it? 3.—Will she have to improve any?"

1.—Yes. 2.—Yes. 3.—Yes.

W. B., Prairie Grove, Ark., asks: "1.—Is it lawful for the officer before whom quarterly pension vouchers are filed, to witness the duplicate receipts? 2.—How many pensioners has Ohio? 3.—Are all pensioners who belonged to Ohio troops credited to Ohio pensioners or not?"

1.—He is the proper person to witness your signature. 2.—About 65,000. 3.—No, but all residing in Ohio, when pension is granted, are credited to that state.

A. J. Y., Haskell, Kan., writes: "An applicant for a pension was found to be disabled, but his claim was rejected because he was a member of a state organization, and not a United States soldier. By a special act of Congress, however, his name was placed upon the pension roll subject to the rules and regulations of the United States pension laws, and pension began to run from February 28, 1891. Now, is claimant entitled to back pension under the old law?"

Certainly not. He can not come under any general pension law, because they refer only to soldiers mustered into the United States service, and he never was.

E. P., Nebraska, writes: "Mary Smith married John Jones and subsequently procured a divorce. She directed her lawyer to request in the application that she be allowed to resume her maiden name. After some years, during which she went by the name of Smith, she was married, under that name, to a soldier named Brown. Ten years later she received her divorce papers from parties with whom they had been left for safe keeping. They make no reference to change of name, which the lawyer must have neglected to insert in the application. Is her marriage legal, since she was not entitled to the name under which she was married? and is she entitled to Brown's pension when he dies? The second marriage occurred in Nebraska."

The second marriage is legal anywhere. It was the women who was married, not her name. She is Brown's legal wife, and will be entitled to a pension when he dies.

No President for Six Hours.

C. W. B., Manson, Iowa: 1.—There are quite a number of brigadier generals and major generals of the Union army during the rebellion yet alive. There are too many of them to make a list. 2.—John Brown was nicknamed "Ossawattomie Brown" because his sons had settled near the village of Ossawattomie, in Kansas, and he joined them there.

3.—This correspondent sends us the following clipping, for which he asks an explanation:

"Lafayette S. Foster was president of the Senate *pro tem.* when Lincoln was assassinated. As Andrew Johnson could not reach the capital for six hours after Lincoln's death, during that interval Foster was President of the United States."

In the first place, the statement is incorrect about Mr. Johnson's being sworn into office. President Lincoln died about 8:20 a. m. on April 15, 1865. Mr. Johnson was sworn into office, at his room in the Kirkwood house, at 10 o'clock, by the chief justice, a part of the Cabinet and several members of Congress being present. Second, even if six hours had intervened, Mr. Foster would not have been President of the United States; there really would not have been any President. A man cannot be President until he takes the oath of office. If Johnson was not President until he was sworn in, how could Foster be President without being sworn in?

Resignation of the President.

C. E. S., Muscotah, Kan.: 1.—The President of the United States could resign if he saw fit. The resignation would probably be in the form of an official communication to Congress. The only reference to the President's resignation in the Constitution is in article 2, section 1, sixth clause, which says, "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice President." 2.—We cannot make plain the reason why the sun appears in the summer time to be slightly northward of us morning and evening without going into some very minute details of astronomy. Any school astronomy explains the cause, which is, after all, very simple.

The Rubicon.

F. L., Williams Center, O., asks: "Where is the River Rubicon, which Cæsar crossed with his army?" The Rubicon is a small river of Italy, flowing into the Adriatic sea near the town of Rimini. It was the dividing line between Italy and the province of Cisalpine Gaul, of which Cæsar was in command; hence his crossing the boundary was equivalent to a declaration of war against the Roman republic. There are two rivers which flow into the Adriatic sea at this point, and there has been some doubt which of these was the historic Rubicon. In 1756, a papal bull declared the Lusa, which is the largest and more southern of the two, to be the Rubicon; but modern geographers generally prefer the other, which is now called the Fiumicino.

Gen. David Hunter.

B. H., Riverside, Kan.: 1.—We do not know the postoffice addresses of the persons you name. 2.—General David Hunter engaged in the Lynchburg raid on June 18, 1864, and from August 8 of that year until February 1, 1865, he was on leave of absence. He was president of the commission which tried the conspirators in the assassination of Lincoln. He was breveted major general in the regular army on March 13, 1865, and mustered out of the volunteer service in January, 1866. He was retired from active service by reason of his age in July 31, 1866, and thereafter resided at Washington, where he died February, 1886.

A Homestead Question.

F. G. M., Gold Beach, Ore., asks: "Can a homesteader, after making his final proof and receiving his papers from the local land office, sell his land and give a mortgage without receiving the United States patent from Washington?"

No.—You can not give a mortgage until your own title is clear.

Miscellaneous.

J. W., Bentleysville, Pa.: Persons under legal age cannot obtain marriage licenses in any state.

H. J. F., New Castle, Pa.: You ask us to give you "the vote of state by counties for governor in 1889." What state?

W. L. S., Ontario, Ind.: There is no state law in Ohio requiring a license for peddling; but all cities and towns have ordinances requiring peddlers within their boundaries to take out licenses.

H. E. F., Seneca Falls, N. Y.: The poem "Ostler Joe" is to be found in several cheap books of recitations and readings, costing from 25 to 50 cents. Any book seller can obtain a volume for you.

A. D. B., Forks, Wyo.: The white pine is propagated by seed the same as any other tree. It is a tree of slow growth, and it would take many years before a young pine forest would be of any value as a timber.

J. H. K., Barnard, Kan., asks what is known of the fate of the steamer City of Boston, running between Liverpool and New York, subsequent to the year 1868. If any reader knows the facts we shall be glad to publish them.

J. P. C., Ponce de Leon, Mo.: Yes, Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of Gen. Logan, is drawing a pension of $250 per month. The bill was a special one, and merely provides that she shall draw that pension for the term of her natural life.

O. H. W., Newton, Ill.: You can get the information you ask for from any bookseller. If there is none in your town, address any publisher whose name is given in the column of "Recent Literature," on the second page of the Weekly BLADE nearly every week.

C. A. H., South Onondaga, N. Y.: We do not know the prices of the books you mention. In our column of "Recent Literature," the name of the publishers of the books referred to there are always given. By writing to them you can find the price of any book mentioned.

W. J. P., Russell, Iowa: 1.—The rate of interest on bonds deposited as security for national bank circulation, is the same as any other bonds. The bonds now existing bear respectively 4 and 4½ per cent. The national bank security is largely of the 4 per cent bonds. 2.—National bank notes are taxable the same as any other money.

J. A. W., Winston, Mo.: In the Bureau of Weekly BLADE of May 7, we gave all needful information about cadets at West Point. We cannot reprint. West Point is a school established by the government for its own benefit, to train young men to become army officers. No one can attend West Point except by appointment.

G. A. C. H., Alice, Mo.: We never saw the weather guide of which you speak. The best possible means of foretelling the weather is by the use of a good mercurial barometer. It is better than anything else. We have not the formula for making those chemical prognosticators which show changes in the weather by the cloudiness of the solution.

C. K. R., Spencer, Wis.: We think you will find a definite statement concerning the reserves required to be held by national banks, in the Finance Primer in Weekly BLADE of July 16; if not, we will try to make clear anything which you find uncertain if you will let us know again. The same article contains an exposition of the fallacy of double interest of which the greenbackers ignorantly talk so much about.

J. A. W., Martinsburg, W. Va.: If you have one of the French spoliation claims which were authorized to be paid by the last Congress, address a letter to the secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C., asking what steps are necessary to obtain the money. As to the other claims which were deferred by Congress, the reason seems simply to be the same which has prevented their payment for nearly a century.

A. M. F., Mt. Hope, O.: 1.—Chewing gum is made out of a number of different substances. Paraffine is one ingredient. Spruce gum, which is an exudation from the spruce tree, is another. There are several tropical gums which are more or less used, besides flavoring matter. Each gum manufacturer has his own formula for the different brands of gum which he makes. 2.—There is no such office as the "Governor of the United States;" hence we cannot give you a list of the "governors of the United States."

O. W., Elba, Neb.: The reason platinum and the other rare metals are so costly is because of their scarcity, as the ores containing them are very rare, no large deposits being known; and because of the extreme difficulty of obtaining them in a pure state, through the difficulty of melting them. 2.—The Pension office employs about 1,500 persons, all told. 3.—The expulsion of the Moors from Spain was largely because of their religion. The Spaniards, of course, were Christians, the Moors were Mohammedans; and at that time all Christians looked upon it as a holy duty to subjugate or drive out all Mohammedans. Don't ask but one question if you desire a full answer.

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day, persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser, who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.

The Incidents that Led to the Saying Now Famous.

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the "governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina," but possibly some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made.

Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in North Carolina moved across the border and settled in South Carolina. He had been there only a short time when he committed some small crime or misdemeanor, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the governor of South Carolina issued his requisition on the governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native state, and they interceded with the governor until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in South Carolina told the governor that he had not been treated with proper official courtesy by the governor of North Carolina.

The result was that the South Carolina governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the governor about the matter of giving up the criminal.

The governor of North Carolina, with a large party of distinguished friends, met the governor of South Carolina several miles from town, and escorted them to the governor's mansion with all the ceremony due such distinguished visitors.

Before the object of the visit was stated the entire party sat down to an elaborate dinner. After dinner wine was served, and after wine came brandy—the applejack for which the old North State is famous.

After many rounds of drinks the decanters and glasses were removed, and the governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the attorney generals of the two states took an active part.

Finally the governor of South Carolina grew angry, and rising to his feet, he said:

"Sir, you have refused my just demand, and offended the dignity of my office and my state. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner, I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the state, and returning with my army I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned on the governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?"

"I say, governor, that it's a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and, while the visitors remained, if any attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

When the visiting governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the state line by the governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends. The fugitive was never surrendered.

—Merit wins, as the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medicinal merit. Sold by all druggists.

How to Treat Sunstroke.

It is not wise to carry the sufferer from sunstroke far for help, as time is valuable, says Elizabeth R. Scovil in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. Lay him in a shady place, as cool as is found. Unfasten bands about neck and waist. Strip the clothing off the upper part of the body and shower it with water. If ice can be had, crack it, wrap it in cotton and apply it to the head, spine and under the arms. If not, use wet clothes instead, changing them every few minutes. In town, ether and spray can be procured from a druggist, and the forehead and head sprayed. Rapid fanning of the hot surface helps to evaporate the water more quickly. As soon as the patient revives a little and can swallow, iced brandy or whisky and water can be given. A doctor should be sent for, but he will come too late if nothing is done in the interval. Sunstroke is a fever caused by heat, and the most urgent need is to reduce the temperature by cooling the surface of the body in every way possible. The exhaustion must be met by stimulants.

A Father's Words.

There was one very uncomfortable man in a big uptown flat last evening, and the mother was not entirely accountable for it at that. It seems that with the natural carelessness of many parents, he had been in the habit of ignoring a 4-year-old daughter when he allowed little asides to escape.

Yesterday a prominent divine called on the family, and during a lull in the conversation the little one strolled into the room, and pushing back a big fluffy bang languidly remarked:

"I guess this is what papa means when he says hot as a Methodist hades."

The father was not at home at the time, but there was a coolness in that family at a late hour last night that will need a $60 bonnet to thaw out.—[N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

Straight From Boston.

There is nothing more difficult to the obese than the act of obeisance.—[Boston Courier.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

The Soldiers' Census Blank.

All comrades are earnestly requested, if they have not already done so, to fill out the Union soldiers' census blank, found in another column, and mail it at once, addressed "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C." Also call the attention of every comrade who does not read THE BLADE to the blank and have him do likewise. If you have not enough blanks, send us the names and postoffice addresses of comrades who desire to use them, and we will mail to each one a sample copy of THE BLADE containing it. ☞ Please do this at once.

Jokes and "Fresh Fish."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I see Comrade Dan Knight, 5th Iowa Cav., in a recent communication to the Camp Fire, "piles it on" me pretty heavy for chiding his cavalry comrade, Chambers, of the 4th Iowa, for his (Chambers's) criticism of my article on the siege of Vicksburg, in which I got off some old-time army jokes on the cavalry, as was common with the boys in the Army of the Tennessee, among soldiers of different branches of the service. Some of the boys used to "get hot" about it, even then; but that only made it all the more enjoyable. It was usually what we called the "fresh fish" that would get "riled" when these jokes were exchanged—the old soldiers knew how to pass them on and get even.

I am free to admit that these jokes do not look or sound so well in print, now that so much time has elapsed and the war is over. The present generation can not understand or appreciate them as do the veterans; and it is perhaps better that our communications to the Camp Fire assume a more matter-of-fact style. Whether this will make it any better for the cavalry branch of the service or no, is a question hard to determine. It was not my intention to under-estimate or belittle the service of the cavalry with the Army of the Tennessee. I simply wished to call time on Comrade Chambers, of the 4th Cav., who volunteered to explain how the siege of Vicksburg was conducted. It occurred to me that if the cavalry knew more about that job, it was about time the matter was talked over. As I stated in my communication, we wanted to give them full credit for all they did. I also said it was my understanding that when it come down to a regular siege like that of Vicksburg, there was no use for the cavalry, except to watch the movements of old Jo Johnson's army that was from fifteen to twenty miles away, which Comrade Dan Knight admits to be the fact; and this was the duty they were on during the siege of Vicksburg. This is why it should be presumed that the men of the infantry who were on the front line from the beginning, May 20 or 22, 1863, to July 4, 1863, the time of surrender, and who occupied the city for over six months after the surrender, should be competent to give testimony, in a general way, of what transpired in their immediate front during the siege. I don't know whether Comrade Dan Knight has volunteered, or was drafted into the service to assist his cavalry comrade, Chambers, of the 4th Iowa, to explain more fully the situation during the siege of Vicksburg. Be that as it may, he has failed to give any information, whatever, on the subject that was in controversy between Comrade Chambers and myself. He seems rather to have profited by the advice I gave Comrade Chambers, and writes up a complimentary eulogy on the cavalry service, referring to their faithful picket duty, long and tiresome marches, brilliant charges (both to the front and rear) when ordered, which all the old infantry and artillery "boys" of the Army of the Tennessee know to have been the legitimate service of the cavalry. And this service was, as a rule, well performed by the cavalry of the Army of the Tennessee, as the history of our campaign will show. But when it comes down to a regular seige on a walled city, at close range of rifle shot and hand grenades, undermining breast works from 40 to 50 days at a stretch, it was no place for mounted men, and they were "not in it." This I tried to make clear to Comrade Chambers in my communication to which Comrade Dan takes exceptions, and which he utilizes as a basis to write an article on the cavalry service, that will no doubt please the boys of his branch of the service, and will also be endorsed by all the veterans of the infantry that were in the service during the last two years of the war.

The Iowa soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee, both infantry and cavalry, as far as my acquaintance extended, were a good set of fellows, and as a rule were good soldiers, especially so where they had been former residents of Ohio.

Dan Knight is a "good one," and as long as he is able to wield his pen the cavalry will have an able champion to tell of their heroic deeds and valuable service. I am sorry my communication made Dan "tired;" but judging from the way he writes up the cavalry service, he must have been tired many times before. I will state in conclusion that however much Comrade Dan Knight may write in detail as to the hardships and privations of the cavalry during the seige of Vicksburg, or even the campaign before Atlanta, their chances were two to one for dodging and getting into a cool place, compared with the infantry and artillery. As a rule they came out of the service better men physically than did the infantry and artillery. I am clearly of the opinion that a fair and impartial investigation would show this to be the fact. This would not, however, prove their services any the less valuable and efficient; on the contrary it would show they were a more level-headed set of fellows, and made the best choice when they selected to go to war on "horseback," instead of being "tramps," as were the infantry.—L. W. RICHARDSON, 68th O. V. V. I.

Had a Picnic.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was captured on June 3, 1864, and was detained in the enemy's country nine months. During that time I was entertained at several of the "hell holes" the Confederates were running at that time; namely, Libby, Pemberton, Andersonville, Macon, Charleston and Florence. I made my escape three times; but as the rebels seemed unwilling that I should leave them, I was never at liberty longer than six days at one time. The last time I parted company with the Johnnies, I effected my escape by jumping from the cars, while the train was running at a 16-mile-an-hour rate. The rebs were transferring their guests (?) from the Hotel Andersonville to the Hotel de Florence. It was about 8 o'clock p. m. while the train was passing a station nine miles from Florence, when I took French leave of the Confeds, and "you bet" I had a picnic during the six days following. At that time my wardrobe and personal effects were not numerous, and scarcely interfered with my movements. My clothing consisted of a pair of pants and a cap, the latter being of my own manufacture. My "effects" consisted of a tin can made out of a piece of tin captured from the roof of a freight car. So you can see my baggage caused me but little uneasiness. The first place I reached after leaving the station was a slave cabin in the woods, where, for the asking, I received a piece of bacon, a small quantity of corn meal, some charred cotton, a piece of flint and a piece of steel. The flint and steel I used to start a fire, as matches were not to be had in that portion of the country then. After leaving the cabin I traveled on the road for some distance, in a southeasterly direction, the twinkling stars being my guide. Just about daylight I arrived at a spring-house, the door of which was not locked; and on entering I found inside several pans filled with milk. I selected the one on which seemed to be the most cream, and proceeded to get on the outside of that milk and cream in double-quick order. I thought it was the sweetest milk I had ever drank in my life. When I started on I was absent minded enough to carry the empty can along with me, for which I was afterward thankful, for my little can only held a pint, and was entirely inadequate for my needs, when provisions were so plentiful. I had not traveled more than a mile farther, when I unexpectedly encountered a flock of geese. When I left the road a few moments later one of the fowls was on my shoulder; but this fact, I trust, reflects no discredit on my apprenticeship as one of Uncle Sam's cavalrymen. As I was crossing a field I found some sweet potatoes and beans; and as it was then too late in the day for me to travel farther, I struck a bee-line for the woods, after reaching which I had a feast. Just think of it! A fat goose, sweet potatoes, beans, a good-sized "corn-dodger," and to wash it down, the thoughts of the milk that I had already drank! It was a feast fit for a King! With the aid of the milk pan, and a plentiful supply of wood and water, preparing the meal was an easy matter.—MARTIN CUBBLER, Co. C, 3d N. J. Cav., California.

DO YOU

Use S. S. S., when you need a tonic. If you do not, you should. It is the safest and best Blood medicine made. It is purely vegetable, containing no poison of any kind, and can be taken safely by the most delicate child. Yet it cures all blood troubles, from an ordinary face pimple to the worst form of contagious Blood Taint.

For Old People.

My mother who is a very old lady, was physically broken down. The use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has entirely restored her health.

R. B. DILWORTH, Greenville, S. C.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—Mrs. ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1891.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book to Mothers mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Olive Branch of Peace.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I am sorry we have lost the old familiar smile of many who were wont to be present with something that would make the fire burn brightly. The 9th Ohio comrade, of Toledo, after gravely telling the Camp Fire that he was afraid St. Peter would drive me out in disgust when I should apply for admission on account of the old hat I snatched from grandpa's white head, has deserted entirely. Hugh Chumley, 2d Tenn., and Joe Griffith, 4th Tenn. Cavalry, after pounding me without mercy, only fling on a "chip" now and then, in a surley sort of way, as if they were in a hurry to get away—and Fred Rogge, too; but I rather think Fred is on the skirmish line, and will be in soon with a "rail." Come, boys; no pouts. I see our old friend Carlisle has got his pension. He says now that he was injured while unloading forage for the cavalry from the boat. It did sometimes happen that infantrymen were put at fatigue duty, to assist us to get our stuff unloaded; but in every instance that came under my notice they either volunteered to avoid something else, or they were sent to us under guard to work out a sentence. Carlisle did not say which of these ways he was doing our work; but I will be generous with him, and suppose he was a volunteer. There is one thing, however, I don't just get on to. In a former communication, he claimed he was nearly annihilated by the stampeding cavalrymen; now he claims he was injured while getting our forage off the boat, and he is drawing a pension for it. Well, it seems kind of queer, don't it, that this brave fellow who served three years on the front, and was run over and trampled by the wildly flying horsemen, was obliged to come to the cavalry for an injury for which he now draws a pension? And he never heard of a dead cavalryman! Now, comrades, I am of the opinion we all might be better employed than in accusation and assault on each other. I am simply on the defensive; but I think the Camp Fire would burn all the brighter with less of that kind of talk, which we all know is done with the intention of—well, to use a familiar phrase that comrades understand, I will just say, "Don't try to hoist yourself by your boot-straps." Let's shake and let it rest.—DAN KNIGHT, 5th Iowa Cav.

Took the Warm Bread.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While on the Hunter raid in June, 1864, near the James river, several officers of the 2d W. Va. Cav. when about half way up the mountain side, stopped at a log cabin to get their dinners, they to furnish their own grub. The lady of the house was busily engaged in preparing the mid-day meal for the officers when I came along. A pan of nice bread, just done, was in the oven, and hot as blazes, too. I prevailed on a member of the 91st O. Inft. to chase the lady's chickens. I then told the lady she had better attend to her chickens. She rushed out of the house and started after the soldier who was chasing her fowls. Soon as the lady left the house I grabbed the hot bread and run up the mountain side. Soon the comrade rejoined me and we "whacked up" the bread. There was fresh bread for two, during the next two days. The officers! Well, they had no warm bread that day. If the comrade sees this, I would like to hear from him through the Camp Fire.

I was on the right of the pike in the edge of the woods, when the 9th O. Inft. went into the fight at Lynchburg, on Saturday evening. They passed through our lines and fired the first volley at the Johnnies. It was well done. Just then the rebs gave us a shower of shells that cut off many of the tree tops thereabouts. Then on Sunday morning, when the Johnnies tried to run over us—how the 9th boys stopped them on the left of the pike! A good many of the boys were hurt then, and some were killed. Tom Stevens, of Co. C, 8th O. Cav., was near me at the time, and a piece of shell knocked off his horse's nose, then hit him in the back of head, and then fell at my feet. The recollection of that event is still fresh in my mind. Well, boys, I think we all tried to do our duty. I think C. H. Thomas is only a joker. Boys, let us give our experience and stop running over each other. It is too late in life now with us all.—JOHN C. GOUDY, Co. C, 8th O. Cav.

Daughters of Veterans.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Through the columns of THE BLADE, we wish to become acquainted with persons who are interested in forming Camps of Daughters of Veterans. In a previous article, we stated what we have already accomplished in this line. Here are a few of the principal aims of our order: We are an independent body, *i. e.*, not an auxilliary of any G. A. R. post or order of Sons of Veterans, though we aid these organizations, whenever our assistance is needed. We have a relief fund with which we are always ready to aid any needy soldier or soldier's family. We are kept busy working for socials, etc., the proceeds of which are applied to our relief fund. On Decoration Day, camps assist in decorating the graves of the dead heroes, it being one of the objects of our organization to "Keep green the memory of our fathers." The instructive portion of our work consists of history reading, pertaining to the civil war. We read at evening meetings, each member taking her turn at conducting the readings. After the reading, questions on the ground passed over, follow. The members have been drilled in military tactics. Further information will be gladly given to any one desiring it.—JULIA L. BELLINGALL, corner Locust and Sumner streets, San Jose, Cal.

Goes for Thomas.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I served Uncle Sam during the late war for over three years, and am happy to know that I helped put down the rebellion, and by so doing helped to pass this government down to the rising generation in as good a condition as when I found it. I am sorry to know some of the "boys" are fighting over the infantry and cavalry lines. I think C. H. Thomas, Co. H, 43d Ind. Inft., is either an idiot or a braggart, or both, or he never would have turned his pen loose on the comrades that never did him any wrong, but stood beside him in time of danger and helped put down the rebellion, and went wherever they were ordered, the same as he did. How strange for him to think because a man gets on to a horse to ride, it makes him cowardly. What a fine thing for the government that there were no horses for such as Comrade Thomas to ride, or the rebellion might have been going on yet! I see he "comes again" in THE BLADE of June 25. For shame! As far as the principle goes, he is doing the cavalry boys as much injustice by writing as he does, as he would have done if he had fired into their ranks while they were engaged with the enemy. I am an Indianian, and I am sorry to have the state disgraced by a comrade firing on his comrades without provocation. Dan Knight is a wheel-horse in the Camp Fire. Long may he live and write!—H. P. BRITTAIN, Sergt. Co. B, 13th Mo., Vet. Vol. Cav.

Like "Mary's Lamb."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I find the "old boys" are getting after Thomas, of the 43d Ind., pretty strongly. Well, that is right; for I think Thomas showed by his article that he is not what he represents himself to be. I know something about the 43d Ind. myself, having been a member of Co. B, of that regiment, from September, 1861, to March, 1865, and like Mary's little lamb, wherever the regiment went I was sure to go there too! And I can say the first man I saw killed in battle was a cavalryman, from a Michigan regiment. If said Thomas ever saw the cavalry fail to do their duty, he certainly was not with his regiment when he did so. It is a little too late a day now for a soldier of one arm of the service to endeavor to belittle the glory of another arm of the service, and I hope the boys will keep it up on him till he is ready to say, "let up."—ED. I. RAMSEY, Co. B, 43d Ind. Vol. Inft.

A Conundrum.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I see Comrade Thomas's dead cavalryman was a joke! In our branch of the service, jokes were not "built that way." I could send him a list of cavalrymen killed in action, but a man that can joke over dead soldiers would not be worthy the trouble. Comrade Thomas says he was injured while handling something that belonged to the cavalry, but for some reason he does not tell us what it was. If it had been hay or oats, or pork and beans, he probably would have said so. It must have been something that was dangerous; and we did not use dynamite; but we did use commissary whisky. Now, can it be that he was loading up the "C. H. Thomas" with commissary whisky that belonged to the cavalry, when he got hurt $4 worth!—BUGLER DELAMETER, Co. E, 3d N. Y. Cav.

A Soldier's Son.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was glad to see a letter in the Camp Fire from W. H. Cart, Co. M, 7th W. Va., for my sympathy is certainly with every soldier that stood by the Union. I enjoy reading the letters from the old soldiers of the Union. I would like to say in regard to W. H. Cart, refering to Comrade John Cook, Co. I, 7th W. Va. Cav., that John Cook remembers the circumstance the comrade refers to, but not so much as to the particulars, which I would like W. H. Cart to tell us through THE BLADE. I am the oldest son of John Cook, Co. I, 7th W. Va., Cav., and I know he would like to meet his comrades. Come again, Dan Knight, and others, and tell us boys how you defended our nation's freedom so bravely.—WM. S. COOK.

Found at Last.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I had long been looking for a comrade of my regiment and company, and at last I caught him blowing through the Camp Fire about the bugler at Janelew, W. Va. Where are you, 6th Ohio Yanks? I was there when you rode the goose to water. Old pard, I don't think I could march 40 miles another day. Vote as you shot, comrade.—LIBERTY H. JENKS, Co. D, 6th O. V. I.

Reunion Notes.

The Carlin brigade, consisting of the 101st Ohio, 15th Wis., 21st and 38th Ills. regiments will hold a reunion at Newton, Ills., on September 30, 1891. All comrades who send their names to the secretary will receive a programme, as it is desired to have all comrades present.—C. A. HINMAN, Secy., Olna, Ills.

The annual reunion of the 28th Iowa Inft. will be held at Vinton, Iowa, on September 16 and 17, 1891. For information address B. M. TALBOTT, Secy., Brooklyn, Iowa.

The second reunion of the 2d Ohio H. A. will be held at Leesburg, Ohio, Highland county, on Wednesday and Thursday, August 12 and 13, 1891. All comrades are cordially invited and expected to be present. For further information address T. M. SECHLER, Sec., Moline, Ills.

The 123d Ind. V. I. will hold their first reunion at Rushville, Ind., on Tuesday, August 25, 1891, that being the anniversary of the day they were mustered out. Comrades of the 123d seeing this notice, are requested to send me name, company and postoffice address of themselves and all surviving comrades of whom they know, so that I can complete the rolls and notify them.—WILLIAM S. KALER, Andersonville, Ind.

All comrades of the 48th O. V. V. I. are invited to attend the annual reunion at Detroit, during the National encampment. Reunion will be held at Wilkins's school building, room E, Porter street, between Second and Third streets, on the morning of August 5. All our living generals will be present; also Mrs. John A. Logan. All comrades should write to the secretary of the association.—JOSEPH A. SAUNIER, Westboro, Ohio.

The national convention of Union ex-Prisoners of War will be held in the council chamber, City Hall, Detroit, Mich., Wednesday, August 5, at 10 a. m. Heaquarters for registration in jury room No. 4, City Hall. For particulars, address MAJ. L. P. WILLIAMS, Sec., Washington, D. C.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines, one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted—Information of Joshua Hammond; last heard of in Kezar, Gunnison Co., Colorado, where he lost a leg some years ago. Information as to whether he is dead or alive, will be thankfully received by Mrs. SOPHIA HAMMOND, care of Mrs. Dallow, No. 68 Dudley street, Bilston, Staffordshire, England; or William Hammond, corner Starr avenue and East Broadway, Toledo, Ohio.

Isaac Herrington desires to ascertain the whereabouts of brothers and sisters of his father, Daniel Herrington, and who was born at Pleasant Valley, O., and died in the army. His relatives lived in Ohio. Any person knowing the above parties, or their whereabouts, are asked to communicate at once with ISAAC HERRINGTON, Monticello, Ills.

Wanted—The address of the officers and comrades of Co. A and E, 182d Ohio, who knew First Lieut. Joseph L. Deputy. Address Mary Deputy, Harveysburg, Ind.

It Reminded Him.

"I loved to hear the whizz of the minie ball in battle," remarked a member of the G. A. R.

"I should think you would have disliked it," remarked his auditor.

"Not at all. It reminded me of the girl I left behind me. Her name was Minnie."—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

Ask For

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

The Sunday School.

Christ's Authority.

LESSON IV., SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1891.

Golden Text—All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth.—Matt. 28: 18.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 5: 17-30.)

17. But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.

18. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.

19. Then answered Jesus and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.

20. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth: and he will shew him greater works than these, that ye may marvel.

21. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will.

22. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgments unto the Son.

23. That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him.

24. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

25. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.

26. For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself;

27. And hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man.

28. Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice,

29. And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.

30. I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge: and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

My Father worketh even until now, and I work (v. 17). What a mistake it is to suppose that labor is a result of man's fall, and that, if it were not for sin, man would not have to labor! Work is Godlike. God works. God's Son works. When the first man was set in the garden of delights prepared for him, he was set to work in that garden. Because of sin there is a curse on the earth, so that it brings forth thorns and thistles easier than it matures good grain and fruits; but the privilege of work is a vestige of man's first estate, and an earnest of his redemption. He who aspires to Godlikeness loves to work; and he who has most of the spirit of Christ finds greatest joy in work. Not freedom from toil, but strength for, and rest in, toiling, should be the desire of every true-hearted child of God and follower of Jesus.

The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the father doing, for what things soever he doeth, these the son also doeth in like manner (v. 19.) There is a heavenly pattern for earthly service, and Jesus Christ came into this world to live here on earth according to the heavenly pattern, so that all the sons of men may know how God the Father would have them live. He who will live here according to the pattern that Jesus has disclosed to us, shall find himself already practiced in heaven's ways when finally he reaches heaven. It is a good thing to know the way they do things in heaven; it is a better thing to live here as they all live in heaven.

For as the Father raiseth the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son also quickeneth whom he will (v. 21). Hope for the dead is what we want; and hope for the dead is here. God is the source of life. He has power to give life to the dead. And this life-giving power God exercises through his Son. The Son of God is the manifestation and expression of God's power and of God's love; hence the Son of God can give life to whomsoever he will. Even though we find ourselves death-stricken through sin, we can commit ourselves confidently to Jesus, as able to give us new life,—if he will. And can we doubt that he will?

He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life (v. 24). Here are the terms of salvation, declared by him who is able to save. There is no need for any one to puzzle over the statements of the creeds as to the doctrine of salvation, when the fact of salvation is affirmed so explicitly by the Saviour himself. If any of the creeds agree with this statement, they are so far correct; but if they are in conflict with it, they are in error. No creed can express the doctrine of salvation more simply than the Saviour here expresses it. He who hears the word of Jesus proffering salvation to sinners, and believes the Father who sent his Son to be a Saviour, is already saved. In accepting the life that the Son gives, the sinner has become a partaker of that life which is from God, in Christ. This truth is as plain as it is precious.

The hour cometh, in which all that are in the tombs shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done ill, unto the resurrection of judgment (vs. 28, 29.) Here, again, is a declaration of the loving Saviour, that must be accepted as final truth, whether the creeds agree with it or assert another doctrine. There will be two different destinies for the two different classes who rise at the resurrection. Those of the one sort rise in new life; those of the other sort rise to judgment, because of their ill desert. The fact of this difference in destinies will appear at the resurrection; the preparation for the one destiny, or the other, is making now. Of one thing we may be sure: He who has accepted Christ as his Saviour, "cometh not into judgment;" for already he "hath passed out of death into life."

I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me (v. 30). Here is the heavenly pattern for our earthly guidance. If ever in all the ages there was one person in human form who had a right to seek his own will without direction from above, it was Jesus Christ. But he it is who says explicitly: "I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Whoever would be like Christ must not seek his own will, but the will of God. And he is so far like Christ is already living the life of heaven.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Stranger Than Fiction.

Not long ago a well-to-do gentleman from the East registered at the Hotel Ryan, in St. Paul. He occupied the same seat at the table for about four weeks and was attended by the same waiter each day. At the conclusion of each meal he would pull out a copper cent and place it by the side of his plate as a tip to the waiter. With unvarying regularity he deposited the cent and the waiter as regularly picked it up. The other day the guest came to go and he called the waiter to him and asked him what he had done with the pennies. He responded that he had them all and fished out a big handful of copper coin. The guest asked the waiter for them and the latter unhesitatingly gave them back.

"You are the first waiter I ever saw," said the Easterner, "who never by word or look intimated that you wanted a tip." Saying this he put a crisp $10 note in the astonished darkey's hand as an indication of his appreciation of the waiter's freedom from the pestiferous practice of nagging for tips.—[Minneapolis Journal.

Why We Blush.

"Tis morning," writes a Sunday school teacher, "I gave the children a little talk about their souls. When I had done I thought I would ask them a few questions to see if they understood what I had told them. I began:

"'What did God give us besides our bodies?'

"Perhaps you can imagine what my emotions were when they instantly replied:

"'Legs!'"—[Harper's Bazar.

They are Engaged Now.

Miss Smooth—That flower on your coat is a bachelor's button, is it not, Mr. Allaine?

Mr. A.—Yes, Miss Smooth; why do you ask?

Miss S.—I was wondering if I touched the button would you do the rest.—[Minneapolis Tribune.

A Summer Suggestion.

A man has been known to win a girl's heart for life, when she is getting gracefully out of a hammock, by simply turning his head the other way.—[Somerville Journal.

After the Club.

The Colonel—Have you seen Borer since he returned from his trip around the world?

The Judge—Yes, I met the enemy, and he was hours.—[Puck.

VALLEY FORGE FOR SALE.

Famous Relics That American Patriotism Should Preserve.

There is danger that the historic old Valley Forge property will be divided up and sold, and its preservation as a whole thus lost to the nation. The tract lies in one of the most picturesque valleys of Pennsylvania, on the main line of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, close to the Valley Forge station, and about 25 miles from Philadelphia. It is now owned by Mrs. Anda L. Carter, who has recently instructed her attorney, Mortimer H. Brown, of Philadelphia, to dispose of 190 acres of it.

It was on this spot that Washington was camped with his army during the frightful winter of 1777-78. Valley Forge and its story are like a personal recollection to every one of us. There was where Washington prayed in the thickets when his soldiers were marking the paths with blood from their shoeless feet. There Lafayette joined him. It was from Valley Forge that the soldiers started to Philadelphia to demand their long overdue pay, at the time when Robert Morris met them and gave up nearly his entire fortune to pay them, in consequence of which he died in a debtor's prison. It was while Washington was enduring these hardships that Gates was plotting to supersede him. Valley Forge was a theater of the revolution, and in it was enacted the sublimest tragedy.

The ramparts of Fort Washington are still plainly visible upon this tract of land which Mrs. Carter now offers for sale. The remains of the entrenchment erected in 1777 and 1778 are there yet, and the famous Cold Spring. There, too, is the site of the old Valley Forge, first built in 1757; the site of Washington's headquarters in 1777; the site of Lafayette's headquarters in 1777-78, and the site of Gen. Knox's headquarters during the same time; the site of the artificers' quarters in 1777, and the sites of the headquarters of Gens. Woodford and Maxwell. The distance around the tract is about three miles, and the scenery is beautiful.

The loss of this historic spot would be a cause of national regret. It seems as if some of the historic and patriotic orders which exist so numerously should make vigorous efforts to obtain possession of this property and maintain it as a national park in memory of the events which took place there. With such organizations as the Grand Army of the Republic, the Sons of the Revolution, Society of Cincinnati, Sons of America and the various state historical societies, the property should readily find purchasers who would preserve it intact.—[New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Do.

Photographer—Can't you assume a more pleasant expression than that! Just think of your best girl a few minutes.

Young Man (sadly)—It wouldn't do any good. She refused me about a week ago.—[Brooklyn Life.

Faust Improved Upon.

"My dear fraulein, may I accompany you?"

"Sir, I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"But, gracious lady, that is the very best possible way to make my acquaintance!"—[Fliegende Blætter.

A Son's Superior Opportunities.

Plain Father—It didn't use to cost me a tenth part as much to live when I was at your age.

Fashionable Son—I know, father; but you didn't have the advantage then of associating with a fashionable young man like me.—[Gainesville Journal.

European Humor.

A high personage, on visiting a small country place, asked the syndic:

"How is it that all the children go barefoot in this neighborhood?"

"Beg your pardon, excellanza, they are born so."—[Motto per Ridere.

Vinnie Was Tart.

Miss Gray (the evening before her wedding)—Suppose the clergyman should want to kiss me after the ceremony, dear, what shall I do?

Miss Vinnie Garr (her dear friend)—He won't want to.—[Chicago Globe.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Barnes Pat. Foot Power Machinery is of great value to Wood & Metal Workers. Send for catal'g W. F. & J. Barnes Co., 244 Ruby St., Rockford, Ill.

LADIES wanting Home Employ Pleasant and Profitable Address Klimer & Co., South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 112,000.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

40.—Clearing Houses.

Every bank, in the course of its daily business, receives a great number of checks drawn on other banks. When it is remembered that, in our cities, something like 95 per cent of all wholesale commercial and business transactions are accomplished by the use of bank paper rather than actual money, the magnitude of the business transacted through a clearing-house will be recognized. Formerly each bank had to send a messenger to every other bank against which it held checks, to obtain the money. This involved a vast deal of labor, consumed much time, and instances are not wanting in which these messengers have been waylaid and cleverly robbed by rogues in the open street. As the number of banks, and the business transacted through them, increased, this collection of checks became an increasing burden, and the plan of a clearing-house was devised.

At a given hour each bank sends a clerk to the clearing house, with all the checks and drafts it holds against all the other banks. Taking as an illustration a city with six banks, we will suppose that the clerks when they meet at the clearing-house hold checks as follows:

Bank No. 1 holds checks on		Bank No. 4 holds checks on	
No. 2	$ 6,500	No. 1	$ 8,750
No. 3	8,200	No. 2	4,700
No. 4	7,100	No. 3	6,740
No. 5	6,250	No. 5	5,820
No. 6	4,500	No. 6	5,140
Total	$33,550		$31,150

Bank No. 2.		Bank No. 5.	
No. 1	$7,600	No. 1	$ 8,740
No. 3	4,100	No. 2	4,620
No. 4	5,700	No. 3	9,250
No. 5	6,340	No. 4	7,680
No. 6	5,870	No. 6	5,940
	$29,870		$36,230

Bank No. 3.		Bank No. 6.	
No. 1	$ 6,750	No. 1	$ 3,700
No. 2	4,270	No. 2	4,130
No. 4	5,900	No. 3	6,740
No. 5	6,400	No. 4	9,250
No. 6	5,940	No. 5	7,850
	$29,260		$31,640

Each clerk hands to each other clerk the checks against the latter's bank, and receives credit therefor. Each clerk sums up his debits and credits, and takes the balance. The showing of balances of the above six banks will be:

No. 1 owes	$ 2,190	
No. 2 is owed		$5,680
No. 3 owes	6,770	
No. 4 owes	4,540	
No. 5 is owed		3,570
No. 6 is owed		4,250
	$13,500	$13,500

The three debtor banks—Nos. 1, 3 and 4—then give their checks to the clearing-house for the sums due from them; the clearing-house gives its check to each of the three creditor banks—Nos. 2, 5 and 6. Hence checks aggregating $191,700, involving 30 separate demands, have been settled within a few minutes, without the payment of actual money on one of them. The clearing-house transactions in the large cities are extremely large. On Monday, July 21, for an instance, the clearings at New York were $97,580,008; balances, $5,090,549.

INVESTIGATING THE TARIFF.

It will be remembered that the finance committee of the United States Senate, at the close of the last Congress, appointed a sub-committee, of which both Senators ALLISON and CARLISLE are members, and delegated to it the duty during the recess of Congress of investigating the effect of the tariff on the price of articles of home manufacture; the relation of the tariff to wage-earners, both in regard to its increase in the amount of wages, and its increase or decrease in the cost of living; their findings to be reported next winter, after Congress meets.

This sub-committee, after holding several meetings, has delegated the whole inquiry to Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, United States Commissioner of Labor. Nothing better could have been done. Mr. WRIGHT first came into prominence as the head of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, when he set on foot in regard to the industries of that state an inquiry of exactly the same scope as that contemplated by the committee. He is entirely familiar with the ground, and probably the man best fitted in the United States to conduct it. It is acknowledged by every one in both political parties, conversant with Mr. WRIGHT'S work, that he possesses the unusual ability of collecting facts without bias and presenting them in a perfectly fair manner. Whatever report he may make, will be accepted as absolutely true and impartial.

The great point in dispute between the two parties is, whether the tariff operates to make the prices of American manufactured goods higher than they should be. What the people want is the truth on this point. If any have been deceived, they must be enlightened, and it matters not which party is helped or injured by it. It is the curse of any economic question in politics that it is theorized about by men entirely ignorant of the facts, and that these theories are accepted by the masses without any absolute proof. There is always a great difference between the theory of anything and the actual carrying of it out in practice. The theory may work out certain results, but when it is reduced to practice, the modifying influence of cold facts may be such as to exactly reverse the results arrived at by theory.

There is nothing incomprehensible or difficult about an understanding of the tariff question where men deal alone with facts; and we are glad that an attempt is to be made by Congress to get down to them. For instance, the free trader says that the consumer in the United States, who purchases American-made goods, when there is a tariff on the same goods imported from abroad, really pays the duty in the increased price which the American manufacturer impose because of the tariff. Theoretically this works out very well; but what are the facts? Let us take simply one instance.

Velvet carpets, a few years ago, before they were made in this country, cost $6.25 a yard.

The duty under the old law was 25 cents per square yard, and 30 per cent ad valorem in addition.

The new duty under the present tariff law is 40 cents per square yard and in addition 40 per cent ad valorem.

Velvet carpets are now made in the state of New York, and sell for $1.25 per yard.

It will be seen that the facts in this case upset the theory entirely. The matter with our free trade friends is, that they look entirely upon the theory and refuse to examine the facts or to publish them. We hope the report of the Senate committee will give the people more light than they have at present upon this question, and when it shall be presented to Congress, they will have a mass of facts whose correctness cannot be disputed on which to figure out whether they are helped or injured by the tariff, so that they may vote accordingly.

The United States Labor Bureau is preparing a special report with regard to the relative cost of production of manufactured articles in the various countries of Europe and in the United States; and this report, taken in connection with the former one, will undoubtedly have a marked influence upon future economic legislation in this country. If they show (and we believe they will) that the effect of the protectionist policy since 1861 has been gradually but steadily to lower the price of domestic manufactures to the level of the foreign competitive point; if they show in addition (which we know they will do) that American workingmen are much better paid than European ones for the same class of labor, and that the cost of the workingmen's maintainance in food and clothing is practically no greater than abroad, when the quality of goods and of the food is taken into consideration, then most assuredly an end will be put to the free trade crusade in the United States, and the wild-eyed theorists who have advocated it for years, will be perforce retired to the limbo of discredited statesmen.

HAS PROHIBITION INJURED IOWA?

Ever since the population of Iowa by the census of 1890 has been made known, the whisky men of that state, and for that matter of the entire Union, have been pointing to the fact that, while in the decade from 1870 to 1880 Iowa increased 36 per cent in population, in the decade from 1880 to 1890 she has increased but 18 per cent. This has been assumed to show that there is a decline in the growth of the state in population, and that this decline is because of prohibition.

The New York *Tribune* makes an excellent point in reply, when it says that the condition of Iowa is not peculiar to that state. The census figures show that Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and Illinois, not counting the city of Chicago, are all in the same boat with Iowa, and none of them has state prohibition. In Ohio, the rate of increase for the past decade was but 15 per cent; omitting Cincinnati and Cleveland, it was but 12 per cent. In Missouri, the rate of increase was 24 per cent; omitting St. Louis and Kansas City, it was 18 per cent. In Illinois, exclusive of Chicago, the rate of increase was but 5.9 per cent.

The distinctive fact in the increase of population in the United States for the past ten years has been the growth of the cities. While the whole increase in population in the United States for those ten years was 12,466,467, the increase of city population was 6,917,123, which is more than half of the entire gain. Now look at Iowa; she is a rural state, having within her borders no city of 51,000 population. Remembering this fact, her increase during the decade of 18 per cent is by no means low. It is as large as that of the state of New York, including all its cities: it is larger than the rate of increase in thirteen other states. The decline in the ratio of increase in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri is due according to Superintendent of the Census PORTER, to the decline of agricultural industry. He says the farming population has migrated westward, and the growth of manufacturing is not yet sufficiently rapid to repair these losses. This is a fact whose truth is apparent to any man of intelligence, and the proof of it is to be clearly traced in the statistics, not only of the late census, but of preceding ones.

It is also to be remembered that in Iowa, she being an agricultural state, the increase in population cannot be so rapid, from the fact that the best lands have been settled up. The emigration from the Eastern states, in place of stopping in Iowa, has gone to Montana, the Dakotas and Washington, not to speak of Oklahoma. When an agricultural country is once settled, but very little increase in its rural population can naturally be expected. It must be through the growth of cities that the population of the state augments. Manufactories create the cities, and manufacturing has not yet become a large factor in Iowa industries.

These facts alone would account for the decrease in the rapid ratio which she showed for the decade from 1870 to 1880, which was less, however, than the ratio in the decade from 1860 to 1870. However, the showing that Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri all exhibit a similar decline in ratio, is amply sufficient to overset the whisky argument, that prohibition is responsible for the decline in Iowa. If prohibition was the cause in that state, will they tell us what was the cause in the other four states named? This will be found a poser. The conditions are very much the same in all five of the commonwealths. A factor which would account for the decrease in four of them, certainly would account for the decrease in Iowa, without dragging in prohibition and settling the blame upon it.

If prohibition drove population and business from Iowa, those people and that business must have gone into other states. Where have they gone? What state in the neigborhood of Iowa under the dominion of liquor can make any better showing than she herself? Again these same people have for years howled that "prohibition does not prohibit" in Iowa. If prohibition does not prohibit there, then it is ineffective; if it is ineffective, how can it have driven population and business away from the state? The arguments of the Rum Power are contradictory; they cannot all be true, and in point of fact, none of them are.

The charge, whether brought against Iowa or any other state, that prohibition is inimical to legitimate business, is always untrue. It is the liquor traffic which is inimical thereto, because its victims spend their money over the counters of saloons instead of over those of grocers, and dry goods merchants, and other men who deal in the comforts and necessities of life. No state can take any step which will do more to improve every kind of legitimate business than to crush out the saloon and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

HOW SHALL CONVICTS BE EMPLOYED?

The distuabances at Briceville, Tennessee, bring strongly to the front the question, "What shall we do with our convicts?" The law requires that for certain offences men shall be sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor; but, as is now the case in Tennessee, the sentences of the courts can not be carried out because of the opposition of the free laboring men to the competition of convicts. If men are, for the good of society, kept in durance vile, they certainly ought to be made to labor, in order that the expense of their maintainance may not fall more heavily than is necessary upon the tax-payers of the state; but in whatever line they are called upon to labor, there is bitter opposition from honest workingmen outside the prison walls in the same line.

Popular feeling is strongly against the system which obtains so largely in the South, in leasing out the labor of convicts under contract. There is no doubt that the convict camps in some of the states are absolute hells, without one redeeming quality. What can be done with the convicts so as not to bring their labor into competition with that of free workingmen? On the one hand we do not think that any one will take the position that these convicts should be kept in prison without employment, thus being a heavy burden on the state. For the mental and physical well-being of the convicts themselves, they should be engaged at regular labor. It is the experience of the officials of every penitentiary that there is nothing so severe upon the convicts as enforced idleness, and that, after an experience of both, they invariably prefer regular occupation.

What then shall we give them to do? No matter what line of work is taken up, workingmen in that same line protest against the convicts being brought into competition with them. It has always seemed to us that the proper plan is to employ them at the rudest forms of unskilled labor, requiring nothing but bodily strength. When the present state house at Columbus was in process of erection, the state of Ohio utilized her convicts in the limestone quarries and also in the stone-yards, in preparing the stone for the walls. It has been proposed more than once that convicts shall be used in the building of turnpikes and similar labor.

Mining is a form of unskilled labor; physical strength is the only requisite needed; and it would seem that it is proper work for convicts, and that every free man employed at mining would better turn his attention to some more remunerative form of labor, something a little higher up in the scale, and leave the mines to the convicts. There are practical difficulties, however, in the way of this theoretical solution. There are not enough convicts to do all the mining in those states largely devoted to this industry; therefore convict labor under contract comes into direct competition with free labor, with the result of reducing the wages of the latter, and free men properly object to work in the same mines as the convicts. The problem is one very difficult of solution.

BREAKING DOWN THE DAY OF REST.

There is a lesson to American workingmen in the fact that the French Senate recently passed a bill which forbids the employment of women and children in factories more than six days out of seven. It is to be noted that this prohibition does not extend to the men. There would be no need of the passage of such a measure if the French people had not, nearly a century ago, begun the practice of turning Sunday into a holiday in place of making it day of rest. Where there is a holiday crowd, there is an irresistible demand for the supplying of refreshments and amusements; and consequently a comparatively large class of employes must work on that day, because of it. This leads to other men continuing work on Sunday, until in some of the cities of France a very large portion of the population continue their regular occupation on Sunday, the same as on the other six days of the week.

In the United States we have begun, especially in the cities, to travel the same road upon which France started a century ago. We find the saloons in our cities open, either boldly or stealthily, on Sunday; excursions and amusements of all kind follow as a matter of course; a great many different kind of business houses have their doors open, either a portion of the day or entirely; and each year a larger number of working people put in seven days of labor per week in place of six. Like causes produce like results; and we may expect, if this thing is not checked, within a generation to find the bulk of our working population compelled to serve seven days and forego the weekly day of rest. The time to stop it is now, and the place to begin is with the Sunday saloon.

PROFIT OF MANUFACTURING.

As every one knows, it has for years been a stock argument—or rather, assertion—of the free traders, that American manufacturers make enormous profits on their productions. Even GROVER CLEVELAND made use of this falsehood in his famous free trade message, when he asserted that "the amount of the duty is added to the retail price of the domestic manufactured product." It has been asserted time and again in free trade papers that the profits of American manufacturers run from 30 to 40 per cent, and even higher; and they have even had the temerity to figure this out on a deceitful basis, by taking the value of manufactured products for the census year 1880, deducting therefrom the cost of material and wages, and assuming that the remainder constituted the net profit of the manufacturer. Of course, the protectionist papers have pointed out that there are many other factors of expense besides the two items of wages and cost of raw material; but the falsehood has been maintained up to the present time by the free traders. The Chicago *Tribune* now does excellent service to the American system by calling attention to the just published report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor upon "Net Profits in Manufacturing Industries." We quote from the *Tribune* the following brief summary of what the report shows:

The bureau was able to get full returns from only 10,013 of the 23,431 establishments in the state, but they have 75.45 per cent of all the capital invested, and turn out 69.21 per cent of the total product. The results can be accepted with safety for the entire manufacturing industry of Massachusetts.

The capital of the 10,013 manufactories was $377,711,000, and the selling price of the goods produced was $466,933,000. The cost of production is classified thus:

Stock used (raw materials)	67.67	Salaries	1.98
Wages (of mill-hands)	25.66	Rent	0.85
Taxes	0.64	Insurance	0.38
Freight	1.46	Repairs	0.93
New equipment	0.28	Other expenses	0.15
		Total	100.00

The excess of selling price above the cost of production was 12.95 per cent, equivalent to 16 per cent on capital invested. But the following deductions remain to be made:

Interest (5 per cent on cash and credit capital). Depreciation (10 per cent on value of machinery, implements and tools). Allowances for selling expense and losses by bad debts (5 per cent on selling price).

This reduces the net profit to 4.83 per cent. It will be claimed, however, that this deduction of 5 per cent on the cash capital, which is 84 per cent of the entire capital, is not justifiable. To the deduction on the credit capital, which is merely an allowance for interest on money borrowed, no one can take exception. Leaving out, then, this charge on account of cash capital, the total net profits of the Massachusetts manufacturers for 1885 were $24,390,000, or 6.45 per cent on their capital. That cannot be said to be an excessive rate, considering that the proprietors had to take all the risks of the business.

It is to be understood that this is the average net profit. Some establishments make more than this; others less, and some nothing at all. The difference is due very largely to the business capacity of the men in charge. Those of superior ability and experience make the larger percentage of profit; those who are inexperienced, or who lack business qualifications, make little or nothing. The latter have no one but themselves to blame. The former are entitled to the reward of their own industry and superior business sagacity.

Now the above figures are perfectly reliable; they cannot be explained away, nor can the force of the argument which they furnish be broken. It is in order now for the free traders to explain what would happen if protection were withdrawn from these manufacturers. Suppose that the idea of the Ohio Democratic free trade plank were carried out by Congressional legislation—that no duty should be levied which is in the slightest degree protective. That would take off the duties on every imported article of the same kinds as are manufactured here, because that is the only way in which all protection could be taken away.

The average profit of the manufacturers of Massachusetts is but 6.45 per cent per year. If the protection of the tariff were withdrawn, one of two things would certainly happen. Either there would have to be a heavy reduction on the rate of wages paid to operatives, or the mills and factories and foundries and shops would be obliged to close. No man nor any set of men would be foolish enough to run an establishment at an absolute loss. Only these two courses of action would be open. The result to the workingmen would be nearly as disastrous one way as the other. To cut wages in half would certainly be disastrous, and to throw thousands of men out of employment would be the same; yet there are the two alternatives between which the free traders say we must be compelled to choose.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC "EMBLEM."

Mayor ARMSTRONG, of Cleveland, is one of the wheel-horses of Ohio Democracy, but he don't know as much about poultry as he does about practical politics. He arose in the Democratic state convention, stating the provision of the new ballot law in this state that each party may adopt a pictorial device to be printed at the head of its column on the ticket, and moved that the convention adopt a "game cock rooster" as the Democratic emblem—which was done.

Now arises the important question, what is a "game cock rooster?" Had the motion declared in favor of a "game cock," no trouble would have occurred; but Major ARMSTRONG evidently labors under the delusion that there are game cock roosters and game cock pullets, and desired the former to be used. No poultryman in Ohio, however, is able to furnish the major with a specimen of this hitherto unknown gallinaceous freak.

The opinion has been ventured that the major had been extending the hospitalities of the city to the visiting Democratic brethren the previous night, and was still in a state of subdued enthusiasm, the sequel of the night's exhilaration; that he invented a political pleonasm on the spur of the moment, and that his meaning was a "game cock" or a "game rooster." We spurn this explanation with scorn. Major ARMSTRONG has been too long a Democratic politician not to be seasoned in the use of strong waters; and we doubt if any potations he might have indulged in the previous night could so far overset his mental balance as to cause him to make so ridiculous a blunder. He should come forward and explain what he meant by a "game cock rooster."

An interesting point in the adoption of an emblem was that Major ARMSTRONG'S motion was opposed by another Cleveland delegate, one WHITTAKER (probably a relative of GEE WHITTAKER), who desired to have the American flag adopted as the party emblem, in order to "hurl back indignantly" the aspersion that the Democratic party was and is disloyal to the country and to its best interests. Mr. WHITTAKER was warming to his work, and preparing to soar into the political empyrean on the pinions of impassioned oratory when the chairman ruthlessly brought him down with the explanation that, under the new ballot law, the American flag can not "be used for any other but patriotic purposes." This astounding acknowledgment that to use the flag as an emblem at the head of the Democratic ticket would be unpatriotic settled Mr. WHITTAKER. The delegates began to crow after the manner of a "game cock rooster," and Major ARMSTRONG'S motion went through with a whirl.

HONESTY IN FINANCE.

We are in receipt of a long letter from a farmer friend in Ruby, Nebraska, who is also a veteran of the Union army, in which he finds fault with THE BLADE because it does not take up what he calls the battle "for the rights and freedom of the noble toilers of our land." A perusal of his long letter shows that he considers that THE BLADE should take up free coinage and the sub-treasury scheme of the Farmers' Alliance. THE BLADE is the friend of the farmers of the United States and of toilers everywhere. We must remind our correspondent that it is unjust to assume that we are inimical to the interests of this important class of American citizens because it does not follow a portion of them in a demand for certain things that we believe would prove not only injurious, but disastrous to them and to the country. It is possible, we beg to remind him, that himself and others who believe in these things may be mistaken. We know they are sincere; but we know equally well that the things they demand are not the things which will give them relief.

Our friend finds fault because we have used the financial condition of the Argentine Republic as an illustration of the evils that would follow in the United States from acceding to the demands of—not all, by any means, but only a portion of—the farmers, for free silver, and greenback loans on crops and lands. He thinks the cases are by no means parallel, and says:

We ask that our currency be increased to a certain amount per capita and kept there as near as possible. In the Argentine scheme there was no limit to the loan; the other is limited, and safe in every business sense.

The amount per capita in this country is larger than it ever was before. It is not the amount of money that is in the country which makes the rate of interest high, but it is the number of borrowers. To double the amount of currency in the United States would not give one iota of relief to a man who is in debt. There is no way of paying a debt other than by earning the money to pay it. To double the currency would in no way increase the earning power of any man, nor would it make it one whit easier for him to get out of debt. The rate of interest depends not on the money that is in the country, but on the number of borrowers, the security they can offer, and the ease and certainty of collection from the security in case the debt is not paid at maturity.

A man can borrow money in New York at rates ranging from 2½ to 5½ per cent, owing to the time for which the loan is made, if he can give first-cass bonds or stock for security. These stocks or bonds are placed in the hands of the lender. If the money is not paid when it is due, the lender can sell the stocks and reimburse himself. This gives absolute certainty of repayment without any delay. If a man in Nebraska wishes to borrow money, he pays twice or thrice this rate where his security is a mortgage on land, because the lender, if the debt is not paid, is obliged to go through tedious and expensive legal proceedings to foreclose and obtain his money. Any law which puts hindrances in the way of the collection of debts acts directly to increase the interest rate.

The difference between the Argentine Republic scheme of cedulas and the scheme of government loans on lands and crops, is one of detail only; the results, we are absolutely certain, would be exactly the same. Schemes of this sort all come under one common head—the creation of a debt in the form of a paper currency, based on land values. The scheme never has worked in the history of the world, and it never will work. We believe that our friends who advocate it are perfectly sincere; yet at the same time we know they are fearfully mistaken. The result would not be what they assume. We would have a period of wild inflation, followed by a financial panic and consequent distress to the whole people, from which it would take several years to recuperate, and which would bear hardest, as such periods always do, upon the farmers.

Free coinage simply would result in a reduction of the amount of the currency by driving gold to a premium, and therefore out of circulation. All values would be measured in the silver dollar and its bullion value in purchasing power. This would be a direct blow at every man who works for wages in any form, and would not help the farmers; for while the price of the things they have to sell would be increased to some extent, everything they have to buy would be increased in the same proportion.

NO EXCUSE FOR THE PARTY.

There is no excuse for the existence of the Democratic party as it is now organized and bossed in the state of Ohio. It is a party ready at all times to throw over principle for expediency, and ever hopes to win by truckling to any and every knot of disgruntled politicians, or by endeavoring to capture indorsement from small third party organizations.

The Democratic party is about to begin a campaign in this state upon a platform which was adopted, not because it asserted principles, but was rather the answer to the question, "How many votes can we get by reason of this or that plank?" Not one reform has been made by the party in this state during its two years in office. It has burdened the people with a load of taxation; has passed more bills providing for bonding towns and for special taxes, than any of its predecessors; and has been in every sense thoroughly antagonistic to the interest of the tax payer, whether artisan or capitalist.

Instead of nominating a tried and true member of its own party for the highest office within the gift of the people of the state it chose rather an ex-Republican who renounced his own party and joined the Democratic ranks for office only. So far as the Democratic organization in Ohio is concerned, it would be Prohibitionist if that would give it success; it would be Union Labor if by such a coalition it could retain the offices; it would adopt the People's Party platform if in that way it could defeat MCKINLEY, or it would be anything,—Christian today, Pagan to-morrow—to obtain votes.

In Ohio it has always been ready to adopt at any time any plank for its platform or any tenet for its faith which would assure it a dozen votes here or a hundred there. From a standpoint of political economy it has not one shadow of excuse for living as an organization.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

ELAINE GOODALE, who is better known by that name than as Mrs. EASTMAN, writes to an Eastern paper in criticism of the policy of the government toward the Indians. She well says that it is "a policy of temporizing and weak bullying." Her remedy is this:

Relief for the sick and helpless, work for the able-bodied Indians, education for the children—these are what we want. We do not want the army to the rescue, nor need we submit much longer to the petty tyranny of civil agents. Give the Indian some measure of independence and freedom, and see his inborn pride and self-respect return in a form compatible with a peaceful civilization!

THE BLADE has for years taken similar ground. If the Indian is ever to be civilized, he must be taught to work, and be compelled to maintain himself. The tribal organization must be broken up, the Indians brought under the civil law, and the reservations allotted to them in severalty. The Indian must be made to understand that he must work or starve; that the government will no longer support him in absolute laziness, furnishing him food and clothing; he must be taught that he cannot depend upon the chase to supply his needs, and that it is the province of the man to work in the field, not the woman. The Indian problem, as Mrs. EASTMAN well says, is "an industrial rather than a military one." It is one to be worked out by the methods of peace rather than through the arm of the military.

IRON AND STEEL.

There is a reaction in the iron and steel trade in the United States this year. In 1890, the manufacture was excessively active, and the supply exceeded the demand. This year there has been a marked decline in railroad building, which always brings stagnation to the iron and steel trade. Ten years ago such a decrease in railroad building as we have experienced this year as compared with last, would have stopped nearly all the iron mills, and have thrown thousands of men out of employment. Nothing of the sort has happened now, simply because within those ten years the use of iron and steel for structural purposes has enormously increased.

To stop any adverse comment on the inactivity of the iron trade from those perpetual croakers, the free traders, we will also mention the fact that the depression of this industry in America is much less serious than in Scotland and England. In the former, it is doubtful if some of the establishments there will ever be revived. There is every sign of a speedy revival in this country, and it seems probable that we will have no more eras of hard times directly traceable to the iron trade.

THE FREE LIST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE

THE BLADE is in receipt of a letter from F. E. R., of Waltz, Michigan, which contains an astonishing statement regarding the sort of instruction given in the Michigan Normal School. The following is the letter:

In a recent editorial in THE BLADE, "free trade" is defined as a tariff for revenue only. Now it is taught in schools and by inference, that the free list in a tariff law, means a list of articles paying tariff for revenue only—i. e., one not protective in amount. This meaning of free list is taught in the Normal School of Michigan. How is it used in reality? Some think that free list includes only articles absolutely free of duty.

We certainly think our correspondent must be in error in saying that any teacher would instruct his classes to the effect that the free list includes articles which pay a tariff for revenue only. It would be a reproach on the state of Michigan if she were so neglectful as to allow a man to hold a position as instructor in the Normal school who has no more intelligence than that. It is strange, too, that none of the pupils in the Normal school ever thought of referring to the law itself, and deciding the question. If our correspondent will turn to the new tariff law, he will find the following paragraph:

SECTION 2. On and after the 6th day of October, 1890, unless otherwise specifically provided for in this act, the following article when imported shall be exempt from duty.

Then follows the entire free list. The exception in the language quoted, embodied in the phrase "unless otherwise specially provided for in this act," refers to the reciprocity clauses of Section 3, which allow duties to be imposed on sugar, coffee, tea, hides, etc., imported from countries which refuse to enter into reciprocal trade relations. That is the only exception, and that is conditional. Everything in the free list is absolutely free of duty.

We should be glad to hear from others of our readers in Michigan in regard to the astonishing statement as to erroneous teaching in the Normal School.

OUR PRODUCTION OF SILVER.

The census bulletin lately issued on the production of precious metals for the census year contains some facts of grave interest in regard to silver. In that year the United States produced 51,354,851 ounces of silver, which at the coinage value of the silver dollar would be worth $66,396,988, but its market value was actually less than $52,000,000. Yet this enormous amount was only 41 per cent—less than one-half—the production of the world. On the basis of the consumption of 1889, the country used about 9,000,000 ounces of silver in the arts during the census year. If this were added to the amount purchased by the government, it gives a total of 63,000,000 ounces. Therefore, we used over 11,000,000 ounces more than we produced. That means that we had to import silver at the rate of nearly a million ounces per month from abroad, as our mines did not produce enough.

The question now arises: how could free silver do anything more for the people of the United States than is being done under the present law? We are using for currency and in the arts considerably more silver than we produce, so that we have been turned into an importing nation as regards silver, rather than an exporting nation; yet in spite of this fact, the price of silver does not rise, showing that the total needs of the world for silver are less than the total amount produced. Free coinage could not remedy this condition of things. We submit the problem, with the request that some free coinage man will take it up and show how free coinage would improve the present status.

A SPLENDID PORTRAIT.

Every friend and admirer of Major WM. MCKINLEY,—and what Republican in the land is not?—should turn to the "Publishers' Desk" column, elsewhere on this page, and read our offer of his portrait. It is an extremely fine one, and very life-like. It was made from a photograph taken a few weeks since, and Mr. MCKINLEY sat expressly for this picture. It is 21½ by 28 inches in size, and is a finer portrait than any THE BLADE has ever offered. Send in your orders at once!

A NEW FEATURE.

A Series of Good Short Stories by Noted Authors.

In our series of single-number stories, by noted English writers, the one given to-day is

"A BOHEMIAN SCANDAL,"

By CONAN DOYLE, author of "Micah Clarke," "At the Sight of Four," etc. This author's "White Company," now running in the New York *Sun* (Sunday edition), is commended by that paper as "*the* story of the year."

Next week we will publish an excellent story, entitled

"IS IT A MAN,"

By J. M. BARRIE, whose recent novel, "A Window in Thrums," created so great a sensation last spring among English readers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Evening Post*, mugwump Democrat, writing from Ohio, says:

If the convention of last week could be held again to-morrow, with a chance to bring to bear upon it the influence of that wing of the Democratic party whose views are most conspicuously reflected here, it is safe to say that a hole would be left in the platform where the silver plank lies now, so widely is its adoption recognized as a mistake.

Quite correct. The Democrats did make a mistake, and a terribly bad one; but the people will prevent any evil consequences from it when they roll up a tremendous majority next November for MCKINLEY and honest money.

IT is estimated that the census returns from our manufacturing interests will show a gross value of manufacturing products for 1890, reaching the enormous aggregate of at least $8,600,000,000. This would be an increase of $3,300,000,000 over the value of the output for 1880. Our manufactures have doubled within 20 years. The annual wages paid in 1890 aggregated about $1,500,000,000, which is an increase of 50 per cent since 1880; while the number of employes has increased about 900,000, or only about 20 per cent. No country has ever shown such a solid and vast industrial development within the same period of time.

A FRANCHISE has been granted by Kansas City to a company to build works and lay mains in the streets to supply fresh air to the inhabitants. In warm weather, cold air will be supplied; in cold weather, hot air. That is, they propose to keep the houses of their patrons as nearly at one temperature as possible, winter and summer. It is a wonder the plan of cooling houses by cold air during the summer, the same as we heat them with hot air in winter, was not put in practical operation years ago.

HERE'S a fact that it is well to remember. The English government pays $3,000,000 a year in the way of subsidies to English steamships lines carrying mails. The United States government pays only $100,000 to American steamers for the same service; yet the shipping bill, in the last Congress, was bitterly opposed by the Democrats, for no other reason, apparently, than that it would increase our export trade.

WE respectfully call the attention of our free trade friends to the fact that, while we have in the United States one pauper to every 643 inhabitants, England has one to every 38 inhabitants. If English workingmen were paid as good wages as are paid in America for the same class of labor, the ratio of pauperism in that country would be no greater than in this.

CHAIRMAN HAHN took personal charge of the Republican state committee rooms in Columbus to-day, and the work of the campaign will at once begin.

CURRENT EVENTS

Butter is sold by the yard at Cambridge, Eng.

The rag pickers of Paris collect about $10,000 worth a night.

Prince George of Wales will be made a duke when he gets home.

Beards are out *a la Russe* in Paris, which is square and ragged.

The Duke of Fife's baby is nicknamed "Duffet" in the royal family.

Switzerland yearly receives about $25,000,000 from foreign tourists.

Nearly $1,000,000 is added to the net balance in the treasury every day now.

Philadelphia claims the largest cold storage warehouse in the United States.

Bicycles no longer can be ridden in Danish cities faster than the speed of a cab, by a decree of the government.

A Connecticut man has gone into the business of propagating sewer rats. He sells their skin to "kid" glove manufacturers.

The first trace of the British gunboat Wasp, which left the port of Singapore in 1887, is a bdoy just found in the China sea.

Two million francs more have been added to the fortune of the Comptede Paris through the will of the Marquis de St. Astier.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., has settled down resignedly to the conviction that rheumatism has made her a cripple for life, it is said.

Watermelon parties are in season in Texas. They include a moonlight ride to some plantation, unlimited watermelon, and a dance.

The interior of Labrador is said to be the largest unexplored area on the continent, and it has a waterfall with a sheer descent of 2,000 feet.

James Whitcomb Riley, while abroad, is arranging to have an edition of his poems issued by a London publisher, with elaborate illustrations.

The Austrian census shows that in Galicia 74 per cent of the population can neither read nor write, and only nine per cent can read.

Lyman Bryant, the old sexton of the quaint town of Holden, Mass., now dying at the age of 91, had during his years of office interred 169 persons.

A seamless steel boat made from one piece of metal by hydraulic pressure promises to be very desirable. It will last a great while and cannot leak.

In the animal market at Hamburg, in Germany, giraffes sell at $7,000 a pair, chimpanzees goes at $800 apiece, and select lots of Sumatra monkeys at $1,000.

Physicians of this country are paid annually nearly $1,500,000 for medical examinations for life insurance companies. Three companies pay over $250,000 each.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox began her political career at the age of 8 years, and at 16 she had a local fame before she had ever been ten miles away from her country home.

M. Marey, by arranging his own apparatus has succeeded in photographing the flight of insects, the exposure of the plate being necessary not over 1-25,000th part of a second.

A Spanish milled dollar of 1313 was found in the dirt under a house in West Paris, Me. The coin was in excellent condition, the design and lettering being very clear.

Mrs. Samuel Mather, of Cleveland, has given $75,000 to the Woman's college of Western Reserve university at Cleveland. This college and the whole university are rapidly growing.

Moberly, Mo., feels very much complimented because a tramp returned to that city the other day after an absence of nearly a year to work out an unexpired term on the rock pile.

There is an island near Menominee, Mich., which is literally alive with worms that swarm over everything, and another one that is so infested with snakes that no one will visit it.

Berlin's society for the Homeless last year provided shelter for 100,000 men and 15,000 women. In the eleven years of its existence it has furnished lodgings, food and medical care to 2,300,000 persons.

Three prospectors in Death Valley were nearly dying of thirst when their mule started off on his own hook and soon led them to water. And yet the mule is generally regarded as a Kentuckian.

Gold coin is shipped abroad in five-gallon, iron-bound oaken kegs. Each keg holds ten bags, and each bag contains $5,000, so that the value of a keg is $50,000. Gold from the other side usually comes in boxes.

A 3-year-old child died at Topeka, Kan., the other day which had lived for twelve months on raw eggs and milk. A year ago it ate some soft soap, and after that its stomach would never retain anything but the diet mentioned.

Ex-Governor Ames is one of the richest men in Massachusetts, and likewise one of the plainest in attire and manner. He wears an unconspicuous business suit of quiet coloring, and his head is covered by a broad-brimmed, Quaker-like straw hat.

Mr. Clinton Scollard, an aspiring poet, has been getting himself into very hot water by venturing to assert in one of his poemlets that "dandelions dot the ground in June." The critics say they don't, and he had no business to assume that they did.

One way the summer girls at Bar Harper have of scraping acquaintance with the young men is through sham mishaps while out riding. The young men are not deceived, and even the intelligent saddle horses are beginning to understand the game.

A Fourth of July sham battle on the Pacific coast was made realistic beyond intention by the conduct of a cadet, who became panic stricken, ran home, and told the folks that one of the opposing forces had wiped out the other and was coming into town to massacre the women and children.

Peter Reichensperger, the senior member of the Center party in Germany, recently celebrated the eighty-first aniversary of his birth. For many years Reichensperger was almost as powerful in the councils of his faction as the late Dr. Windthorst. He has been 43 years in parliamentary life.

Sir Edward Arnold, poet, editor and Orientalist, is a rather short, well-built man of 60, with smooth gray hair, carefully parted, a strong nose and high forehead. His beard is thin and gray, his complexion florid and his eyes are blue. He has been for thirty years in the service of the London *Telegraph*.

The Marquis de Leuville is defendant in an odd suit. He arranged with Henry Renton in 1889 to manage his establishment, known as the institute of Heraldry and Art, and then, says the latter, wrongfully dismissed him. Renton claims £800, and the marquis counter claims for damages to his business through the plaintiff's "gross misconduct and neglect of duty."

Sebastian Bruno, whom one authority calls the "greatest humorist of modern German literature," was a conspicuous Austrian journalist, who made so many enemies in defense of the freedom of the church that he sank into poverty. A Dominican monk obtained for him a small pension, and he has just retired to end his days in the hospice for the aged at Weinhaus.

R. B. Anderson, of Wisconsin, who was Cleveland's minister to Copenhagen, was asked the other day if he would let his friends push him for a vice-presidential nomination, to which he replied that he was a native of this country and therefore eligible, and he did not think many men would refuse any such honor if tendered to them. Now look out for the Anderson boom.

Sir William Gordon Cumming is not the first intimate associate of the Prince of Wales who has come to grief at the card table. Some time ago another pal of the prince, Walter Harbord, was caught cheating at cards. Though a brother of Lord Suffield and a major in the Seventh Hussars, his family influence could not save him. He was cashiered from the army, expelled from the clubs and universally cut.

The devotion of Miss Shepard, who laid her jewelry on the "Altar of the Lord" at Saratoga, was supassed a short time ago by the Duchess Eugenie Litta Bologuine in Milan. To express her complete abandonment of the pomp and vanities of the world, the duchess sold her wonderful gems for $600,000, and gave the money to her priest, with instruction to erect with it a hospital for little children.

Rose Coghlan retains her shapely loveliness, she claims, by brain work. "There is nothing," she says, "like an active brain for reducing flesh. Then, too, I never drink when I am eating, for I believe that drinking with your meals makes you grow chunky."

A bridesmaid's pin that is in favor is a long, slender gold band, on which are set in diamonds the figures of the year when the marriage took place, 1891, wrought out in small rose diamonds, forming a very brilliant ornament that can be used for a buckle at the waist as well as for the throat-pin.

Mrs. Martinot, the inventor, has taken out 35 patents and five of these have been patented in seven countries. Among them are a steam washing machine, gas stove, an ice-cream freezer and a clothes-dryer. The inventor makes all her own models and is very dexterous with tools.

The fondness for feline favorites is by no means confined to the "unappropriated blessings" of life. Paul do Kock, Gautier, Coppee and Baudelaire all cherish cats with as much fondness as a New England spinster, and Taine wrote a sonnet to the Angora pet which is the recipient of Renan's devotion.

Florence Belgarnie, the fresh-faced, sweet-voiced English lady who spoke so well at the Woman's council at Washington and at the Sorosis breakfast, is a member of thirteen suffrage societies and of any number of temperance and philanthropical societies besides. It is little wonder that she has never married or doesn't wear a "fringe." How would she find time to keep a husband or a bang in order?

These data may interest the American girl's ambitious for titled consorts: King of Roumania, crazy; the emperor of Austria, melancholy; the czarina, the infant king of Spain, and the sovereigns of Italy, Portugal and Belgium are invalids, while the czar and the sultan and King Milan are sick with fright. Grave fears are expressed for the health of the English crown prince, and his recent conduct might give reason for entertaining yet more serious doubts of his sanity. All of these, too, except the king of Spain, are married.

Publishers' Desk.

THE CAMPAIGN SEASON.

We are now preparing and arranging our terms for campaign three months' subscribers to the Weekly BLADE in clubs. We want from 20,000 to 30,000 short-time subscribers, and we are going to offer confidential terms to agents for three-months' clubs, which shall be very profitable. We want at least one person at every postoffice in the United States to act as agent. Send on a postal card an application, and we will send our confidential terms by mail. This will give you an opportunity to make several dollars by a very few days' work. Our campaign terms for club subscribers to the Weekly BLADE will be very low. Send for our confidential terms, and when you apply, don't forget to ask also for a sample copy of the Weekly BLADE.

OUR NEW OFFER WITH DR. CARLIN'S RECIPE BOOK.

We give, on the fifth page of to-day's issue of THE BLADE, our new offer for the new edition of Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book. We ask every one to read it carefully, because its terms are entirely different from those of the first offer. Under that, we offered the book as a premium to each one dollar subscriber to the Weekly BLADE. Under the present one, we offer the book for 4 three-months' subscribers, at 25 cents each, to the Weekly BLADE.

Our object is now, to put on our list from 20,000 to 30,000 new names of three-months' subscribers. We wish them to read THE BLADE during the campaign, until fall, that they may get acquainted with its many merits as a family newspaper, and become regular patrons of it.

While we expect to give the most of this new edition to new three-months subscribers, we will, until further notice, receive subscriptions for one year at $1 each, and send a copy of the book free, under the old offer, in order to save disappointment to those who read the first offer, but did not find it convenient to send the dollar at that time.

The first edition of 5,000 copies was snapped up quickly, all being taken within eight weeks' time. This is the most remarkable sale of a book we know of, from an advertisement in only one paper. The second edition is now being printed, and we hope will be bound and ready for mailing by the middle of August. We expect, before we mail the first copy of the second edition, to have on file the names of enough subscribers to exhaust the entire edition. This will be the case, if we judge by the rapidity with which the first edition was snapped up; hence it is important for you to act at once on our new offer.

We have no plans made for a third edition, and shall not print one this year, at least; therefore, if you want the book, you must get us four campaign subscribers at once, so as to be in time to get a copy of the second edition. None will be printed beyond the 5,000 already ordered. This is simply a summer offer, and we cannot afford to make such a one during our regular renewal season.

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy and the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

OUT OF PRINT.

All our copies of "Social Etiquette," by Miss Bouton, are sold; and there is no use sending in any further orders for the book, as we cannot fill them. It is out of print.

We have a few copies left of Miss Bouton's Health and Beauty." When these are gone, this book will also be out of print. Those who desire a copy of this, Miss Bouton's best book, should order immediately, before the few still remaining on hand are disposed of. The price is $1 per copy, postpaid by mail. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Gen. Grant.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage and John Calvin.

EMINENT MEN—Benjamin Harrison and Robert T. Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait........................ 25c
Any three portraits..................... 50c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

OUR NEW PICTURES.

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, *in colors*, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for 25 cents each. They are the following:

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonnier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $60,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. **Price 25 cents.**

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $125,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Praetorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the emotions that animate each.

The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors; the price has hitherto been $1, but our price is 25 cents.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame as a splendid colorist; and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $100,000. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city-roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice.

The picture is 17x22 inches, black and white, faithfully reproducing every detail of the original. **Price 25 cents.**

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S legacy to the people of Canada is the debt created under his policy, which now amounts to $59 per capita. Our own debt is only $11 per capita. Political chicanery is more expensive than war to a nation's finances.

Science Causerie.

The "Hot Brush" Electric Discharge.

We are so accustomed, perhaps, to turning on an incandescent light and to walking the streets of the city bright with the rays of the dazzling arcs that great advances in electric lighting, for instance, may seem to be out of the question, or, at most, but remote possibilities. Yet, as an article in the current number of the *Electrical World* shows, experiments are being made in the great electrical laboratories that look to such efficiency and perfection in lighting that will throw the present methods in the shade. One of the most singular of the laboratory phenomena that may prove of great commercial utility is the ability to produce an electric flame, which, however, would give light and heat without any material being consumed. This flame, or hot "brush," is caused by a discharge of brushes of light from the end of a metallic column, the alternating current of electricity which causes the discharge being of enormous frequency in its alternations, while the voltage runs up in the hundreds of thousands. Under such conditions the electricity streams out as a flame, which is not only luminous, but hot. The possibilities in the development of this new manifestation, it can be seen, are manifold.

This "hot brush" discharge has given electricians a hint as to how fires are caused during an electric storm when the lightning does not strike the building. During the storm the electrical conditions are probably such that a powerful brush or flame of electricity may appear from a nail in the roof or other piece of metal or conducting point. If lightning strikes in the neighborhood, changing the electrical condition, a disturbance may be set up that will give the brush such a heating effect as to start a fire. In fact, such a phenomena would be that of a hot "St. Elmo's fire." In this way ships at sea might catch on fire at many points at once.

Not only is there an avenue open for the development of the electric flame, but it is hoped that by producing such rapid alterations or vibrations of the current as several hundred thousand in a second, all the energy might be turned into light. In such a case the whole instrument, wires, lamps, and all would become luminous. In this way practically 100 per cent of energy would become light, while now only 7 per cent gives the luminous effect. The difference is so great as to be impressive to the most untechnical of human beings. And perhaps the most remarkable of all is that with these enormous alternations and tremendous voltage (250,000) a shock will not prove fatal. Shocks of less than 2,000 volts will kill, and yet shocks of 200,000 will not. Great are the wonders of electricity!

The Very Worst Smell.

An odor has been found so frightful that the discoverers have been obliged to abandon its preparation. MM. Bauman and Fromm, in experimenting at Freiburg, in Brisgau, upon the organic sulphur derivatives, caused hydrogen sulphide to act upon acetone, and obtained besides trithioacetone, small quantities of a definite compound non-volatile and crystaline, $C_{15}H_{28}S_4$. At the same time there is found a very volatile body, having such a horrible odor that ethylmercaptan, ethylene-mercaptan and the other volatile sulphur compounds are perfumes compared with it. The discoverers have not been able to obtain this compound in a pure state, but they do not doubt that it is monosulphuretted acetine O_5H_6S. As they were one day distilling the product of the reaction of 100 grams of acetone with hydrochloric acid and hydrogen sulphide, with a very perfect arrangement for its condensation, and avoiding a sensible loss of the products of the reaction, the atmosphere of the whole surrounding district of the city was contaminated within a radius of 700 meters. Every effort to obtain this substance in a pure state raised such a tempest of protestations and complaints against the laboratory that the experimenters were obliged to discontinue their researches.

To Tell When Life Is Extinct.

The French academy of Science ten or fifteen years ago offered a prize of £1,600 for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced might at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize for having discovered the following well-known phenomenon: If the hand of the suspected dead person is held toward a candle or other artificial light with the fingers extended and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers toward the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the blood still circulating, it showing itself through the tissues which have not congested. When life is entirely extinct the phenomenon of scarlet space between the fingers at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation.

Ocean Depths.

Now that the whole ocean is mapped out for us, there is no longer any romance in hidden ocean depths. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain range in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies the submarine cables. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The top of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and basin almost five miles. These mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a gray, creamy species of shell, lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless waters of these abysses move living creature never seen in upper currents.

Cosmetics.

Philological critics have observed that the words translated as "soap" in the Old Testament and in Bohn's Pliny mean properly alkali, and that the ancients generally used only mechanical abstergents, such as bran and fine sand. Perfumed ointments, however, were considered an indispensable requisite of every civilized household, though they have now gone as strangely out of fashion as the increase of the Mediterranean nations. The Greeks and Romans used a special ointment, often mixed with mineral dyes, for the hair, and another for purposes of general inunction, and, after returning from a journey, even travelers of moderate means took a bath, followed by an all-over rubbing down with vegetable oils. Black hair-dyes were prized by the tow-headed Visigoths, while the Roman ladies coveted the golden locks of the trans-Alpine barbarians.

Ancient Tools.

At the Royal Society conversazione a great deal of interest was excited by the exhition of 60 tools and utensils of the Roman period, found together in a pit in the Roman-British city of Silchester, Hants. These include an anvil, a pair of blacksmith's tongs, hammer, axes, gouges, chisels, adzes, a large carpenter's plane, two shoemaking anvils, two plow coulters, a standing lamp, a gridiron, a bronze scale beam and others. Many of these articles were most remarkably like similar tools of the present day, the plane, which was evidently a "trying plane," and entirely of metal, being very suggestive of a Yankee origin. It is said to be the only Roman plane found in Britain.

Making Medicines.

A strong solution of extract of licorice destroys the disagreeable taste of aloes Peppermint water disguises the nauseous taste of Epsom salts. Milk is a good abater of the bitter taste of Peruvian bark, and cloves that of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another method of covering the nauseous taste of castor or cod liver oil is to put a tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a wine glass, pour the oil into the center of the juice, then squeeze a few drops of lemon juice upon the oil and rub some of the juice on the edge of the glass.

Modern Longevity.

About 50 years ago a British physician maintained that it must be considered questionable if the existence of centenarians had ever been established by sufficient proofs. Modern statistics have definitely removed that doubt. According to the census of 1890 Prussia had a year ago 86 centenarians, including 23 persons who had attained an age of 105 years and upwards. In Austria (including Hungary) 128 persons had passed their hundredth year; in France, 72; in Russia, 208. The largest number of Prussian centenarians are found in Silesia and in the Baltic province, while in Russia longevity seems to increase southeast of Moscow, a circumstance due either to the free and easy life, comparatively speaking, of the southern Cossacks or to the salubrity of the Caucasian highlands, with their large percentage of abstinent Mussulmen.

GEN. B. F. KELLEY.

An Old and Brave Union Soldier Recently Dead—His Career.

Up to July 16 General Benjamin Franklin Kelley was the oldest living Union general in the country. He died on that day. He was a brave and distinguished soldier. He was born in New Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1807. When 19 years of age, he settled in Wheeling, West Va., and remained in business as a merchant until 1851, when he became a freight agent of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. In 1861, when the war broke out, he raised the first Virginia regiment for the national army,

GEN. B. F. KELLEY.

and was commissioned its colonel. The loyal part of Virginia was afterwards called West Virginia. Colonel Kelley fought at Philipi, near Grafton, West Va., and was severely wounded. He was appointed brigadier general of volunteers May 17, 1861; captured at Romney in October, and gained another signal victory at Blue's Gap. He was given the command of the department of Harper's Ferry and Cumberland, but on account of his wounds was relieved in January, 1862.

Regaining his strength the following summer, he resumed command, and under General John C. Fremont was, in July, 1863, assigned to the Department of West Virginia. General Kelley pursued Lee after his passage of the Potomac, and in November, 1863, destroyed the camp of the Confederates under John D. Imboden, near Moorefield, Va. In the summer of 1864 he defeated the Confederate troops successively at Cumberland, New Creek and Moorefield, Va. He was brevetted major general of volunteers in 1865. At the close of the war he was appointed collector of internal revenue for the First district of West Virginia. In 1876 he became superintendent of the Hot Springs reservation, Ark., and the examiner of pensions in 1883.

"MR. M'KINLEY BILL."

A Story of the Republican Leader and a Little Girl.

This is the story of a great statesman and a little child. The hero is Major William McKinley, jr., the present Republican candidate for the governor of Ohio, and its heroine is Miss Helen, the dainty little 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Robison, of this city, says the Dubuque *Times*.

While stopping at the Ebbitt house in Washington, D. C., in January last, Mr. Robison was taken ill, and Major McKinley, whose rooms happened to be directly opposite Mr. Robison, was as kind and attentive to the sick man as if he had been a life-long friend or relative. A few days later Mrs. Robison, and little blue-eyed baby Helen went to Washington. On the evening of their arrival Major McKinley came in after the session of Congress, as was his daily custom, to talk with Mr. Robison. Helen looked at the great Republican leader with frank, wide-open eyes. Then she ran up to his chair, and her father said, "Helen, this is Mr. McKinley." With an innocent expression in her baby face the little girl instantly replied, "Oh, yes, papa. Mr. McKinley bill."

Major McKinley was immensely amused at the speech of the child, and going across the hall to his library, he fetched a little portrait of himself, hung with a blue ribbon, and presented it to his youthful admirer.

Little Helen was very proud of her trophy, and during the remainder of her six weeks' stay in Washington, she wore it always pinned on the front of her white dress. On the street and in the hotel the picture attracted attention, and to all questioners the demure little damsel invariably replied, "That is my McKinley bill."

The friendship between the statesman and the child led to an acquaintance with Mrs. McKinley, who soon installed the flaxen-haired and blue-eyed little maiden in her heart. To Helen she was always Mrs. McKinley bill. On the afternoon when the little girl first went into Mrs. McKinley's room, she noticed on the table the photograph of another little girl, which might have been her own, so close was the resemblance.

Helen looked at the photograph a moment and then asked: "Mrs. McKinley bill, where did you get my picture?"

"No, Helen," was the reply, "that is not your portrait. It is a picture of my own little daughter, who has gone away."

And the baby seemed to understand and asked no more questions.

Little Miss Helen ran about the hotel corridors at her own sweet will. She had the entree to all the rooms, made friends with the army and navy officers who frequent the hotel, and bore away many a trophy of flowers and bonbons.

But the little girl loved dearest of all to call on her "Mrs. McKinley bill." Every day she would run across the hall to say good morning, and often she spent hours together with her new found friend.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that Mrs. McKinley is a confirmed invalid. She is unable to walk for any distance, and a nurse is constantly at the side of her reclining chair. But in spite of her infirmities Mrs. McKinley is one of the most cheerful and happy women possible to imagine. She is immensely proud of her stalwart husband, who returns her affection with devotion so tender and chivalrous that it excites the keenest admiration of his most bitter political foes.

When in Washington Major McKinley rarely leaves his wife except to attend the session of Congress. Where politicians most resort Major McKinley is a stranger. The daily session over he comes home to his beautiful invalid wife, and together they talk over the affairs of the day. Together they are living out a domestic idyl, whose tender beauty, crystalized in the poet's crucible, would be immortal.

Who knows how many important suggestions bearing on the welfare of a great nation, may have come from the ready wit of this scholarly and loving woman.

So, daily, Helen made her morning call on "Mrs. McKinley bill" and almost as often Major McKinley carried his wife across the hall to see the blue-eyed little girl. And when at last the time came for Helen to leave Washington and her McKinley bills there was sorrow indeed. The baby wept and refused to be comforted and her friends were almost as disconsolate.

When Helen came back to Dubuque she brought with her a pair of tiny slippers, knitted for her by the delicate fingers of the wife of that statesman, the star of whose destiny shines like a planet over the Presidential chair. When the little trifles have grown too small for Helen's use they will be kept and treasured for generations yet to come, for they are touched with the imprint of one who has proven that even in the midst of life, love can conquer death, and that marriage, in spite of flippant questionings, is an institution too holy to be profaned by idle hands.

No Insult Intended.

"I see," said the physician, as he turned from the bedside, "you are hurt in the lumbar regions."

"Go long wid yez, docther," said Terence with some indignation, "is it meself yez take fur a wooden man?"—[Washington Star.

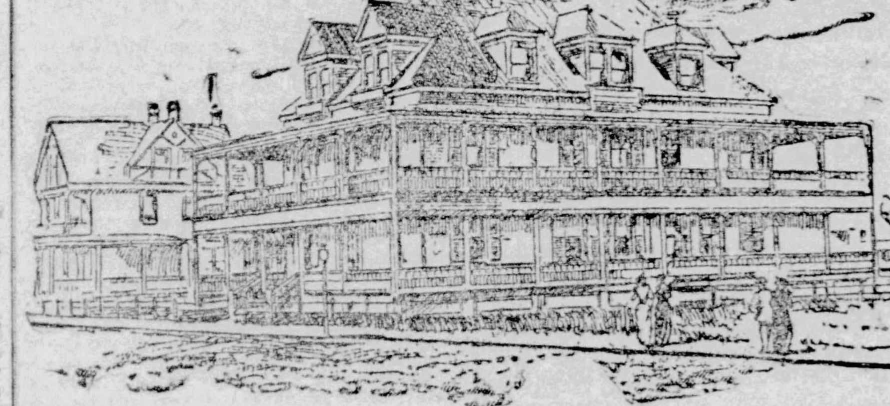
THE PRESIDENT'S OUTING

HIS LIFE DOWN BY THE SEA.

Mr. Harrison Looks Brown, Fat and Hearty, Breathes Ozone, Eats Fish, Bathes in the Surf, and is Happy.

Speaking of Cape May, the New York *Herald* says it is extremely inaccessible, to be reached only from Philadelphia by a long journey over a hot plain. Once here it is beach and *preterea nihil*—a beach of dazzling, glistening sand, hard, firm and level, stretching away without curve or dune as far as the eye can see. At the head of the beach a board walk extends for miles. Along the walk lies the dusty road. Across the road are blocks of one storied shanties, used as shops, tintype booths and bath houses. A half dozen great hotels are scattered here and there. The private cottages, nearly all of cheap design, stand back from the sea.

The President's cottage is two miles along the beach road to the south. It is plain to a degree, but sufficiently cool and comfortable for a plain man who finds his surroundings inside his own coat. An electric bell on the porch summons a shrewd looking little Irishman who is butler, steward, gardener and general factotum. He sizes you up before you have even produced your card. One day he will invite you in while you await permission for an audience, another he will leave you standing with-



PRESIDENT HARRISON'S COTTAGE.

out; but whether you get in or not he will always allow you a glimpse of the interior.

Through the screen door you see the uncarpeted hall running through the centre of the house. There is no hat stands for obvious reasons. To the left is a long, narrow parlor. There is a marble topped table, a dozen straw chairs, a matting on the floor and the walls are finished in rough white plaster.

To the right of the door is the President's small private office, furnished with a desk, a table and three or four chairs.

The dining room is back of this, with eight chairs round a table and a small sideboard ornamented with *caraffes*.

Besides the President and Mrs. Harrison, the household is composed of the famous Baby McKee and Miss Mary Lodge McKee, the President's grandchildren; Mrs. Dimmick, the widowed niece of Mrs. Harrison, and Lieut. and Mrs. Parker, the latter a sister of Mrs. Dimmick.

The President looks much better than at any time since his election. The waxen pallor which has been so noticeable since the prolonged session of Congress has almost entirely disappeared, and a tolerably healthy tan reigns in its stead.

Between 5 and 6 in the afternoon the President generally takes a nap, and gets up fresh for tea, which is usually served in the eastern dining-room of the cottage at 6:30 and 7 o'clock. The family after

THE PRESIDENT IN THE SURF.

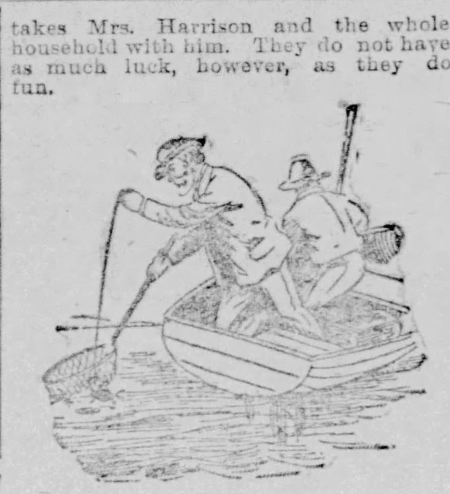
tea invariably go walking along the broad walk, which runs in front of the cottage to the entrance to the Carlton and would go farther if it were not for the sea washing away the sand rapidly.

In the past ten years the front of the whole beach has been washed out to the extent of 50 feet and the sea has even washed down the land of cottages from ten feet inside of what used to be the line of the front fences of the beach front cottage yards at the celebrated Cape May Point.

The President also finds much pleasure in taking long walks about sundown on the strand, around the point of the Cape to Diamond Beach, where stones that are as clear as glass are found by those who hunt long enough for them.

The President enjoys romping on the beach with that famous grandson who used to run the White House during the first year of the administration, but who now requires to be carefully looked after and run by the German and French nurses which the Presidential family have in their household, and when he goes in to bathe, always dress that boy and his little sister, Mary Lodge McKee, in suits of blue flannel bathing clothes. The whole family are fond of bathing, excepting Mrs. Harrison, who never bathes, or hardly ever goes out, except for her afternoon drive.

The President likes to go sailing and fishing on the sounds and most always takes Mrs. Harrison and the whole household with him. They do not have as much luck, however, as they do fun.



THE PRESIDENT CRABBING.

Mrs. Harrison's favorite pastime is painting pictures of marine scenes and meadow views, such as are witnessed at Cape May. She is an expert with the brush and puts on the water colors with an artistic regularity which shows at once that she is quite original in her ideas. Her handiwork is hung about the walls of the cottage and are exquisite and beautiful.

She enjoys riding out in the afternoon between 5 and 6 in company with her nieces, Mrs. Dimmick and Mrs. Parker, who are spending a month with Mrs. Harrison, behind a pair of beautiful Kentucky bays, driven by coachman William Turner, colored, who has been their coachman while here for the past three summers. Bill is quite a noted colored gentleman and is a black Republican and generally runs the politics at the Point during the winter season. The newspaper men all "divy up" with Bill for news concerning the family's movements, and Bill gets the cash and tips and lets the news gatherers hunt the news. He has a knack of making the boys believe he knows a lot, but he keeps it to himself.

Russell Harrison enjoys horseback riding and often takes out Baby McKee with him, holding him on in front in the saddle.

They generally gallop along the beach drive, which was just opened last Saturday. Baby McKee enjoys it too, and seems to be the pet of every one in the household.

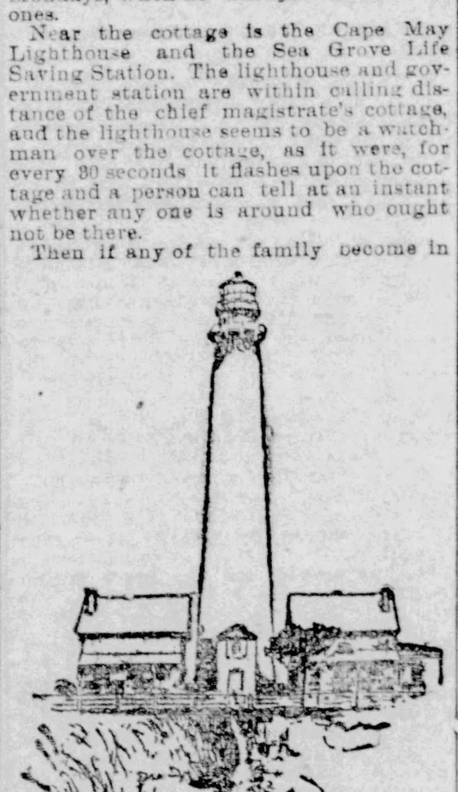
The man who does the little chores about the place is Richard Smith, a typ-

RUSSELL HARRISON AND BABY M'KEE.

ical old man and Jerseyman, who has always lived about the Cape. He has not had his hair cut for about ten years. He resembles Walt Whitman somewhat. He is very eccentric. His peculiarty is that he generally wears a pair of white pantaloons, save on Sundays and Mondays, when he always wears black ones.

Near the cottage is the Cape May Lighthouse and the Sea Grove Life Saving Station. The lighthouse and government station are within calling distance of the chief magistrate's cottage, and the lighthouse seems to be a watchman over the cottage, as it were, for every 30 seconds it flashes upon the cottage and a person can tell at an instant whether any one is around who ought not be there.

Then if any of the family become in



CAPE MAY LIGHTHOUSE.

danger from being drifted out by the undertow while bathing, Capt. Eldredge, of the life saving station, has his surf boat ready to row out and rescue the distressed ones from the briny deep.

ELECTRICITY KILLS INSTANTLY

Says a Physician Who Witnessed the Sing Sing Executions.

The most direct and satisfactory testimony as to the probable effect of the electric current is that given by Dr. Daniels, of Buffalo, who witnessed the late executions at Sing Sing. The theory of physicists is that the shock produces paralysis of the nerve centers and that total suspension of consciousness is simultaneous with such paralysis. To ascertain whether this theory could be substantiated by any sounds or signs during the flow of the current it was turned on the case of Smiler while the latter was uttering a prayer.

Dr. Daniel says: "I wanted to see where he would stop, whether in the middle of a syllable, of a word or of a sentence. I was standing by the chair, bending over and looking him in the face. He started to say a word. It began with the letter 's.' He had just articulated the letter when the lever was pressed. Nothing but the sound of the letter 's' passed his lips. It died away suddenly. The lips made no movement. There was not the slightest change in the facial expression." No better proof is possible of the complete and instantaneous obliteration of consciousness. Had there been the slightest sense of pain the expression of the face would have recorded it, no matter how faintly. It may be confidently assumed from the results of Dr. Daniels's observation that Smiler died without a particle of suffering.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Proud of the Resemblance.

Fenderson—Had quite a compliment to-day.

Fogg—So?

Fenderson—Man told me I looked like—looked like—confound me, if I can think who it was now. It was a great historical personage. Let me see ——

Fogg—It wasn't Washington? Napoleon? Wellington? Gen. Grant? Demosthenes?

Fenderson—Ah! I have got it. He said I looked like the devil. I knew it was some great historical personage. I feel quite lifted up about it, quite lifted up.—[Boston Transcript.

He Can't Help It.

Cumso—I never knew a man break his word as Hojack does.

Fangle—I have always found him truthful.

Cumso—Yes; but see how he stutters.—[Judge.

TAKE AN AIR-BATH.

When You Feel Out of Sorts It Will Set You Right Again.

Every woman has evil hours when she is too restless to keep still and too dull and heavy to do anything. She says she is nervous. Her color loses its freshness, her eyes their brightness, her expression all its delicacy. She looks a coarser and less intelligent individual. Now the latest remedy proposed for this distemper is the air-bath. Lock your doors if you would test it the next time the blues declare themselves, and disrobe entirely, taking an air-bath, in the sunshine if possible, for five or ten minutes. This will act as a total alternative to the oppressed, restless state of the nervous system. It does better than a water-bath, which, if one has already been taken in the morning, can not be always repeated with perfect safety. After the air-bath dress again slowly, donning completely fresh linen and some crisp and rather new gown. The freshness of external attire is infallibly soothing.

Another suggestion worth careful noting when you are feeling and looking dull-eyed and ugly, bears indirectly upon the value of massage. Take your hair down and moisten the scalp thoroughly with some good but harmless hairdressing preparation. Then with the tips of the fingers work the moisture well into the scalp and comb the hair out afterward with slow, soft, regular movements. This is excellent treatment for the hair as well as being incomparably refreshing to the whole person.

If you afterward do up the hair in some way that differs slightly from the manner customary with you, you will find suddenly that your nerves are more quiet, that your eyes have parted with their dullness, and that you look altogether normal once more.—[N. Y. Recorder.

Fragile.

"I cannot express my affection for you, Mabel," said the somewhat fickle Charles.

"I don't wonder," returned Mabel. "The express companies do not like to be responsible for perishable commodities."—[N. Y. Herald.

No Harm Done.

"I was talking to a boy this morning, when all of a sudden he shot up in the air out of sight."

"Manhole?"

"Nope. Elevator."—[Puck.

THE MANIPUR MASSACRE

THE STORY OF MRS. GRIMWOOD.

A Young Englishwoman Who Led the British Forces to a Place of Safety—The Queen's Recognition of Her Act.

The Queen of England has requested her presence at Windsor, and honors and tributes of various kinds are showered on every side upon the young heroine of Manipur—the girlish woman of 23 who went through the awful disaster and has come back to tell the tale. Not just yet, though; it is too near, too terribly real to be discussed in all its details; but some future day, when the dark picture has somewhat paled, and when Mrs. Grimwood can think quietly of the fatal days that ruined her happiness suddenly and completely, and brought death and destruction into the peaceful little camp, she hopes to write a full account of the disaster.

We picture her, the young and comely 23-year-old wife of the late British resident at Manipur, remaining with her

MRS. GRIMWOOD.
From a photograph taken in India.

husband when danger threatened, although it had been arranged for her to come to Europe during last April. Then, when the sad disaster came which we so much deplore, Mrs. Grimwood, herself badly wounded in the arm, displayed all those qualities which only a devoted woman could display. Although the bullets were falling around, she tended the wounded in the cellars of the Residency and found them food, quite oblivious of her own needs. Then, when the Residency was evacuated, the trials that had to be borne recall the days of the mutiny. Starting in only her house shoes, Mrs. Grimwood soon wore these out, and had to don a pair of ammunition boots. She was ten days without taking her clothes off, and one can imagine the relief experienced when the refugees encountered a body of Ghoorkas. At that time Col. Butcher had two cartridges left—one for the unfortunate lady and the other for himself, if capture was imminent. Mrs. Grimwood is still suffering from a sprain incurred on this memorable journey.

It is a pathetic figure, that of the girl-widow, dressed in deep mourning, which makes her tall, slender figure appear taller than she really is. The face is still pale and thin. But it is not the pallor and not the fragility which make it so pathetic. There is a look in the large blue eyes and an expression round the mouth which it is always sad to see in one so young. And no smile steals over the fair face; never once the eyes lose the look of sadness, and very often as she speaks the tears are in her voice and brim over in her eyes. She is so natural and simple, as she sits in her low chair with the rows of books behind her; but there is that dignity about her which is said to denote what is generally called "highest breeding," and which is innate refinement and can never be acquired.

MRS. GRIMWOOD,
From a photograph taken since her return to London.

"I cannot say much about it yet," she says very quietly, and with a deep sigh. "It is too near. Later on, when all the present excitement about it is over, I hope to write it all down, from first to last, and publish it in book form. But not yet."

"Yes," she went on, musingly and with a far-away look in her eyes, "it is so near, though sometimes it seems as if it were such a long, long time ago since we lived there quietly and peacefully. We were on perfectly friendly terms with the Senaputti; I often rode out with the princes, and there was nothing whatever to warn us of what was coming. When they began to fire at the Residency we had to fly. We stayed as long as we could, but there was nothing else to be done in the end. We had to leave in a terrible hurry; there was no time to pack or take anything, else I should have tried to take my jewelry and valuable things that could easily be carried. I had not even my hat—absolutely nothing except the clothes I wore. My shoes and stockings, which were very thin, were in rags long before we got to British territory, and I had to walk barefoot. My clothes got soiled and torn, and I had to throw away everything I could do without, and all day long we were marching along, trying to get further away. When we were in the jungle it was a little better; but in the open, with the sun pouring down, it was terrible. For the first day and a half we had nothing at all to eat, except roots and leaves that we could find. Sometimes we got food from the natives when we reached a village; but they were not always friendly to us, and when they were hostile we could do

THE WREATH.

nothing but burn their villages, in sheer self-defense. Fortunately, I knew the surroundings well, and I could be a guide to the officers and men with me, all of whom were strangers to me.

"Can you imagine what it was to be the only woman with a number of soldiers, under such circumstances, where privacy of any kind is an impossibility? But they were, one and all, more thoughtful than almost a woman could be. They took off their coats at night that I might be warm; they thought of a thousand little things that would make it a little easier for me; and I truly believe that one and all of them would at any moment have laid down their lives for me. I shall never, never forget what I owe to them." For a moment her voice broke as Mrs. Grimwood said this, but she collected herself almost immediately and went on.

"The first thing I heard after we reached our territory was what had really happened; and what I heard was the worst I had to fear.

"A dear friend came to me in her carriage outside the town. She gave me clothes, and I stayed with her, and she did everything that kindness could do. I got very ill indeed, but I believe that illness saved my reason. I am now getting better and stronger, thank you; but my ankle is still very bad; it takes time to get over such journeys and such experiences.

"No, fortunately, I have no children. If there is anything that could have made things worse than they are it would have been if I had had a little child with me. What would have become of it?"

"And had you been out in Manipur for some time, Mrs. Grimwood?"

"Yes; I was married when I was 18 and went there with my husband. All had been pleasant and friendly so far, and then all at once this came, and all was changed."

TO EVERY UNION SOLDIER

The Census Bureau is anxious to obtain detailed information respecting the record of Union survivors of the war. It is found that the census enumerators neglected the most important inquiries, made on the blank given below. Union soldiers and their widows are requested to fill out the blank below in pencil, cut it out, and send to Washington, addressing the envelope to "Census Bureau, Washington, D. C."

Write full name below. If a widow, write given name only, and add "widow of," supplying the soldier's name.

1

Name enlisted under, if different from above.

2

Rank at muster-out.

3

Letter of company. | No. of regiment.

4

State mustered from.

5

Arm of service—cavalry, artillery, infantry, or navy.

6

Date of enlistment.

7

Date of discharge.

8

Present P. O. address.

9

If a pensioner or applicant, No. of certificate or application.

10

Cut from the Toledo BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

If in regular army, write U. S. A. on line 6: if in navy, U. S. N.; if in marine corps, U. S. M.; if in colored regiment, U. S. C. T.

AT NIGHT.

There's a sprinkle of fine, far stars in the air,
A silvery dust o'er purple sky!
But there's one far greater than all—more fair—
That seems to linger my lattice nigh.

Oh, star so bright that you seem a bloom,
Leaned over the wall of paradise!—
Are you looking, too, on my love through the gloom
Of the distance vast that between us lies?

Are you touched to the heart—oh, you great white star!—
With an infinite pity for love and pain,
For the tears that are salter than grave-tears are—
Are you come with your pity to help us twain?

Then, here, on your ladder of sheeny mist,
On the frost-white rungs of its silver light,
I send a kiss—'tis the saddest kiss—
Oh, bear it afar to my love to-night!

Close, close in your pitying heart toward the south,
Asleep or awake in his far, lone land,
Let it quivering fall on the palm of his mouth—
He will start and tremble and understand.
—[Lulah Ragsdale.

The Borrower Must Pay.

There was wisdom in what the old man said—he who does not borrow will not have to pay. The admonition had not a little to do with the success of one life, and its repetition may have an effect upon others. The story comes from the Atlanta *Constitution*: A successful young business man of Atlanta told a story recently that is worth reproduction here. He said that when he was a boy he had occasion to want to borrow $20 on a gold watch, and went to a bank to secure the loan.

He found there a venerable old gentleman whom he has since come to know as the father of Mr. Darwin Jones. The old gentleman spoke very kindly to the boy, told him the bank did not lend money on watches, and referred him to the pawnbroker on Peachtree street.

As the boy was gathering up the watch Mr. Jones said slowly and earnestly:

"But if I were you I would not borrow the money."

"Why?" was asked by the impetuous youngster.

"Because"—and every word weighed a pound—"because you will have to pay it back!"

The Trial of the Pyx.

The trial of the Pyx is an interesting annual ceremony that in one form or another has occurred for centuries. The Pyx is a box in which certain numbers of coins of every denomination are placed after each day's work in the British royal mint for a year. The Goldsmiths' company has afforded the jury since its institution several hundred years ago. When the jury open the Pyx they weigh the coins in bulk and several individually, testing them also with fire and chemicals, so that there can be left no trace of doubt of the true value of British and British-made coinage. The loss of weight or "remedy" allowed to the master of the mint for loss is .2 of a grain, but none such has been recorded for 250 years; 75,894,045 pieces in all were coined last year for use at home and in the colonies.

Boston as a Great Hotel City.

For the twelve months ending July 1, the United States Hotel entertained eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-six (89,936) registered guests.—[Boston Journal.

You Should Sleep Alone.

The *Annals of Hygiene* preaches a curious doctrine when it says: "Much of the discomfort and nervousness which people complain of when they arise in the morning is due to the fact that each does not sleep alone. There are electrical changes going on in the system during the night, and where persons lodge together night after night under the same bedding these disturbing causes work destructive results."

A Noble Woman.

First Woman's Rights Advocate—Has Mrs. Armstrong ever done anything to distinguish herself?

Second Ditto—Certainly she has. Didn't you know she was once arrested for beating her husband?—[Munsey's Weekly.

YOU DID not, perhaps, see our illustrated and larger advertisement, which appeared in the first issue of this paper this month. Better read it. Better write to us at once, anyhow, and learn Free how Money can be earned at our New line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. Any one can easily learn how, and do it. No risk. We start you. You can work in spare time only, or all the time. Address TRUE & CO., Box 1277, Augusta, Maine.

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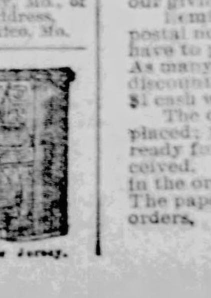

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A few years ago the BLADE publishers, at great expense, put out one of the best general recipe books ever issued to the general public, called "OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES." It was a compilation of the best recipes and formulæ known up to the date of its publication on all household subjects, including cooking, the care of the house, the care of furniture, carpets and clothing, recipes for baking, cooking, washing, care and culture of flowers, for bee keeping, for the general care of and cure of the diseases of horses, cattle, sheep and swine; and in fact a compendium of useful and handy knowledge on any topic needed by any member, male or female, of any household in the United States. It was suited to the wants not only of the country, but also of the dwellers in towns and cities; in fact, it was an extremely valuable book for anybody and everybody.

This book was published in a large volume of 600 pages, octavo, with the subjects closely classified and indexed, so as to make it extremely convenient to find the information on any subject. It was originally published for subscription, and many thousand copies were sold through agents at $2 per copy. The book has never sold for a less price than this until last summer, when we closed out all the remaining copies we had on hand to subscribers of THE BLADE at $1 each.

But as the book is entirely too valuable to stay out of print, we have decided to bring out a new edition of 5,000 copies, which will be printed from the original plates, on good paper, and bound in flexible cloth covers. We are preparing this edition entirely for the purpose of presenting a copy to everybody who will send us four three months subscribers with $1, according to particulars given fully below.

The book is positively fully worth the original price—$2 per copy—and this makes the present offer the most remarkable one ever made by a newspaper publisher. Our present design is to issue but 5,000 copies for this special offer, and we apprehend they will all be taken by if not before September 1st. This offer will not be continued after September 1st, unless it be necessary in order to close out some copies remaining on hand. Anyhow, this offer will be withdrawn at the end of the warm season, and the book will not be obtainable after we enter upon the time for yearly renewals next fall. Therefore it is important to act at once. Get your name on file early, not only to secure a copy EARLY (we shall commence to mail about August 15th), but in order to make sure of a copy at all. You know how quickly we sold the first edition; the second edition may go MORE QUICKLY. The following is a description of the book:

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

General Household.

Cleaning—How to Clean Carpets, Clothing, Casks, Gloves, Brushes, Matting, Mattresses, Silk, Sponges, etc., and a vast number of other Recipes. How to Dye all Colors on all Kinds of Fabrics—two pages of Recipes for Different Kinds of Inks. The Laundry—How to wash Different Kinds of Delicate Fabrics—To Wash Flannel, Fine Cotton Goods, Stockings, Lace, and Table Linen. To Remove Stains, Mildew, etc. To Gloss Shirt-fronts—Recipes for Soap—for Removing Different Kinds of Stains. To Make Starch—and several pages of other recipes useful at different seasons of the year in the household. Pests of the House—How to Destroy Ants, Bugs, Caterpillars, Cockroaches, Moths, and Other Insects—11 pages of Recipes for Cleaning all Kinds of Household Tinware, Tableware, Marbles and Metals—in fact a compendium of useful information of every kind for the household.

House Plants and Birds.

The General Care of all kinds of House Plants—To Make Them Blossom—How to Fertilize Them—To Keep them in Winter—Earth for Pot-plants—To Destroy Insect Pests. Care of Birds—Their Food—Mocking Bird Food—Diseases of Birds. Medical and Surgical Symptoms of all Common Diseases, 6 pages. List of Drugs suited to Domestic Use, with the Proper Dose—4 pages. Prescriptions for Various Diseases, 20 pages. Baths—Different Kinds—General Rules for Giving Baths—Directions for Each Kind of Bath. Surgical Recipes—for sprains, nose-bleed, blisters, boils, burns, ulcers, carbuncles, chafing, chilblains, corns, deafness, cuts, earache and discolorations, etc. Diseases of the Eye, Care of the Feet, Felons, Inflammation, Neuralgia. Liniments, ointments and salves—6 pages of recipes. Seven pages of recipes for food for the sick room, for children, etc.

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Their Food and General Management—Kind of Food Necessary—Green Food—Water Supply—Poultry Houses—Hatching—Rearing Chicks—How to Prepare for Market—Diseases of Poultry, 5 pages—Breeding—what varieties should be kept—Capons—The Different Kinds of Fowls, with the Characteristics of Each Variety—Pea-fowls—Ducks and Geese.

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The Building—Floor—Manger—Stable Utensils—Feeding and Watering—Grooming Horses—Exercise—Horses' Clothing—Pasturing—Diseases of Horses, with remedies, 4 pages—Tricks and Vices of Horses, and how to cure them—Things to Know about Horses—How to Buy a Horse—the points to be looked for in Horses for different uses.

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A collection of recipes and prescriptions for the toilet—the Hair—its Care—how to Curl and Crimp it—Recipes for Dyes—Loss of Hair—Baldness and the Remedy—Dandruff—Hair Oils—Pomades—Pomatums—To Remove Superfluous Hair. The Hands and their Care—Recipes for Chapped Hands—For Making Camphor Ice, Cold Cream, Cosmetics. Care of Nails. The Skin—how to Keep it Healthy—Remedies for chap, sunburn, for blackheads, to remove pimples, tan and wrinkles. The Teeth and Breath—Recipes for Tooth Powder—for Sore Gums, Lip Salves, etc. Perfumery—3 pages of recipes for making different kinds of perfumery. How to Shave—Sharpen Razors—Shaving Paste. Trapping, Hunting and Fishing—Directions for Making the various kinds of Traps, with hints for Trapping—Different Kinds of Game—The use and Care of Guns—How to Dress the Different Kinds of Skins—To Clean Furs—To Tan Skins with the Fur on—To Tan Sheep Skins. How to Fish—Different Kinds of Bait, flies, hooks, rods, etc. Varnishing, Polishing and Papering—Recipes for Varnishes of all kinds, 7 pages. For Polishing, 4 pages. Papering—How to Prepare the Walls—Glue Sizing—How to Paper a Room.

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Fourteen pages on this pursuit. Different kinds of bees in the hive—the Queen, Drone and Worker. Varieties of Bees—How to Make Bee-keeping Profitable—Honey Extraction and How to Do It—Raising Queens—Wintering Bees—the whole subject concisely treated.

Cements, Glues and Pastes.

Aquarium Cement—Architectural Cement—Cement for mending Boots and Shoes—Cistern Cement—Earthenware Cement—To Cement Glass to Metal—Hydraulic Cement—Cement for Lamps—Cement for Leather—Cement to Unite Leather and Cloth—Cement for Stoves—White Cement—Grafting Wax, and nearly two dozen others of every character. How to Use Glue—Draughtsman's Glue—Flexible Glue—Liquid Glue—Mouth Glue—Mucilage. Paste—six different recipes for all purposes—To Soften Putty.

Recipes for Cooking.

Food and its Uses—Giving a description of the constituent parts of all the principal articles of food—Table of Kitchen Weights and Measures. How to Make Essences, 12 different recipes—Bread, Yeast and Yeast Cakes—11 well tested recipes for different kinds of Bread—34 recipes for Biscuits, Muffins, Rolls, Rusks, Short-cake, and Waffles, Batter-cake—11 different recipes. Breakfast Dishes—40 recipes. Dinner Dishes—How to Set and Arrange the Table—Dinner Bills of Fare. Soups—40 different recipes. Fish—35 recipes. Clams and Oysters—15 recipes. Salt Fish, Poultry and Game—a vast number of recipes for cooking every kind. How to Choose Meats of All Kinds—To Bake Meats, Boil Meats, and Broil Meats, Fried Meats—Roasted Meats. Miscellaneous Recipes. Sauces, Salads and Ketchups—30 pages of recipes. Vegetables—Recipes for the Different Modes of Cooking all Kinds. Puddings—30 pages of recipes for different kinds. Pudding Sauces, 8 pages. Pies, 8 pages of recipes. Custards, Creams and Ices, 8 pages. Pickles, 3 pages. Preserves, Jams and Jellies, 6 pages. Supper Dishes—Cheese—Household Drinks—a vast variety of first class recipes. Domestic Wines. Cake, 12 pages of recipes. Cookies, Jumbles and Snaps, 5 pages. How to Can Fruits and Sausage-meats—Vegetables—Home-made Candies, 6 pages. To Serve Fruits and Melons—Food for the Sick, 4 pages—Table of Time of Digestion of Different Foods.

Disinfection.

Directions for disinfectants for household use, in case of disease or otherwise.

For Farmers.

The Dairy—Rooms and Utensils Necessary—The Cow-house—Dairy-maid's Duties—How to Make Butter, Cheese, etc.—Diseases of Calves—Treatment of Cows—Cures for Cattle Diseases—How to Feed and Water Cattle—To Make Cows Gentle—Milking—Rules for Dairymen—Miscellaneous Recipes for a vast number of useful things about the Farm, Garden, Orchard and Household—How to Construct Ice-houses—A Cheap Ice-chest—Strength of Ice—Various Farm Measures—Cultivating Squashes, Strawberries, Tomatoes and Potatoes—How to Make Vinegar—To Destroy Weeds—Kalsomining Walls—Whitewash—Wounds to Trees—The Meaning of All Flowers and Gems.

HOW TO OBTAIN A COPY OF THIS BOOK FREE

We want three months' subscribers this time—our object being to add at once several thousand new trial subscribers, who will become acquainted with the Blade, and at the end of their term a large percentage will renew for one year and become regular patrons. Therefore, we now offer to send FREE, postpaid by mail, a copy of "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes" to any person who will send us a club of only four (all at one time) three months' subscribers at 25 cents each. The money enclosed is to be one dollar in current funds, with the addresses of four people to whom we will send each the Weekly Blade three months, and we send the book to the sender of the club. Of course it is understood that the book is not mailed to the three months' subscriber, but only to the sender of the club.

The club can be easily raised, as no one will hesitate to pay 25 cents for a three months' subscription to so good a paper as the Blade.

The 5,000 books, therefore, ought to bring us 20,000 three months' subscribers very quickly. The subscriber who pays 25 cents will get good value for his money, and the club raiser who gets the book will be amazingly well paid for an hour's work. If the club raiser be already a subscriber to the Blade, simply send us four new three months' subscribers. If the club raiser be not a subscriber, your own name may be sent as one of the four.

As stated above we want each one of these 5,000 books to bring us four three months' subscribers. We, however, believe a large number of people are yet intending to send us $1.00 on the terms of our first edition offer. In order not to disappoint those who were a little tardy on the first offer, we will continue until further notice to accept one dollar for a year's subscription to the Blade with a copy of the book free. Many subscribers whose time will expire next winter should quickly take advantage of this by renewing now, because the book offer will be withdrawn before the coming fall and winter renewal season. Send a dollar now, and your time will be extended one year, and the book mailed soon as ready.

We advise quick action in this matter. We promise nothing beyond 5,000 copies now being made. The first 5,000 copies were taken in less than eight weeks; the second 5,000 may be exhausted in less time. We shall enter names in order as received, and will probably commence to mail the books soon as ready—about 10th to 15th of August.

Under no circumstances will any one be entitled to a copy of the book unless the book is asked for when the order is sent.

We will under no circumstances recognize any claim sent afterwards for those who have heretofore remitted $1. Our object is to present this book only to subscribers who remit to us *after* the reading of this advertisement.

So far as the sale of the book separate from THE BLADE is concerned, it is out of print. It cannot be bought nor obtained in any other way except with the subscription to The Weekly BLADE.

We make this offer during the dull season, to obtain new subscribers to THE BLADE. We could not afford to make such an offer during our renewal season, which would involve our giving away 112,000 books. In point of fact, this is simply an experiment.

Remittances must be made either by New York draft, money order, express order, postal note, or by registered letter. Checks on local banks are not par with us, because we have to pay for collection, and we must get $1 cash for each subscription under this offer. As many orders as you wish may be sent in one letter; but we cannot in any case allow any discount from the $1 mentioned above, nor use the club rates with this offer. We must get $1 cash with each order, in par funds.

The order for printing and binding the second edition of 5,000 copies has already been placed; the printing is now in progress, and we do not think the books will be bound and ready for mailing until August. But all orders will be entered on our books as soon as received. THE BLADE will start at once, and a book will be mailed as soon as they are ready, in the order in which we have received these subscriptions. So send in your order at once. The papers will start immediately, and the book follow as soon as it is ready. Address all orders,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

HOME TALKS.

TREASURES OF THE PAST.

What Busy Searchers Can Find There—Grandmother's Wonder—The Box With a Story About Its Owner and Contents.

THOSE attic treasures!

Did you ever rummage around the garret of one of those century-old New England homes in which has been put away what were the treasures of one generation, but discarded by the next, until there were gathered there so many curious and quaint things of the long ago that you could not even guess their number?

A curious atmosphere there is lingering in such a place. It seems peopled with unseen presences, and you can hardly divest yourself of the feeling that your coming is an intrusion; that you are a being of to-day, while all that is there belongs to the past. Even the sunshine that creeps into the window glints along the floor in a half scared way as if it were too young to be welcome.

I remember a place like this that was familiar to me in my childhood. The house rambled all over an irregular space without plan or order apparently, making innumerable nooks and corners where one could hide away from the busy world—meaning in those days the family—and build castles in Spain without limit.

The garret, however, was the prime attraction for me, and what a treasure-trove it would have been for the hunters of the antique. Old chairs, tables, bedsteads, escritoires, massive, heavily carved, and grown dark with age were stowed away under the eaves, leaning lovingly against each other as if in sympathy, because of their banishment from the sunny down-stairs apartments where events were chasing each other so rapidly. I used to think they must grieve because they were out of hearing of the merry voices and laughter that made music below.

I loved to go up there just when the sun was sinking low and sent his long slanting rays through the window to say good night. Then the dark corners would come out into half shadows and I could see things that at other times were hidden away completely. Sometimes I would dare in these half-lights to creep into these eerie places and bring out some of the things that had been pushed away, and which, unless dragged forth by such as I, would remain until the house itself fell to pieces.

I liked best, however, to go up the narrow stairway with my grandmother, for she knew the history of so many of the old, old articles that we would come upon, and loved to recall what had been told her in the days when she was young. I think, too, she felt about many things as did the dear old dame in the poem when some antique hunters besought her to sell what was stowed away unused in the garret. Some of you have doubtless, read the story, how they came to her and offered what seemed an unheard-of and ridiculous price for such "worn-out truck." Oh, the delight of it! Now, said the dear old lady:

"I can have that bunnit I'm wantin'
And won't be ashamed, you know,
To hold up my head among folks,
When next Sabbath to meetin' we go."

Then the men selected from the "truck" several things, and asked her, to her amazement, if fifty dollars would pay her for the things they had chosen. She never dreamed that they would get hundreds for them after they had received a little rubbing and polishing, but simply thought they had gone daft. She said yes, however, and they went away:

And left me a-standin' and lookin'
At a bill there in my hand;
And I tell you, child, it did look good,
And I felt consid'rable grand.
All *that* for a lot of rubbedge?
Ah, deary me! I *never!*
And I could a' kept on lookin'
And wonderin' on it forever!

But when she gazed around at the articles, each and every one were so endeared to her by association with those who were gone to the hither shore that she lived the bitterness of her grief all over again.

To return. One day I had found a box, small and dust covered, and nailed securely together. To my girlish eyes it promised to divulge some story of the past which would be full of absorbing interest. I dared not open it without permission, but my grandmother was not beyond coaxing—grandmothers never are, you know—and one summer afternoon found us together, the instruments in my eager hands to take off the cover. It took but a few moments to lay bare the contents. There was only a book, which I found to be an old-fashioned Testament and what had evidently been a bunch of flowers, but they fell into dust the moment our hands touched them.

Upon the yellow fly-leaf of the book in the cramped handwriting common in days of yore, were these words:

"This Testament was the property of brave Will and I have promised to keep it as long as I live.
LUCY ARKWRIGHT."

And then came the date, April 29, 1769:

"Do you know about it grandma?" I inquired eagerly. "Can you tell me the story?" Who was 'brave Will' and why was he called so, and who was Lucy Arkwright?"

"I have heard," she replied, touching with tender, reverent hand the worn old volume. "I have heard," she repeated, looking out of the window over the fields of ripening grain that rolled in swelling, billowy waves under the strong breath of the South wind; "your grandfather told me, and 'Brave Will' was his grandfather."

Then she paused again, and into her eyes came that look as of communion with those who have passed into the unseen, while I waited breathlessly till she spoke once more.

"Will Harwood was only seventeen years old, when what I am going to tell you about happened. He was a handsome lad, so I have been told, with bright eyes, brown curly hair and a fine set of teeth that he always showed when he laughed, and that was pretty much all the time. Nobody thought much about his being any better or braver than the rest of the boys, though he was a prime favorite in the village because he was always so ready to oblige everybody, and was ripe for a frolic at any time. But for all this he had a very strong will of his own and no one could make him do anything that he did not believe to be right.

"In those days every man, woman and child who was not disabled was compelled by public opinion to go to church on Sunday. Few indeed were there who dared to disobey, and indeed I suppose a most everybody believed their everlasting salvation depended on their being present at religious services. Will Harwood, however, thought a good deal for himself, and though his father was a deacon, he did not hesitate to speak his mind about the matter and to declare that it was nobody's business but his father's whether he went to church or not, and that if he should sometime choose to stay away, he intended to do so whatever might be the consequences.

"One beautiful Sunday morning when he was returning from driving the cows to pasture, he came along by a little cabin where an old man lived alone, a queer old fellow that no one knew anything about, and who shrank from having anything to do with people. Will heard a groan as he was passing—then another and another, and his warm heart was at once stirred to its depths. He pushed back the door softly and went into the cabin. There he found the old man sick almost unto death, his mind wandering a little, so that he mistook Will for some one of whom he was very fond and whom he called Ben.

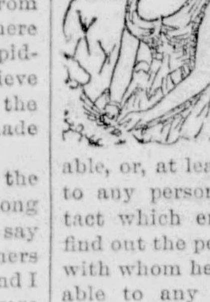
"'Don't thee leave me, Ben,' he said grasping Will's arm with feverish energy. 'I shall be away over the sea pretty soon, and thee must not go till I am gone,' and when Will would try to get off to bring a doctor the poor man was in such a spasm of distress that he dared not be out of his sight a moment. Will was a bit of a nurse himself, so he did the best he could in caring for him, and worked to such purpose, the poor man being soothed by his presence beside, that by noon the fever went down and a calm, refreshing sleep succeeded.

"Of course Will was not at church that morning. You may be sure his absence was noted by the elders and the people in authority, and there were those who had been shocked by his bold utterances who were determined to bring him to grief. Yes, dear, even though he was only a boy, yet he had set up to have opinions for himself, and they must be gotten out of him in some way."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Conversational Hints.



A FEW hints in regard to conversation in society may not be unacceptable to the HOUSEHOLD, judging from letters received frequently from its members.

In the first place, be careful to choose the subject that you are certain will be agreeable, or, at least, will not be unpleasant to any person. The possession of that tact which enables persons to at once find out the peculiar turn of mind of one with whom he is conversing is very valuable to any one. The topics chosen should always be impersonal, referring to matters of general interest that may be either local or belonging to the world at large.

Above all things avoid talking about yourself, your family, your household matters, or anything which simply concerns your own matters and can be of very small interest to others.

It is one part of an accomplished conversationalist to listen well to whatever is said, no matter whether the subject is especially agreeable or not. One should seem interested and sympathetic in order to put the speaker at ease. If a story is told in your presence or to illustrate anything, be sure to listen attentively even though you have heard it before. It is not necessary to say so, though if it be something with which you are very familiar.

If you are telling a story yourself, do not multiply words, but speak clearly and concisely. Always avoid personal jokes and cutting remarks. Never ask pointed personal questions as these are exceedingly impertinent. Inquiries may be made which are designed to elicit information valuable to one's self or to other persons, but nothing that is purely personal should be permitted.

One thing is very rude although not uncommon. It is an expression of doubt in regard to some statement or story uttered to you in your presence. Of course, it is not necessary to assert that you do not believe, and unless for some useful purpose, social etiquette does not permit of contradiction, neither does it allow heated discussions and arguments which might arouse intense feeling and should be avoided in society.

Be careful never to talk "shop;" that is, talk about your own business or profession, unless some one is desirous of information and draws you out purposely in order to obtain it. Don't talk in a loud-pitched voice, but modulate your tones so that they will be pleasant to the hearer. Avoid slang and exaggeration always.

The following rules have been given by a writer upon etiquette for young people, and they are worth repeating here:

1. Learn to listen patiently to dry and prosy talkers and to smile sweetly at an old joke or a twice told tale.
2. Learn to be tolerant of the opinions, prejudices and feelings of others.
3. Learn to appear pleased with those around you and gratified at what they do for you.
4. Learn to make little sacrifices for those near you of your own opinions to others without apparent effort.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

RAZOR CASE—This makes a pretty present for a gentleman. Cut a piece of chamois skin not quite the length of a razor and wide enough when sewed together at the side to slip it in easily. Cut the bottom up an inch or two into narrow strips forming a fringe, then sew it up and across the bottom just above the fringe. Of course the latter must be on the right side and it may be covered by a fancy stitch in colors. Tint the fringe in narrow lines with different colors of lustre paints or different shades of one color of ordinary water or oil paints. Gather a strip of silk and sew tightly to the top of the chamois bag, putting in a draw string of ribbon in a casing formed to leave a frill above. This silk must be of the same shade as the color employed to put some quaint lettering upon the chamois bag. Any appropriate motto may be used for this purpose. "With edge as keen as wit," is a good one, or "With keen edge I cut, but do not destroy."

HAIRPIN RECEIVER.—Cut out of pasteboard sides, top and bottom, of a box about five inches square and the same height. Get the bark of a tree, one of those kind that peel easily, and cover the pastboard with it. This must be done very neatly. Then put the box together by making holes at the edges and passing ribbon through to simulate lacing. The lid must be covered with bark upon both sides. Fill the box with hair of some pretty color, and upon the corner of the cover fasten a bow of ribbon to lift it up by.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SMYRNA INSERTION.—Cast on 20 stitches; knit across plain. First row—k 12—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 6 plain; 2d row—same as 1st; 3d row—k 13—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 5; 4th row—same as 3d; 5th row—k 14—to twice n—k 1— to twice — n—k 4; 6th row — same as 5th; 7th row—k 15—to twice —n—k 1—to twice—n—k 3; 8th row—same as 7th; 9th row—k 16—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 2; 10th row—same as 9th; 11th row—k 15—to twice—n—k 1—n—k 3; 12th row—same as 11th; 13th row—k 14—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 4; 14th row—same as 13th; 15th row—k 13—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 5; 16th row—same as 15th; 17th row—k 12—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 6; 18th row—same as 17th.

Begin again at 3d row. The "over twice" in both patterns makes one stitch when knitted. One loop is knit, the other dropped.—ALWAYS BUSY.

CROCHETED BUTTONS.—These are raised little balls, and are made in several ways according to the particular kind of crochet used. In hoods and sacques for little folks, worked in crochet tricotee or Afghan stitch, "buttons" are very commonly used.

To make them, first work a complete row of Afghan stitch in the ordinary way, forward and backward, and raise all the stitches for the second row. In working these off, first catch the wool and draw it through one stitch. Catch it again and draw it through two. Now make a chain of four stitches. This forms the first button. Catch the wool again and draw it through two loops, and repeat three times. Then make another chain of four stitches, and repeat this process to the end. The first "button," it will be noted, is made after the second stitch, and there are four stitches between each succeeding button.

In raising the next row pick up only the vertical stitches as usual, and be careful that the hook is placed behind the buttons in raising the vertical stitch beyond each of them. Work back this row plain; that is, without buttons. Raise all the stitches once more, work off four and then make a button. Work off four more and make another button. Repeat this to the end. The buttons in this row fall midway between those of the first row—not directly over them. These two rows of buttons are repeated throughout the work. Remember to make a plain row between every two button rows.

If desired, the buttons may be made larger or smaller by making five or three chain stitches, but four will be found a good average number. They can also be easily arranged in rows or groups according to the taste of the worker.

Correspondence.

SHE WANTS TO KNOW.—I am a farmer's wife, was a farmer's daughter, and have always had to work and do the best I could with what I had, but since I was married I have thought that there should be some way to make the work of the "women folks" on a farm easier; some kitchen conveniences provided, for instance, to correspond to the "planters," "cultivators" and "reapers," that help the men so much in their work.

Another thing that has troubled me was about our food. We always have plenty, such as it is, but I was tired of boiled victuals, or salt meat and potatoes, which, with bread and butter is the bill of fare in many farm houses week in and week out. To be sure we have pies and puddings sometimes, but they are the same old things year after year,—rhubarb in the spring; huckleberry in the summer, and pumpkin or dried apple in the winter; I wanted something new, and was delighted when my husband brought me from the city, a book that professed—on the title page—to be a "common sense cook-book, containing economical and practical recipes for every day cooking; helpful suggestions for young housekeepers, and a list of kitchen conveniences."

It seemed as if that book must have been written especially for me. The first page or two was devoted to explaining why so many young housekeepers failed—generally because they had not the proper things to use in their kitchens, and were, so to speak, expected to "make bricks without straw." The next thing was a list of articles necessary to success. I read—"A '*bain-marie*' is an absolute necessity in every well-regulated kitchen." Here, then, was the first reason I had failed to accomplish all I wished to in the culinary department. I have no *bain-marie* in my kitchen, do not know what it is, nor how to pronounce its name; so how shall I profit by that information, even though the book states that "as they are now made of steel, or block tin, there is no excuse for any one to be unprovided of this really most necessary article." Next the wise woman who wrote this "common sense cook-book," remarked that "moulds are apt to be a deplorably minus quantity in most kitchens." (There it is again—I never had any except what formed on my pickles and preserves) "which is a great loss, especially as regards the tomato mould which, lined with a *tomato puree*, stiffened with *aspic* and filled with any *farce*, either meat, game or fish, makes a dish as economical as it is tempting, and is equally good hot or cold." "Economical and tempting"—just what I wanted, and I can't have it because I haven't a "tomato mould," and the book failed to tell me what *puree* meant; where "aspic" the stiffener, could be procured or how to make a "farce of either meat, game or fish," (indeed it seemed to me as if the whole thing was a *farce*.) And I do regret that I shall not be able to make something that will be "equally good hot or cold." A little further on I learned that one of the prettiest and most useful (?) moulds, was a tiny egg mould with a movable inner lining, which would make a delicious "*hors d'oeuvre*" lined with white of egg and filled up with "gros grain caviare" delicately flavored with lemon juice and placed on a "cronstade of ham-butter." I should think it might, but until I learn what a "*hors d'oeuvre*" is, I am not prepared to say for certain; and I fear it will never be popular in the country owing to the difficulty of procuring good "gros grain caviare," and although nearly all farmers' wives have plenty of ham fat for frying things in, I never knew one to have a "*cronstade of ham-butter.*" After the chapter on "Kitchen Conveniences," came one which opened with the remark that "poor people, especially farmers' wives, should provide more variety in their food; especially should they have salads every day, as they were so very healthful, easily prepared, and the materials could be so easily procured on a farm." I doubted this last, as farmers, as a general thing, do not have much of a garden, but I continued to read that "some things were indispensible in making a good salad. First, the vegetables used must be perfectly fresh and crisp; they must be cut with a silver knife or torn to pieces with a silver fork, and the oil used must be of the purest quality. Now I haven't a silver knife or fork to my name, and I am not the only farmer's or poor man's wife who has none, and as for oil—well, we always keep a bottle of pure castor in the house, but it is all I can do to get the children to take it when they are sick, and I guess there would be a great time if I tried to put it in their victuals, so the salads must not be attempted. I have read the book through, and have failed to find anything that would be of any use to me. The names of things are given in French, or something I do not understand, and the quantities of butter, sugar and eggs that were called for in recipes would bankrupt any farmer. Now, what I want to know is, did any one else ever have such an experience? and is there really nothing for us between the old-fashioned, monotonous way, in which so many of us have to live, and such absurd and impracticable things as were in that awful cook book?—FARMER'S WIFE.

Correspondence Clippings.

Replying to Laura I would say by all means keep on "talking over things," for that pleasant little half hour on the door-step and thank the Lord that He has given you a husband who loves to do it. There will probably come a time as your cares increase when you will find it possible to spend only an occasional morning with him, so enjoy this while you may. As for you neighbor's wife getting up at half past four every morning and never stopping a minute until every stitch of her work is done—this is often said for effect, but rarely a daily or regular occurrance, especially for a newly married couple, as there would not be sufficient duties to keep her going even till noon. Unless and it is possible that she wished to get through her work early with the view of having a little extra time to gossip with her friends after her husband's departure. I am a husband now many years, and my wife and I drifted into the same habit of enjoying ourselves every morning after breakfast and before I went to business, and those walks, or chats in the garden, seemed to bring sunshine into each of our hearts for the day. Now, it is impossible for us to have such enjoyable morning chats, for at just such a moment some of our youngsters will climb up on papa's back and proceed to make a hobby horse of him. If such of you enjoy it, keep on with it. It is not by any manner of means wasted moments or ill-spent time.—C. E. S.

I write in answer to Laura's letter in BLADE, July 2d. She does perfectly right in spending the half hour with her husband before he leaves home for his place of business. She can work faster, for resting after meals awhile. No one can manage to please every one; we should learn all we can in domestic economy, manage to please ourselves, as no one else is concerned. Husband first, keep him at home all you can when he is not engaged in business. I lived over forty years with my husband and I do not regret all I have done for his comfort. The time is not lost, but he has been called home and I am left alone. We all have to part, so all should live pleasantly, so they will have no sorrow for things undone.—GRANDMA A.

It requires taste and reason to lay out grounds as they should be. It is laughable to go by the homes of some Western people. One feels half inclined to think they laid out their grounds with their eyes shut. You will often see a beautiful evergreen grove south of the house. What their object was in putting it there is beyond anybody's comprehension.

The grove should be planted north and west of the house. In planting ornamental trees avoid getting them too near to the house. Plant your orchard east of your house, and south of your barn. Some make the mistake of planting fruit trees close to a grove. In such a situation they will neither live nor bear. For groves I greatly prefer evergreens. They are warmer in winter and are cleaner than trees that shed their leaves.—MRS. B. BURGESS.

Inquiries.

What is rattan, such as chairs and baby carts are made of, and where and how can it be obtained?—SCHOOLBOY.

Will some one please send directions for making the Douglas mixture? It was published in THE BLADE several years ago.—POULTRY RAISER.

Can any one tell me how to make rhubarb wine?—M. M.

Will some one tell me how to shade a picture in oil painting? If a gentleman at a picnic should lift his hat and bow on leaving a lady for a few minutes, what would the lady do, bow in return?—WOULD-BE ARTIST.

Will some one give directions for making a crocheted blanket and a jacket for infant?—MRS. Z. Q.

How is the bark of wild black cherry to be prepared to use for moth-patches? Is it put in whisky or not?—ELSIE.

Can any one send a remedy for sciatic rheumatism?—SIMON FRASER.

Will any member of the HOUSEHOLD send recipe for spicing rose leaves for rose jar?—MRS. A. S.

Will some one give recipes for making Boston corn bread, and sponge corn bread, and also for canning corn that will keep?—CORA FLETCHER.

Will some one please tell me something about raising silk worms; if it is profitable work; what you feed them on, and all that is connected with the culture of them?—C. S. M.

Answers to Inquiries.

Washington May:—If the sermons were not copyrighted, or were not written for any special paper, you could publish and sell a collection of them, by giving credit to the writers. If taken from some paper for which they were especially written you would need to give credit to that paper; if they were copyrighted either by the writer or the paper, you could not use them in that way.—ED.

Ignorance:—In giving your order at a hotel, it is not necessary to say "please" to the waiter, nor to thank him when he brings it to you, unless you give an especial order, one that will cause him some extra trouble. It is well, always to speak pleasantly to all whom you meet, at home or elsewhere, but nothing more is expected of you at a hotel than to give your order quietly and in a ladylike manner. It is a better way to ask a guest to let you help them again, than to specify the number of times, it might become embarrassing, if they should, like Dr. Johnson, desire sixteen cups of tea. When the dinner is served, the hostess should say so, and invite the guests to the dining-room in the easiest manner possible. The guests should precede the hostess into the dining room, where there should be some person in waiting to assign them their places.—ED.

C. M. Grantham:—You will probably hear from the King's Daughters again. If you feel the need of a circle of these workers "In His name," in your neighborhood, why do you not invite the girls you wish to benefit, to meet with you, then propose the idea to them and see if you cannot interest them in doing some good work, as they will have less time for the silly ways you so much deplore? You may thus be the means of helping them to lead more useful lives, and, through their efforts, help many others.—ED.

Mrs. M:—In the story of "Ishmael," Mrs. Southworth is supposed to refer to William Wirt as the original of the leading character in the book.—ALICE S.

Anxious:—To Destroy House Flies.—Shut them in a room and scatter insect powder freely. After a while sweep up, and burn them, as they will revive if not destroyed.—JANE.

Jennie M.:—I have found Diamond dyes, if directions are followed, to be fast colors. Directions are on packages.

Jeatrie H.:—Maccaroni is made of flour, in Italy.

Allison:—Put salt around the edges of carpet when you put it down; it will kill the carpet moth.

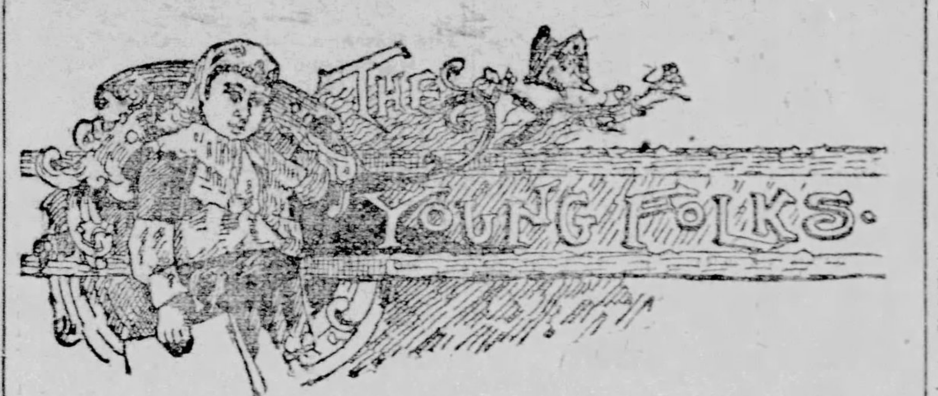
Mrs. J. H. Parker:—Two or three daily applications of cold tea will tend to darken the hair and not injure it.—VERONA.

Recipes.

SWEET PICKLES.—Currants, melons, peaches, plums and pears all make good sweet pickles. They are all prepared in the same way. Firm, ripe fruit is selected. Except for currants, sour cherries and grapes, use 7 lbs. of fruit to 1 pt. of vinegar, and 4 lbs. of sugar. Stick a clove into each peach, apple or pear, and use about 1 oz. of whole cloves to each 7 lbs. of plums. Make a syrup of the vinegar and sugar, and boil the fruit in it till tender, but not until it breaks in pieces. Just before taking up, add 2 ozs. of cinnamon, and for pears and apples it is an improvement to add 1 lemon and 2 ozs. of ginger-root to every 7 lbs. of fruit. For currants, sour cherries and grapes, use 7 lbs. of fruit, ½ pt. strong vinegar, 4 lbs. granulated sugar, 2 ozs. stick cinnamon, and 1 oz. whole cloves. Bring the fruit and vinegar to the boiling point, add the sugar, and spices, and boil till it jellies. It will usually require from 1 to 1½ hours boiling; and should, for convenience in using, be poured into small cups or bowls to harden. These can be turned into moulds or on a plate when needed, and make a better appearance on the table than when cut from a large jar.

A correspondent sends the following recipe, which she says will take the place of meat, for lunch or tea:

FRIED TOMATOES.—Wash and cut in halves, 6 nice, ripe tomatoes, and place them in a baking pan, skin side down; cut ¼ lb. of butter in small pieces, place over the tomatoes; sprinkle with pepper and salt and place in the oven for ten minutes; then place them over a fire and fry slowly until the tomatoes are done. When done, lift them carefully on to a heated dish. Draw the baking tin over a quick fire; stir 2 tablespoonsful of flour into the butter until it is smooth; add 1 pt. of milk, stir continually until boiling, season with salt and pepper, pour over the tomatoes and serve.



SLUMBER LAND.

"Mamma, take her darling baby,"
Says a tired little voice:
"Baby sleep: sing 'Row, brothers;'"
This is often baby's choice.

Little head of silken ringlets,
By the summer sunlight crowned,
Till its golden rays entangled
Fast in baby's curls were bound,

Drooping rests on mamma's bosom,
And forgetful of the day,
Happy thoughts to dreamland gliding
Fade in sunset light away.

"Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

Snowy lids, like tender petals,
Close upon the eyes of blue;
Mother thinks no gem could rival
That serene and perfect hue.

Little hands devoutly folded
Seem to speak a silent prayer;
Surely, some sweet angel whispers
To my sleeping one so fair.

"Blow, breezes, blow; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

So may I, my darling treasure,
Lay me down in peace to sleep;
When the night of earth is over
"Pray the Lord my soul to keep."

And with such divine composure
Fold my weary hands to rest,
As I drift into the haven
Where immortal souls are blest.
—[Anna Russell, in New York Ledger.

ON THE PLAINS.

A Graphic Description of What a Young Hunter Saw and Did.

Our first camp for night. All around us the boundless prairie, level as far as the eye can reach. Cattle almost as wild as deer grazing far away. Turkey buzzards wheeling and circling overhead. Mocking birds singing near every mesquite thicket. Scissor-tail fly catchers twittering everywhere. Lizzards running tamely about us on the ground.

To-day we killed a coach-whip snake and a large rattlesnake, both of which are safe in my alcohol jars. We have already seen a dozen jack rabbits, all of which our pointer, Fun, chased, and one I shot at fifty yards.

Twice we have heard wild turkeys gobble within a hundred and fifty yards,

and we have seen no end of quail running ahead of the wagon and flushed at short range. We saw two deer come out of the brush, three hundred yards away, but we did not attempt to stalk them, for it is now out of season, and I believe in obeying game laws. A coyote (prairie wolf), showed himself at long range, and I tried a shot at him, but my rifle ball threw up the dust far beyond him, showing that I shot about three inches too high.

After spending the entire morning in packing our wagon we started from Corpus Christi after an early dinner and were only three hours in driving the twenty miles. It is now 4 p. m. and we have chosen our camping place, put up our tent and built a fire ready to be lighted. Mr. Pritchard, my guide, is a jolly good fellow, about 80 years old, and a splendid shot, he has had a great many adventures and the stories he tells about them sound as if true. He is no boaster. For instance he admits that he has never shot a jaguar, though he has the best proof that there are a few to be found within forty miles of Corpus Christi.

He has staked out the horse with a long rope tied to an iron pin driven in the ground. We have shot a few brace of quail for to-morrow's breakfast. Butterflies of brilliant colors, some of them new to me, and some that I have seen in cabinets, are hovering over the splendid prairie flowers. These flowers surpass any that I have ever seen in beauty and variety. In fact I enjoy my surroundings as much as anything I ever experienced, except that I miss the grand mountain scenery of our camping trips in East Tennessee.

* * *

Our second camp is on the high open prairie, in the shelter of a small grove. These groves are of live oak and are scattered here and there over the prairie like little islands in a great sea. They are the only woods to be seen away from the rivers, and they furnish the only shade for the cattle. They are called "motts," from a Spanish word meaning a grove. My guide says that the wild cats, such as the lynx, ocelot and panther, seek the shelter of these motts and rest in the shade during the day, stretched on the level limb of an oak. We have searched every grove we came to to-day in hopes of finding a cat. I would give one of my guns to get a chance to shoot one.

Last night, just after we made camp, while I was putting wood on the fire, a scorpion stung me on the finger. I dropped him in the blaze and watched him "sizz" with a good deal of satisfaction. Most Texans say the scorpion's sting is deadly, so I half expected bad results from it, but the pain was less than that from the sting of the common black hornet, and lasted less than an hour.

About midnight we were waked by the howling of coyotes. One coyote can make as much noise as the caterwauling of a dozen tame cats—but imagine a dozen coyotes! I thought there must be at least fifty of them. Mr. Pritchard took a jack rabbit, cut it open, put in a dose of strychnine and laid it out on the prairie. He said that if a coyote would take a bite of this he would drop before he walked twenty steps.

I was up this morning at sunrise and found that the coyotes had not touched the rabbit, but a turkey buzzard had eaten the greater part of it, poison and all. The buzzard, at my approach, flew off to a chaparral bush, and there he sat for about an hour, quietly digesting his highly flavored breakfast. When at last I drove him from his perch, he sailed off in grand style and was soon a black speck in the sky.

Mr. Pritchard afterward told me that neither strychnine nor arsenic would kill a buzzard. This afternoon I found a five-foot whip snake swallowing a "horned toad." It had taken the spring lizard in head first and had it about four inches down, I killed the snake, carefully cut it open and the horned toad ran out, blinked its eyes at me as if saying "thank you" and seemed to feel as well as ever.

* * *

This morning I was collecting insects on the prairie, and while following a butterfly against the wind I suddenly noticed something stirring in the long grass ahead. Curious to know the cause, I quietly crept forward to within a few hundred feet of it, and there saw a strange sight. A coyote was running around a small calf and jumping at it now and then, while the calf, fully on the defensive, kept its lowered head, in true bovine fashion, always towards the enemy, butting at him savagely whenever he came too near. As long as the calf seemed able to take care of itself I thought I would not interfere. Presently the coyote made a bold dash at the calf's throat and was met by a well-aimed butt that sent him rolling on the grass. He got up and trotted off, now and then looking back at the calf, which coolly lay down for a rest.

I knew pretty well what would be the next act, so I lay low in the long grass, and watched for the return of the wolf, or the coming of the mother cow. I did not have to wait long. Presently two coyotes came trotting back, one of which I knew to be the fellow that had left the spot shortly before, and had now brought a friend to share in his dinner of veal. In spite of the direction of the wind, they may have slightly scented me, for they kept looking about.

When they approached the calf, that plucky little fellow braced himself for action, and the wolves make a dash at him, one on each side. He wheeled about and butted one of them with a force that seemed enough to stun it. But the other seized the calf by the flank, and while he was bounding and kicking to get loose, the other jumped up, made a leap, and caught the calf by the throat.

Seeing that it was time to step in, I sprung up and rushed right in upon the struggling three, shouting at the top of my voice. I never saw anything worse scared than those coyotes were. Only a jack rabbit could have run faster. The calf lowered his head as if ready to charge at me, for he evidently took me for a new enemy, instead of his best friend. He did not seem at all hurt, and I waited near by till the mother cow came back, and then I returned to camp.

The instinct of a cow leads her to hide her calf rather than take it with her when she goes off for her daily supply of water. She covers it over with grass and tells it to lie low and it obeys her. But the wild cat or the coyote can find its hiding place by scent, and the mother sometimes returns to find her calf half devoured. A mare will not leave her colt in this way, but keeps it by her side in all her wanderings.

* * *

To-day I spent some time in watching the performance of an ant-lion catching ants by throwing sand over them from the bottom of his pit. After it had killed a few common ants, the ant-lion or "doodle bug," as the Texans call it, drew a big red harvest ant into its pit. I thought the sting of the harvest ant would end the fight, but the doodle bug finally won the day, and seemed unhurt, for it went on catching common ants.

Then I hunted up a mutilla, or red and black hairy sand ant, which has perhaps the most powerful sting of all insects. Taking one up in my forceps—you bet I didn't use my fingers—I dropped him into the doodle bug's pit. There was no struggle at all, and in a second the little mutilla crawled out of the pit leaving the doodle bug dead.

Near our camp is the largest gully I have ever seen, and I explored it to-day. These gullies, or "arroyos," as the Texans call them, are caused by the rain water from the higher prairie, which washes its way into the lower land or towards the river courses. This gully is thirty feet deep in places, and even wider than that; it is not less than a mile long. Insects and birds are numerous here, and Mr. Pritchard says that ocelots and lynxes often hide in the dense chaparral thickets that extend back from the gully for half a mile or more over the prairie. I dare say they take a peep at me now and then, wishing I was a fat deer or a tender calf instead of a boy with a rifle. I wish one would show himself!

While exploring the smaller gullies I have found something very interesting—miniature natural bridges in the clay crossing the gully. I think I see how they have been formed by the falling water's wearing through the clay. The largest one I have found is five feet high and four feet long, and there are others in various stages, some just beginning, others half formed. I should not wonder if the Natural Bridge of Virginia was made in the same way, only that must have taken thousands of years, while these little ones are finished in a few weeks or days.

* * *

While eating our supper last night we heard, far off over the prairie, a strange cry, like the note of some great night bird. Three times it came on the wind, each time sounding farther away. Mr. Pritchard seemed puzzled. He said it sounded like the cry of the "little leopard cat" (the ocelot), but yet it was not quite the same, for the ocelot's cry is a long wail, ending in a sort of gruff purr. The one we now heard was a series of sharp sounds, like a crane's migrating note, yet more like the voice of a large animal. It was surely made by a cat of some kind, and this morning we searched all the motts within two miles but found no cat.

After dinner Mr. P. sat down to mend his harness, and, taking my rifle, I went off alone three or four miles in the direction of the cry that we had heard the night before. At last I got tired of cat hunting without success, and began to look for insects. Finding a beautiful gold and green beetle under some dead wood in one of the motts, I visited another in search of more beetles.

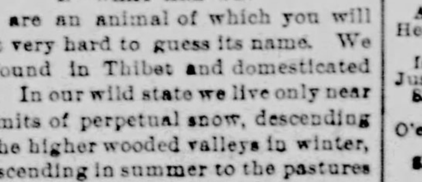
I was down on my knees under a tree digging among the roots when I heard above me the sound of something like a whine, uttered very softly. Glancing up quickly I could just see the end of an animal's tail hanging from a big limb right over me, a tail with black and white rings around it. Grabbing my rifle, I made about ten long steps from that tree, and turned to look upwards.

There he sat—the ocelot, of course—about fifteen feet above the ground. He was gazing at me with a very cat-like stare, and his tail was slowly waving from side to side. He did not offer to run from me, though from what Mr. Pritchard had told me I expected to see him jump down and make off. But this fellow, perhaps, had never seen a man before, or may be he knew I was only a boy and thought I couldn't shoot. And just then he was about right, for I had a regular attack of the "buck ague," or cat ague, rather; in other words, I was so excited that I trembled like a leaf and could not have held my rifle steady to save my life.

Presently he stood up on the limb and made the low, whining noise again. Wh a beauty he was! Stuffed specimens give a poor idea of the fine appearance of such an animal in life. He still kept his eye on me, but placing his forepaws on the sides of the limb began to get into a position to spring down.

Then, suddenly, I came to my senses, recovered my coolness, aimed quickly and steadily at the upper part of his head between the ears and fired. He gave a great bound, a struggle in the air and came down as dead as Julius Cæsar.

When I took out my pocket rule to measure him I was the proudest boy in all Texas. He was somewhat larger than a setter dog, measured four feet in length, tail and all, and he was a load to carry back to camp.—[S. F. Aaron, in Philadelphia Times.



1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We are an animal of which you will find it very hard to guess its name. We are found in Thibet and domesticated there. In our wild state we live only near the limits of perpetual snow, descending into the higher wooded valleys in winter, and ascending in summer to the pastures of short grass, going sometimes to an elevation of 17,000 feet above the sea. We are hunted by very large dogs, but being very fierce, we sometimes fall upon an adversary and crush him with our weight. Our color is generally black. We have been domesticated from time immemorial, and form a great part of the wealth of the inhabitants of the highest and coldest region of Central Asia. Caps, jackets, cloaks and blankets are made of the skin with the hair on.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A man's name. 2. A fur tippet. 3. To move rapidly. 4. Soon. 5. One of the West India islands. 6. A native of Arabia. 7. A mineral. 8. To lean. 9. Pertaining to Ireland. 10. A girl's name. 11. Tranquil. 12. An unctious liquid. 13. Men of letters. 14. The middle of the day.

The *primals* will form the name of one of the Presidents of the United States, and the *finals* the name of his vice president.

MARY EDDY.

3.—ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of 35 letters, is a proverb.
My 4, 20, 7, 16, 12, is a small island.
My 5, 11, 9, 1, 22, 35, is a place where wine is sold.
My 28, 13, 19, 21, 10, 18, is the face or countenance.
My 14, 27, 15, 6, 33, is a tendon or muscle.
My 23, 29, 33, is an evergreen tree allied to the pine.
My 12, 2, 8, 24, is to make a peculiar sound.
My 17, 25, 26, 3, 6, 12, is the part of a ring in which a stone is set.

BELLE D.

4.—TRANSPOSED AUTHORS.

Let Ezra bring the rabbit now.
Hurt rats.
Let raw ants be.
Ma hash to dry.
I am black Will.
Mr. Earls ax Ned.
Rough on Rob Hart.
Got the money Carl?

MABEL.

5.—CONUNDRUMS.

1.—Why is your eye like a man being flogged?
2.—What word deprived of a letter makes you sick?

6.—CHARADE.

Fifty is my *first*, nothing is my *second*.
Five just makes my *third*, my *fourth* a vowel reckoned.
Now to fill my *whole*, put all my parts together;
I die if I get cold, but never mind cold weather.

I. C. W.

7.—DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

Behead an English weight of fourteen pounds and leave a sound; behead again and leave a single thing.
Behead value and leave a grain; behead, and leave water in a solid state.
Behead separately and leave a portion; behead, and leave skill.
Behead fragile and leave a part of a fence; behead, and leave indisposition.
Behead to dress for show and leave a building very popular a few years ago; behead and leave a fluid that rules the world.

MARY EDDY.

Answers.

1. Whippoorwill.
2. One thousand—M; one-third of three is 1, or I; one-half of 100 is 50, or L; one-third of one is E. MILE square equals one square mile—the size of the farm.
3. Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
4. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
5.

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S W A N
W I N E S
A N I M A L
N E M O R A L
  S A R S E
    L A E
      L
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6. Fry-friar; Gross-grocer; Mart-martyr; Lick-liquor; Toot-tutor; Man-manner; Coop-Cooper; Corn-corner; Night-nitre; Port-porter.
7. Feather, Red, Turkey, Horn, Wolf, Onion, Powder, Cannonball, Sugar, Crow, Sun, Salmon, Solomon, Fox, Raisin, Warrior, Tongue, Pearl.

Charles Ernest Severance:—In order to have your enigma used in the Wonder Column, you should write it with ink, as those written with a pencil become so blurred as to make it quite too much trouble to decipher them. You should also take pains to have your work look as neat as possible. Remember that anything that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.—ED.

SHE WAS HUMILIATED.

Too Much Confidence in Her Husband Led to Grief.

The family skeleton sometimes slips out of the closet at inopportune times, as is shown by the following from the Chicago *Tribune*: "That," said the quiet little woman, as she was showing her guest over the house, "is my hall phonograph and family record taker. My husband and my sons all talk into it when they come home at night, and each has to give the hour at which he comes in."

"But mightn't they give the wrong hour?" asked the visitor.

"O yes; but I don't care about that particularly," said the little woman carelessly. "It shows me their condition, and that's what I want, you know. Now, you stick those little things in your ears and I'll turn the switch, and we'll see what the report is this morning."

The visitor followed instructions, and then the little woman asked her if she saw the value of it. She said most emphatically that she did. Then the little woman took the report herself, and she grew red in the face as the machine began:

"It'sh 3 G. M., 'n I'm glad of it! Whoopee-e-e! Fuller'n a goat and had more fun than a box of monkeys. Whoop-la, Maria, wow-w! I'll bust—"

Then she shut the machine off and said faintly:

"George must be playing a joke on me."

There was more sarcasm than sincerity in the tone of the visitor as she replied coldly:

"I presume so." Then she added: "But I wouldn't put the family record on exhibition."

"Just as Good."

Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

THE YEAR'S SWEETHEART: JULY.

All things beautiful love her;
The butterflies light and fleet,
The branches that bend above her,
The mosses that kiss her feet;
The ripening grain in the meadow,
The birds, singing sweet and near,
The opened flowers in the shadow,
The brook, with its ripple clear;
The bee, in his clover sleeping,
The locusts, that drone and whir,
The rain from the hills, down sweeping,
And the clouds—are in love with her!
For she, oh, the shy new-comer,
So dear to the world, so dear!
Is the heart of the heart of summer,
And sweetheart of all the year.
—[Madeline S. Bridges.

Driven by a Lady.

Irate Purchaser—"See here! You said that horse you sold me had been driven by a lady for two years. He ran away the first time my wife tried to drive him."

Dealer—"That there hoss was driven by er lady for two years, just as I said, and no one kin contradict it, nuther."

"Humph! That's very strange. Who was the lady?"

"M'me Ludowoski."

"Who is she?"

"She's the female cannon-ball thrower in Fourtent's circus."—[Good News.

Rub the Gums Well

with SOZODONT when they become spongy or detached from the necks of the teeth. Let them bleed freely and so recover their tone and health. This SOZODONT is the best remedial agent for diseased gums and teeth. Try and learn.

Size of European Families.

The statistics of the average size of families in the various countries of Europe, which are of considerable interest for the status of public morals, are the following: France, 3.03 members; Denmark, 3.61; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweden, 4.12; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.56; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83; Ireland, 5.20.

Woman's Will.

She's learned a thing prayer meeting never taught,
And dolefully complains about her knees;
Her arms are sore, her brow, unwrung by thought,
Is black with sundry bruises. She's
Just learned the use of arnica, but still
She does not falter, but with stubborn pride,
O'erthrown by accidents, but upheld by will,
She vows she'll die but that she learns to ride.
—[New York Herald.

—Presto! Change! Gray and faded beards made to assume their original color by applying Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails to satisfy.

HOW TO CURVE A BALL.

Suggestions for Ambitious Amateur Pitchers in the Diamond.

To be able to curve a ball is the ambition of every young player. If he happens to be the pitcher of his team his desire is all the stronger. He wants to fool the other fellows when they come to the bat. He cannot be blamed for that. But while curve pitching is undoubtedly a great accomplishment, it must be remembered that in the old days of base ball many brilliant battles were won with the straight-arm delivery.

It is not absolutely necessary, therefore, to curve a ball in order to win success, says a writer in the New York *World*. The writer vividly recalls the famous games in the early seventies in the neighborhood of New York. He was a boy then and walked miles to see the contests. A curved ball was unknown then, so far as the pitching was concerned. And the pitchers were very effective, too. They studied the weakness of the batsmen just as the pitchers do now.

And that is the study all young pitchers must pursue. Begin your work by pitching a straight ball. You cannot gain control in a better way. As you are young in pitching experience, so also are your opponents young in their knowledge of batting. If you

THE STRAIGHT THROW—FRONT AND BACK.

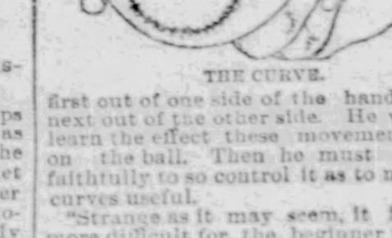
watch them closely you will perceive very quickly that nearly every one of them swings his bat at about the same height every time. For instance, you will notice that the first batter will swing his bat just in front of his waistband. In order to fool him pitch the ball a little higher or a little lower than that point.

The next batter may snap his bat high. Give him a high ball, but a few inches lower than he is likely to strike. This rule is by no means infallible, but it is a good one. It takes a boy a long time to overcome the inclination to swing in the same way every time he strikes.

There is another important point to remember. Do not give the batsman a chance to hit the ball with the end of his bat if you can avoid it. This is simple enough if the batter stands close to the plate. You can keep the ball well in on him without much trouble. But when he stands back in the box you must use discretion. Try to coax him with a ball or two just inside the plate. If he refuses to "bite," then of course you'll have to put it over.

As you improve in your work you can begin to practice curves. John Clarkson, of the Boston league team, who is one of the most successful twirlers in the country, has this advice to give to his young followers regarding curves:

"Curve pitching cannot be taught by book or other directions. It must be learned by actual practice and experience. The principles of making a ball curve, however, may be explained. Let the young aspirant grasp the ball firmly in his hand, giving the pressure with his forefinger and middle finger. The other two fingers should be drawn in toward the palm. Next let him snap the ball



THE CURVE.

first out of one side of the hand and the next out of the other side. He will soon learn the effect these movements have on the ball. Then he must practice faithfully to so control it as to make the curves useful.

"Strange as it may seem, it is much more difficult for the beginner to throw or pitch a straight ball than one that describes an arc in its course. This is so because of the natural tendency of the player to throw the ball out of the side of his hand.

"To pitch a straight ball it is necessary that the two fingers which grasp the ball should be straight up and down, with their back in front of the player as he throws.

"Beyond these few hints it is almost impossible to give any intelligible instructions. It will depend almost entirely on the young player's ability, inclination and perseverance how much of a success he will make at curve pitching. He cannot have too much practice. But he should take care not to over-exert himself. It is not necessary to exert all his force. He can practice curves without putting his greatest speed into the ball."

If the boys will try Mr. Clarkson's suggestions they will find how true they are. As in everything else, a beginning must be made in pitching. And the present is a good time to begin.

—Read carefully what is said in next week's issue of this paper by J. C. Shipley, of Muscatine, Iowa, about Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. If you are a sufferer it may be of interest to you.

BUYING WOMEN.

How the Chinese in Australia Obtain Wives.

A Chinaman living in Australia, when anxious to have a wife of his own nation, sends a letter to an agent in Hong Kong, written in some such terms as these: "I want a wife. She must be maiden under 20 years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the scents of the magnificent odorous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of Ka-la-Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the ever-flowing Yang-tse-Kiang."

The price of a Chinese woman, delivered in Sydney, is £38, but two Chinese women only cost £52; therefore the Chinese import the women in couples. The importer never sees his women before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best looking one. The other is shown around to a number of well to do Chinese, and after they have inspected her she is submitted to what may be called public auction.

The writer happened to be present at one of these sales. A young girl, aged about 10, was offered, and, after some spirited bidding, purchased by a wealthy Chinese shopkeeper, whose place of business is one of the leading towns of New South Wales, for £120. The melancholy aspect of the girl as she went away in company of the man who purchased her was deplorable in the extreme.—[Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

Beds That Need to be Looked At.

Beware of the beds! There is a sanitary enthusiast at Huddersfield who is warning the world of the frightful consequences of neglecting this maxim. It has been estimated, he says, that 20,000,000 beds are in use in this country, of which 10,000,000 have not been opened for ten years and have during that time remained wholly unpurified. As this apostle of "bedroom sanitation" puts it, "all sorts and conditions of people have used them." Sometimes they have been beds of sickness; deathbeds a vast number of them have been, some many times. But, as he mournfully observes, "as soon as vacated they are again ready to do their insidious work." Seriously, the common neglect of the duty of opening and cleansing beds can hardly fail to be productive of disease. We might do worse in this regard than follow the practice on the continent, where the bed cleaner, with his two sticks for beating the contents of beds and mattresses, after exposing them to sun and air, is a regular spring visitor in all well-regulated households.—[London Daily News.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

PRODUCTION.

Suggestive Figures From the American Iron and Steel Association Giving the Amount of Pig Iron Produced.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 22.—The bulletin of the American Iron and Steel association contains the exact figures of the production of pig iron in the United States in the first half of 1891. The total production of pig iron in the United States in the first half of 1891 was 3,371,-925 gross tons, against 4,560,513 gross tons in the first half of 1890, a decrease of 1,188,588 gross tons or 26 per cent. Our production of pig iron in the two halves of 1890 did not greatly vary, so that it is not necessary to make a comparison with the last half of that year.

The decline in our production of pig iron in the first six months of 1891 affected the pig iron producing states very unequally. Some states actually increased their production in the first half of 1891 as compared with the first half of 1890. The states which increased their production were Massachusetts, Connecticut, Georgia, Texas, Michigan and Colorado. Four of these states produce only charcoal pig iron. The production of Pennsylvania was reduced 636,304 net tons; Ohio, 237,568 tons; Illinois, 149,819 tons; Alabama, 94,330 tons; Missouri, 46,634 tons; New York, 44,611 tons; West Virginia, 42,662 tons, Wisconsin, 81,486 tons; Virginia, 25,144 tons; Maryland, 22,640 tons; New Jersey, 20,504 tons; Kentucky, 6,767 tons; Indiana, 3,-988 tons; Oregon, 652 tons, and North Carolina, 398 tons.

Tennessee came very near maintaining her record for the first half of last year, producing in the first half of 1891 within 1,943 net tons of her production in the first half of 1890.

The production of pig iron in the nine Southern states in the first half of 1891, as compared with the first half of 1890, shows a falling off amounting to 17.5 per cent.

On June 30, 1891, there were 295 furnaces in blast in the whole country, against 311 in blast on December 31, 1890. On June 30, 1890, there were 339 furnaces in blast or 44 more than on June 30, last.

The figures showing our production of pig iron in the first half of 1891 indicate a far greater reaction in this leading branch of our iron and steel industries than has ever before occurred. Even the reaction following the panic of 1873 was relatively not any where near so severe as that which has just taken place. In the same year in which that panic occurred, our production of pig iron reached its maximum of 2,560,963 gross tons. From that year until the close of 1876 there was a gradual decline in production to 1,868,961 gross tons in the last named year, or 27 per cent for the whole period from 1873. Now we reduce our production 26 per cent in six months.

The bulletin also contains the statistics of the production of bessemer steel ingots and bessemer steel rails in the United States in the first half of 1891. These statistics, as was to be expected, show a great decrease in the production of both ingots and rails in the first half of this year as compared with either half of 1890. In the first half of 1890 the total in net tones was 2,041,289, and first half of 1891, 1,599,096.

The shrinkage in the production of bessemer steel ingots in the first half of 1891 as compared with the first half of 1890 was over over 21 per cent, while the shrinkage in the production of bessemer steel rails in the same period was nearly 44 per cent. These are very great shrinkage. The wide gap between them, however, again illustrates the growing popularity of bessemer steel in the production of articles other than rails. Our production of bessemer steel rails in the first half of 1891 was the smallest half-year the production that has taken place since the first half of 1885. It was even smaller than in the second half of that particularly dull year. The reduction in the ignot production in the first half of 1891 as compared with the first half of 1890 was wholly due to the decreased demand for rails.

A SENSATIONAL TRIAL AT ERIE.

Rev. H. E. Sutherland on the Rack in the United States Court.

ERIE, Pa., July 22.—The principal business of the United States district yesterday was the trial of Rev. H. E. Sutherland, of Hazelton, who was indicted for sending obscene literature through the mail. A large number of gentlemen in the clerical garb are here to swear against the defendant. The evidence thus far has proved that Rev. H. E. Sutherland, who is a man of 55, established and built a church in Hazelton, and placed himself under the M. E. Conference. Mr. Sutherland being engaged in secular pursuits, general merchandizing, has accumulated a property valued at $50,000 and is something of an autocrat. The presiding elder of the district, the Rev. John Donhue, incurred the displeasure of the autocrat and was obliged in self-defense to denounce Sutherland from the pulpit.

The presiding elder was then held up to public ridicule and charged in printed circulars with being a Hyde and Jekyl fellow guilty of all sorts of immoralities. A detective printer secured the manuscript and type which fixes the crime at Sutherland's door. The town of Hazelton is in a state of social warfare over the preacher fight. Detectives swear that Sutherland offered each of them $5,000 if they would quit the case. Sutherland is a saintly looking individual and pleads persecution.

WILL COMMENCE TO MAKE DIMES.

Dimes Savings Banks Start Uncle Sam's Mints to Going.

NEW ORLEANS, July 21.—The New Orleans mint began coining dimes today for the first time since 1885, and will turn out 100,000 dimes a day. It is said that this order is due to the recently introduced dime pocket savings banks which have locked up so many of those coins that ought to be in circulation as to render them scarce and insufficient for business purposes. The coinage of dimes at the mint will require it to reduce the output of standard dollars, and has also caused an increase in the force of men employed, as the work is much heavier.

BISHOP BOLTS CAMPBELL.

He Will Not Support the Platform Straddler for Governor.

CINCINNATI, July 22.—Ex-Governor Bishop has bolted Campbell. His son authorizes the statement that under no circumstances will his father support the Democratic gubernatorial nominee. The venerable ex-governor does not believe that Campbell is a representative Democrat, and thinks the best interests of the party will be saved by defeating the Hamilton statesman. Governor Bishop's defection will have great influence in this county.

He Was Hendricks' Nephew.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 25.—The police superintendent was notified yesterday by the Chicago chief of detectives that Tom Litzenberg had been shot down while attempting a burglary, and that he had escaped and was making his way to this city. The news was a great shock to Indianapolis. Litzenberg is the nephew of the late Vice President Hendricks, and for years was prominent in local, social and political circles.

He was cashier of the First national bank for years, and the nominee of the Democracy at one time for county auditor. Under the Cleveland regime he was appointed to a lucrative position in the Chicago postoffice, but he turned up defaulter for $5,000, which, it is understood, was made good by Mr. Hendricks. He was then disinherited, having drifted downward until it was useless to hope for reformation.

Death of ex-Governor Walker.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., July 22.—Ex-Gov. David S. Walker died at his residence, late Monday night, aged 76 years. Gov. Walker was born in Logan county, Kentucky, coming to Florida about fifty years ago. He was the first state senator from Leon and Wakulla counties, after Florida became a state. At the time of his death he was judge of the second judicial circuit court. The funeral was held yesterday.

SALTON LAKE.

Major Powell, of the Geological Survey, Says There is no Immediate Danger of the Basin Filling Up.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Major John W. Powell, director of the United States Geological survey, was in New York yesterday and gave a reporter some interesting facts about the new lake which has recently been growing in the Colorado valley just above the Gulf of California.

The cause of the inundation—namely, the overflowing of the Colorado river through a newly made mouth, had been correctly stated, he said, some time ago, and while this had cleared away all the sensational stories of a subterranean channel and stripped the phenomenon of all its mysterious elements, still there were many facts which were of interest in connection with the occurrence because what had happened in this case might happen at the mouth of any river which had a delta.

MAP OF THE LAKE.

"The traditions of the Indians are by no means the only evidence that this Coahuila valley has been filled, wholly or partially, before," he said. "Since the Delta was formed and that portion of the Gulf of California was cut off and left to evaporate under the terrific heat of the sun the Colorado has been playing pranks of this sort on several occasions. Along the hills which form the sides of the Coahuila valley there are shore marks which indicate that at different times the basin has been flooded to different heights, and then, when the river cut back through its old channel evaporation has again changed the lake to a parched desert. Along these shore lines shells have been found which confirm this theory. The action of the Colorado in cutting new mouths for itself and then stopping them up is comparatively rapid, because of the quantity of silt which the stream carries. It is not unlikely that the supposed traditions of the Indians are facts within the memory of some of the older ones of the scattering bands that live on the hillsides along the Coahuila valley, for indications are that the valley has been inundated within fifty years, and certainly it has at least once or twice since this continent was discovered.

"There is no immediate danger of the basin being filled, because it requires a large volume of water to fill it to the river level, and the evaporation is something wonderful. At the present time, according to reports, only a fraction of the water in the Colorado is flowing from this new outlet. It is possible that the channel may be enlarged as the stream flows through it, so that all the water in the river will pour into the basin. Even if that were to happen the evaporation is great enough to take up fully one-half of the Colorado as it spreads over the basin, as it would probably require from two to three years for the balance to fill the hole up to level. At times, when essentially the same thing has happened, a flood in the main body of the river has washed away the deposits of the mouth and the river has emptied itself from its natural mouth again, leaving the basin half filled. At such times as the river filled the basin to its level the flow to the Gulf of California has been through a channel which begins at the lower end of the basin and makes a short cut directly south to the salt water. This is called Hardy's Colorado, and it is usually simply a dry channel or ditch. It may have been formed under circumstances similar to those existing at present. It is large enough to accommodate the entire volume of the Colorado after the evaporation which is sure to take place while the water is spread over the basin.

"Some idea of the terrible heat may be had from the evaporation which takes place. If the basin was filled to the river level the lake would present a surface of about 1,600 square miles. This would be lowered at the rate of six feet a year by evaporation. The salt which is now being mined at Salton was deposited in the valley by the previous evaporations. The original salt deposit from the water, which was a part of the Gulf of California, is not responsible for all that is found there. The waters of the Colorado are saline, for the river flows through beds of rock salt at places many miles up from its mouth, and the successive deposits from the waters of this river as they have flooded the valley and then dried up have added largely to the original deposit."

SAT DOWN UPON.

Judge McKay, the Farmers' Alliance Jurist, Rebuked by the Supreme Court of Kansas.

TOPEKA, KAN., July 25.—Judge McKay of the fourteenth judicial district, of this state, has met the Supreme Court of Kansas, and left town under the impression that the latter court is bigger than he and the Alliance combined. The opinion of the Supreme bench was delivered by Chief Justice Horton, and was in effect that the receiver appointed by the Supreme court to take charge of the Honeywell farm in Harper county, and whom Judge McKay ousted, be put back with all the rules of the petition, and that the Harper county Probate court, the District court, and everybody else in that section should stand out of the way.

This is not all. The presiding Justice of the Supreme court of Kansas gave Judge McKay and County Attorney Bradley and the guardian, Hooker, to understand that the highest court in the state had not any too much confidence in them. The proceedings for contempt are continued, not dismissed. Chief Justice Horton told them that proceedings would be continued until the first day of the next term of the Supreme court, September 1, and if at that time it appeared that they had respected the orders of the highest court in Kansas the charges might be expunged from the records. Otherwise somebody would suffer and suffer severely. Further, a personal pledge was exacted from McKay, Bradley and Hooker, for each one was desired to stand up in the presence of a crowded court room and before the Supreme bench and make his speech of apology.

Thus falls another Alliance windbag. They had their councils here Thursday, and went to the court-room with money to pay the fines and thus secure political martyrdom for McKay, but the Supreme court refused to make martyrs out of McKay and his crowd, and they left town to-night without any brass band or torchlight procession. Horton has loomed up as a possible successor to Plumb for the nerve he exhibited in these proceedings.

A $2,000,000 Fire.

ST. LOUIS, July 25.—A brief dispatch rom Dallas, Texas, says: A fire broke out in J. B. Cowan & Co.'s big liquor house on Commerce street, shortly after midnight, and spread rapidly to the Benbrook School Furniture company's place, the Brewers' Storage company's warehouse and Wofe & Co.'s cotton gin. Five hundred bales of cotton in the gin belonging to Sauger Bros. was destroyed. Rough estimate of the loss places it at $2,000,000.

Death of Ex-Gov. Dillingham.

WATERBURY, Vt., July 27.—Ex-Gov. Paul Dillingham died this morning. He would have been 92 years old in August. He was a member of Congress in 1844, and governor of Vermont in 1865 and 1867.

TO MAKE TIN.

Decision by Superintendent of Immigration Owen as to the Importation of Tin Plate Workers.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—A Stamping company of St. Louis recently wrote to the Treasury department in regard to the importation of skilled labor for their tin plate mills, and inquired if they must go through any particular form to secure the importation of laborers for such work. In reply Mr. Owen, superintendent of Immigration, said:

"The contract labor law was enacted to protect the wage earners of this country. They were suffering from the incursions of laborers who had flocked into contract labor and were imported here to do work at a rate cheaper than was paid to American workmen. Such immigrants came with surety of employment and displaced citizens who must go idle or accept the hire set by the new comers. These imported contract laborers, from the Dagos on the railroad to the glassblowers of Pennsylvania, came at a reduced wage and lowered the entire American scale of wages. The new immigration law recognized the value of the existing contract labor law, and made certain valuable amendments to it. This department will labor earnestly to enforce that law. Congress did not intend by this enactment to forbid new industries, nor to limit enterprise to American skill, but expressly made provision for the encouragement of new industries and the importation of new skill.

"The law plainly intends that skilled labor may be imported into the United States to do do work in an industry not yet established, provided skilled workmen in that industry cannot be found among our own people. The discussion in connection with recent legislation disclosed the fact that the manufacture of tin plate is not an established industry in the United States, and that we have but few laborers skilled in its manufacture. Skilled tin plate workers may therefore be imported into the United States at this time under contracts made abroad to follow that employment. When the present conditions change and the tin plate industry becomes established, or when there shall be found a sufficient number of skilled tin plate workers to carry on its manufacture with a reasonable degree of business facility, then the importation of such workmen will be in violation of the contract labor law."

A GIGANTIC SCHEME.

Movement of the Farmers' Alliance to Corner the Wheat Crop of the United States.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 23.—St. Paul has been made the headquarters of a national movement by the united Farmers' Alliances of the country to corner the entire wheat crop of the United States. At No. 317 Wabash street for several days a large force of employes has been engaged in sending out circulars with the view of having, not only the Alliance men of the United States, but all classes of farmers, keep back their wheat crop until the bears have all been killed off and prices have been advanced to a high point.

In other words, the Alliance press bureau, the reform press bureau and state press bureau are working together, endeavoring to unite the farmers of the United States in a gigantic wheat trust, in which the producers shall be the stockholders, and by which the speculators and wheat buyers will be squeezed to the wall.

At the head of the movement, which has its headquarters in St. Paul, is George M. Muller, editor of the *State* and a prominent Alliance man. A circular reciting the benefits of combination, and urging the formation of the "trust" have been made public. The circular estimates the wheat crop of '91 in the United States at 500,000,000 bushels. The promotors of the farmers' wheat trust believe that four-fifths of this wheat can be held back by the farmers for from four to eight weeks, by which it is thought the prices will have gone skyward.

Lists bearing the names of every Alliance in the United States are now in the hands of Mr. Muller, and the circulars have been sent to the Alliances of all the Eastern wheat growing states, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, California, Oregon, and to part of the remaining wheat-growing states.

WANTS HIS MONEY.

A California Lobbyist Sues Members of the Legislature for Servicesin Fixing Things.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—The trial of the suit of George W. Faylor against 24 state senators, members of the late California legislature, to recover $6,000 alleged to be due him from the defendants collectively, for services as lobbyist, was continued yesterday.

Faylor in testifying, said that after the combine had been formed by certain members of the state senate to obtain money from corporations, senators Welch, Broderick and Maher were appointed as a finance committee. Burns was to act as financial agent of the combine, but in a subsequent quarrel, refused to act with them, and Richard Chute was appointed to collect money from corporations for the combine to prevent adverse legislation. Faylor then related a number of alleged conversations with Senator Williams, which took place after the adjournment of the legislature, and said Williams told him he had received money from Chute and Burns for himself, and other senators for their action on certain measures in sums ranging from $500 to $1,000. Witness saw Burns, who admitted the combine owed witness for his services, and that $6,000 was a fair compensation. Burns gave him $50, and the 24 members of the combine were to give him $250 each, but failed to do so.

Colonel Crocker, vice president of the Southern Pacific company, was called as a witness, and in response to questions testified that he had never been approached by the agent of the combine with reference to the payment of money, and to his knowledge no money whatever had been paid.

Attacked with Hydrophobia.

COLUMBUS, July 22.—One year ago Con Sullivan, a young Irishman, was bitten by a dog in his native country. He experienced no serious results from the wound, and soon afterwards came to America. He has been employed by the Big Four railroad here for some time. To-day he was attacked with hydrophobia. He barks, bites and growls as though he were a dog. He is now chained to a bed at the police station where seven doctors are making fruitless efforts to relieve his suffering.

After Uncle Jerry.

VIROQUA, Wis., July 24.—An officer was sent here by the attorney general to serve papers on Secretary Rusk, yesterday, for his examination in the suits brought by the Democratic state administration to recover money alleged to have been received by ex-state treasurers as interest on state deposits. It is claimed that during Governor Rusk's administration, $30,000 was left on deposit in a Viroqua bank, and he is to be examined as to this, the testimony to be used in the suit of the State against ex-State Treasurer McFetridge.

Lobster Factories Riddled.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 27.—A telegram from Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, says: "The commander of H. M. S. Pelican has well riddled the lobster factories here, and compelled them to cease operations. The unfortunate people are now left in a state of poverty, being in debt and without means. The French factories, quite a number of which were established this year, are not interfered with."

Engagement of Mary Lincoln.

LONDON, July 25.—The engagement of Miss Mary Lincoln, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, United States minister to Great Britain, to Mr. Charles Isham, of New York, is announced. The wedding will be solemnized in this city during the coming autumn. The prospective bridegroom was formerly private secretary to Mr. Lincoln. The announcement is favorably regarded by the American colony in London.

LONDON, July 22.—Rich petroleum deposits have been discovered on the island of Zante, Greece.

GRAY'S ASPIRATIONS.

The Indiana Flopper Making a Red Hot Fight For Cotemporary Nomination With David B. Hill in 1892.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 24.—There is something more than mere likelihood of the nomination of ex-Gov. Isaac P. Gray as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year. Gray is a remarkable example of the kind of a man that can attain extraordinary success in the Democratic party. He has ability of a certain kind, but it is chiefly of the order of low cunning. He is, in all things, characteristically foxy. He is shrewd in politics, but he has little knowledge of anything else. With the possible exception of "Blue Jeans" Williams, Indiana was never embarrassed by having a more illiterate man at the head of the state government, but he has managed by hook and crook to work his way to the front in politics. Fifteen years ago he was a Republican. He found there was no higher place for him in that party than a seat in the state senate and, though he bitterly denounced Democrats as everything detestable, he flopped over into the

EX-GOV. ISAAC P. GRAY.

Democratic ranks without excuse or plea of justification. He had hardly become identified as a Democratic recruit before he became a Democratic candidate and returned again to the state senate. His ambition brought him to the front before the close of his term as a successful seeker of the small honor of president pro tem of the senate. By luck he succeeded to the lieutenant governorship, and, again by luck, became governor of the state for six weeks as the successor of "Blue Jeans" Williams, who died during his term.

Mr. Gray has been a candidate for something ever since, and in 1888 worked hard for the nomination for Vice President on the ticket with Cleveland. He has worked for the same place in '92 until a few months ago James H. Rice, a shrewd Indiana politician, gave him a hint that candidates for Vice President never succeed, and that the best way to get the Vice Presidency was to go into the fight for the first place. Since then he has been a Presidential candidate. The late Senator McDonald characterized him, four years ago, as "the Oliver Twist of the Democratic party." McDonald was bitterly opposed to him, and had he lived would have fought him openly to the last. While on his deathbed he was asked if it was true, as had been reported, that he had ceased to oppose the political aspirations of Gray. He replied with much emphasis that it was not. When the old statesman passed away the greatest obstacle in Gray's path was removed.

Along with this clearing of the way for Gray have come other things to favor his political advancement. Last winter he put a quietus on the probable opposition from Voorhees by getting the Democratic majority in the Legislature under his control so as to make it necessary for Voorhees to make terms with him in order to secure his own re-election as Senator, the stipulated agreement being that Voorhees should not himself become a candidate before the National Democratic convention, and that he should work to advance the interests of Gray as an aspirant for Vice President. As long ago as the fall of 1888 he had an understanding with Governor Hill, of New York, that be and the governor should favor each other in their political aspirations, and this now seems likely to work more largely to Gray's advantage than to Hill's.

Another thing of which Gray is quietly making the most is Cleveland's political indiscretion in alienating the majority of Western Democrats from his following by his utterances on the silver question, and as it becomes more and more evident that Cleveland cannot be made the nominee of the National Democratic convention, it correspondingly becomes more and more likely that the nominee will be the obscure, the inoffensive, the ambitious nonentity, Isaac Pusey Gray, of Indiana. He thinks he can make the Democratic party of the country believe he can carry Indiana; that the Hill faction in New York will support him where they would oppose Cleveland, and that having no record, and having said nothing to displease any member of his party he is the sort of a man that can win. Where his aspirations were once regarded lightly they are now viewed in Indiana seriously—it might be said gravely.

BLAINE'S HEALTH.

The Opinion of the People is Gaining That He Will Not Accept a Renomination for the Presidency.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—By reason of certain widespread and rather curious publications of the past few days the health of Secretary Blaine is again the subject of gossip in official circles. The publication of an alleged diagnosis of his case, which shows him to be "in the second stage of Bright's disease and entering the third," while it has a specious array of technical terms, is known here to be a pure "fake," the work of a more or less smart and unscrupulous Washington correspondent of a notorious Democratic newspaper. Whoever did it, it is denounced here as a bit of about as low down journalism as has been invented in this city in many years.

A number of reputable correspondents of both Democratic and Republican papers have recently visited Bar Harbor, enjoined by the management of their papers to give nothing but the truth. Regardless of party sympathy they unite in saying that it is plainly evident the secretary is terribly debilitated, and that the probabilities are, in spite of an apparent improvement, he will never return to his post to perform the active duties of a cabinet minister.

The statement that there is any conspiracy on the part of the friends of President Harrison to exaggerate Mr. Blaine's case, or to spread the conviction of his serious illness, is, in this city, viewed as wholly ridiculous. The admission of Mr. Blaine's serious condition has emanated from scores of intimate friends of the secretary, who would like to see Harrison defeated in his race for the nomination, either by Secretary Blaine or any other man.

PURSUED BY BALMACEDA'S TROOPS

Terrible Experience of Congressionalists in the Santiago Mountains.

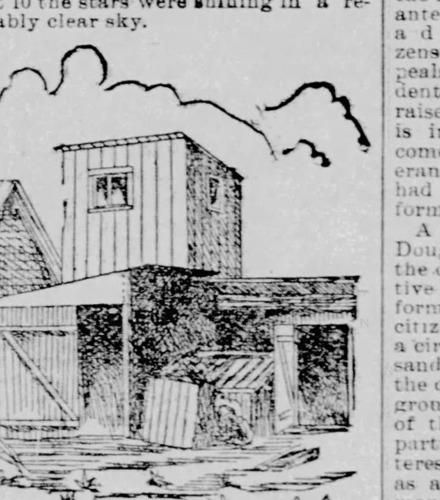
SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—A letter from Santiago gives thrilling details of the escape of a party of prominent Congressionalists from that city to Iquique. The leaders were Senors Lastorria and Bulness. They learned that Balmaceda would arrest them for suspected treachery, and they left Santiago secretly by night, determined to make their way across the mountains and then go to Iquique. They were then overtaken by a great snow storm and sought safety in a cave near by. Lastorria was suddenly taken ill, and besought his friends to leave him behind. In his delirium he declared he saw his only brother dying in the city of Conception. He was taken into the middle of the group, and all stood on their feet in a bunch, like animals, to keep from freezing.

Whisky was served liberally, but in a few moments Lastorria's legs gave way, and it was found he had died standing without a word or sign. The storm continued, and a guide was sent for food. He returned with a warning that Balmaceda's troops were on their track. He led the party to a mine near by. They reached the place just in time, for their pursuers were in sight. The miners were all armed and refused to surrender the fugitives, who finally reached Mendosa. They passed a man and woman and two children, also fugitives from Santiago, who were frozen to death as they were walking. They learned at Mendoza that Lastorria's brother actually died at the hour when he had the vision on the crest of the Cordilleras. Lastorria was formerly a Senator and Cabinet Minister.

FRANK MELBOURNE.

He Claims That His Rain Machine is Going to Revolutionize the World—But Has Not Yet Done It.

CANTON, O., July 25.—(Special.)—Frank Melbourne, the rain wizard, is still in this city conducting his experiments. The last test was on June 19, when, according to a promise given to a number of newspaper men, this modern Jupiter Pluvius, was to draw rain. He began working his mysterious machine on Friday. Either he miscalculated, or a rain came through other agencies, for on Saturday there was a heavy rain fall. Then at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the clouds rolled away, and at 10 the stars were shining in a remarkably clear sky.



WHERE THE MACHINE IS KEPT.

Melbourne's little laboratory on Franklin street, a picture of which is given herewith, is the objective point of hundreds of the curious people of Canton and surrounding towns. Here he labors in solitude, and the doors of the sentry-box workshop has never opened to profane feet.

Just what is inside no one knows. A party of newspaper men who, on Saturday night, attempted to ferret out the mystery, were compelled to go away ignorant, for strong bolts and double walls defied entrance. When one calls upon Melbourne while he is engaged in drawing a rain, he will stick his head out of a window and answer simple questions but no one is invited inside. These hot days the rays of the sun beat down furiously upon the little shanty, and it is a veritable sweating box in which this peculiar man labors so diligently.

Mr. Melbourne is living in expectation that the United States government will investigate his invention, and is in correspondence with the department of Agriculture. He insists that he has a method which will stand testing. As to its workings the wizard will divulge no more than the statement that he operates with chemicals. He has been interviewed by newspapers the country over; has received propositions from various parts of the country; but to all he gives the same answer, that until he has secured a patent he will keep his invention a matter of secrecy. Mr. Melbourne may possibly return to Australia, where he spent the best years of his life, and where, he says, his invention was accepted by the people as a valuable one.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Many Applications for Space Coming in All the Time—Chili is to Have a Very Fine Exhibit.

CHICAGO, July 27.—Men are tossing the sands of Jackson park into hills and dales and rolling mounds for the fair. The great desert, where the sand is ankle deep, swarms with an army, and rings with the screech of saws, the thump of hammers and all the sounds that tell of progress in the mighty work Chicago has undertaken. Beams bristle the desert and long joists are being hoisted upon them for the foundations of the buildings. Up at the north end of the park the white pine beams enter the ground everywhere, and in a fortnight the women's building will begin to rear its outlines above them. The foundation piers for this exquisite structure, which is to stretch itself along 400 feet, are all finished, and men are now laying the stringers for the flooring. Just now the great parallelogram of 80,000 square feet looks like a series of low and heavy hurdles, but these will be covered by another week with a smooth floor, and then the walls will begin to rains themselves up into the air. This building was one of the first begun, and it will be the soonest done; this is a compliment to the women of America and the women of the world. Its ornamentations will be in keeping with this compliment, for they will be splendid in detail but delicate and refined throughout.

Members of the Illinois board held a special meeting last week and finally approved the plans for their state building. The board also definitely decided upon W. W. Boyington as its architect. Mr. Boyington will receive $11,500 for the preparation of the plans and for the superintendence of the building during its construction. He will be allowed until early in October to finish his designs and get bids on the building. The board will hold another meeting early in August to hear the reports of different committees and fix the salaries of officers.

Patrick Egan, minister to Chili, informs the State department that the government has appropriated a minimum sum of $100,000 in gold for exposition purposes. The government military band and a company of soldiers will be sent to Chicago during the exposition.

Secretary of the Treasury Foster has appointed M. E. Bell, of Chicago, to be superintendent of the government building. Under instructions from the Treasury department Mr. Bell will receive bids for erecting the building until August 17.

Chief Skiff is receiving numerous applications for space in the mines and mining building. The Cape Town government, of South Africa, wants to show a magnificent collection of diamonds, and A. E. Foote, the Philadelphia mineralogist, will arrive next week to confer with Mr. Skiff about an exhibition of garnets which he is collecting in the Silurian fields of the Arkansas river.

TERRIBLE CRIME OF A NEGRO.

He Attempts to Butcher a Whole Family With a Scythe.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 27.—Near Paris, Ky., yesterday morning a tramp attacked a farmer's family and attempted to murder all of them. The farmer and his wife were killed and one son fatally and another son dangerously wounded. The murderer was only beaten off by neighbors coming up, one of whom received a fatal shot.

Five miles from Paris lived Nathan S. Conway, 61 years of age; his wife, about the same age; their sons, Charley and William, 33 and 28 respectively, William's wife, and three children and two nieces, Miss Florence and Lucy Leager. As they were sitting on the veranda this morning a negro named Craig, who had no fixed home, came up and asked for a drink of water. It was given him. He thereupon lifted a rusty scythe blade and asked if it was not a good knife. Charley Conway nodded assent, and the negro throwing the cup of water, struck him with the knife, splitting his skull.

The rest of the family ran into the house. Craig continued to hack the young man till he thought him dead. He then attacked the father, who had returned, and killed him. Then the mother coming up had her head split open and instantly died. After the negro had insanely hacked her body in a dozen places, he attacked William Conway, cutting him in the head and on the body as he ran. He had just struck Conway to the ground when G. W. Barley, another neighbor, attracted by the screams, came up and shot Craig twice with buckshot. This seemed to have no effect, but other neighbors had come up and a young man shot Craig with a pistol. Craig ran, and falling beside a hay stack, died in a few minutes from the effects of the buckshot wounds. The pistol ball had glanced around his head.

Henry M. Stanley Injured.

GENEVA, July 25.—Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, has met with a serious accident. According to information received here from Muerren, where Mr. Stanley is staying with his wife, the explorer has fractured his left lower thigh bone by accidentally slipping.

WASHINGTON WANTS IT.

An Elaborate Invitation to Be Presented at Detroit in August in Behalf of the National Convention.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Everybody in Washington now believes that the next National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in this city. The citizens for the last month or more have been making extraordinary exertions, and the committee having the matter in charge is now satisfied that the arguments they will present at the coming encampment at Detroit will be sufficiently strong to induce a practically unanimous vote in favor of coming to the National Capital next year. A guarantee fund of over $50,000 has been raised, and from the responses made by the citizens and business men through the appeals of the Finance committee it is evident that at least double that sum can be raised if it shall be found necessary. It is intended, if the encampment shall come here next year, to give the veterans a reception such as they have never had since the Grand Army has been formed.

A committee, consisting of Hon. J. W. Douglass, one of the commissioners of the district, and a number of representative business men, will go to Detroit to formally present the invitation of the citizens of the national capital. Already a circular has been prepared and thousands have been sent out to members of the order in various states to lay the ground for their favorable consideration of the claims of Washington. The department of the Potomac is as fully interested in having the encampment here as are the citizens, for they know how many historic associations cluster about this city. Within easy reach of Washington are nearly all the celebrated battlefields of the war, and excursions to those historic spots will be a feature of the entertainment of the visitors. Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Anteitem, Cold Harbor and the battlefields of the Wilderness, Gettysburg and Chancellorsville are among the most severe engagements of the long struggle to preserve the government and vindicate the majesty of the law. Appomattox, where Gen. Lee surrendered and which was the death-knell to the confederacy, would probably also be visited.

The Invitation committee have prepared a handsome souvenir which will be presented to the commander-in chief of the Grand Army at Detroit as a formal invitation to hold the encampment here.

The invitation consists of a sterling silver plate 10 inches high by 14½ inches long. The shape of the plate is generally square but the outline is broken into graceful curves. Some of these curves leaving the border, round into the plate, forming panels for the various vignettes that are etched into the silver and oxidized. The Capitol in perspective occupies the top central panels with the Washington monument looming up in the distance. In a sunburst radiating from the dome of the Capitol is the legend: "Washington to the G. A. R. greeting." The center panel, oval in form, contains the invitation in bold script as follows:

The citizens of Washington cordially invite the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic to hold their Encampment for 1892 at the National Capital, assuring them of a hearty welcome and attractive entertainment in a city rich with historic memories of the war. Through the Commissioners of the District of Columbia they tender you the freedom of the city, the key of which accompanies this invitation.

At the left of this panel is a large figure of a "boy in blue" of 1861 patrolling his beat on the banks of the Potomac. On the opposite shore the hillside is dotted with white tents. Balancing this figure on the right is another figure of the same "boy in blue" in 1892 in the uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, the armless sleeve telling the story of sacrifice made for his country, and the gray beard showing the lapse of years since he made his first encampment. In the lower left hand corner are a shield, a stack of arms, a mortar and other implements of war; and on the right the badge of the Grand Army lying on two volumes—one the history, the other the roll of honor of those who fought in the great strife. An artistic group is formed in the lower centre of the plate by a wreath of laurel and oak surrounding the names of the principal battles of the war, the bronze statues of Gen. Thomas and Admiral Farragut on the sides representing the army and navy. The upper corner panels are filled with vignettes of Mount Vernon and Arlington.

THE COFFEE HARVEST FOR 1891.

It Will Reach 700,000 Quintals and is Valued at $16,000,000.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The bereau of American republics has received information from Gautemala that the coffee harvest for 1891 will reach 700,000 quintals, representing $16,000,000. In ten years the production has more than doubled and the price realized has more than quadrupled. The European markets, however, will be largely supplied from the Brazilian harvest, which is 9,000,000 bags this year. The harvest was 4,200,-000 bags a year ago.

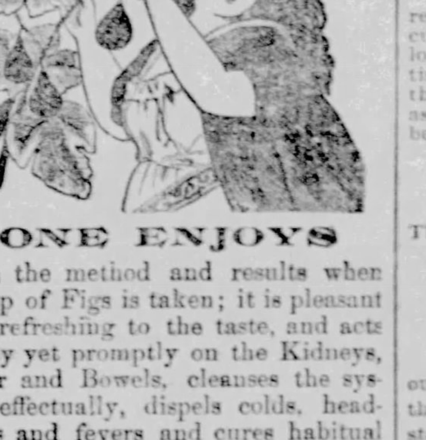
Advices received by the bureau state that a specific duty of 11 cents a kilogramme has been imposed on all lard imported into the republic of Peru. It has been decreed that all packages shipped, discharged or re-embarked at ports of the republic shall be marked with the gross weight. Cases, barrels and crates must also be marked with the measurement of three three dimensions according to the metric system, and fines are imposed for non-compliance with this law.

Mineral Entries at Fort Maginnis.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Commissioner Carter, of the general land office has directed the register and receiver of public lands at Lewiston, Mont., to receive mineral applications and allow mineral entries in the abandoned Fort Maginnis military reservation, Montana, under the same conditions as when they are made for other public lands. The same rule will apply to the Fort McDermott military reservation in Nevada.

Can Enter Free of Duty.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Instructions have been sent to the customs officers on the northern frontier to pass free of duty the canoes and necessary outfits of Canadian canoeists who may visit this country for the purpose of attending the meet of the American canoe association, to be held on Lake Champlain during the month of August. The visitors will, however, be required to make the usual oath in regard to their effects, but will not be required to give bond for the return of their canoes.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Endorsement by men and women of the character and standing of those who recommend ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS is unquestionable proof of merit.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes:

"40 ORANGE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1890.
"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for some years for myself and family, and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.
"The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction."

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse writes:

"BEDFORD PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, December 10, 1888.
"I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family and amongst those to whom I have recommended them. I find them a very breastplate against colds and coughs."

Russell Sage, the well-known financier, writes:

"506 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, December 20, 1890.
"For the last twenty years I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains in my side and back. Whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me.
"My family are never without them."

Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph.D., F.C.S., late Government chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

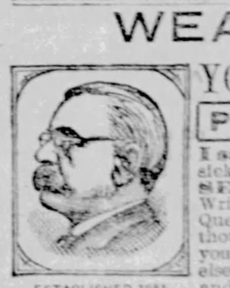
Marion Harland, on page 103 of her popular work, "Common Sense for Maid, Wife, and Mother," says:

"For the aching back ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of the uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight."

W. J. Arkell, publisher of *Judge* and *Frank Leslies' Illustrated Newspaper*, writes:

"JUDGE BUILDING, Cor. FIFTH AVE. and SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, January 14, 1891.
"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and in a short time obtained relief.
"In my opinion, these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."

WEAK, NERVOUS MEN.



YOU who have been humbugged by the "Electric Belts," "Fellow Sufferer," "Bolus," "Crayon," "Troches," "Vacuum," "Free Cure Quacks," and who have found yourself growing older and worse; YOU who have given up in despair, saying "I am doomed, there is no hope for me;" to you I say, who are sinking into an early grave, or drifting upon a shoreless sea of sickness and misfortune, PERFECT MANHOOD RESTORED. Rouse UP, and SAVE YOURSELF! There is Hope! There is a Cure! Write me a full history of your case, and send for Question Lists. My resources are boundless, my skill is great. I have cured thousands. Forty years' experience is valuable. If you need treatment write me before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation personally or by mail, free and sacred. Medicines sent everywhere, no matter where you are. A friendly letter may aid and direct you to Health. Address

ESTABLISHED 1851.

F. D. CLARKE, 186 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

They Don't Care For Campbell, But Want the Precedence of Victory to Encourage Them in 1892.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—The Democratic National committee at Washington is going to make the most strenuous efforts to carry Ohio and elect Campbell. The members of that committee do not particularly like Campbell, but they hate McKinley. The Democratic platform announces free trade and free coinage and those are the two hobbies of the party. Of course, the friends of Mr. Cleveland don't favor free coinage, but they believe that if they can win in Ohio it will demonstrate the great growth of free trade sentiment, and that they can slide the free coinage to the rear when the national convention shall meet next year, and have nothing but the free trade issue at the front.

No Republican here has any doubt of Major McKinley's success. He can stand all the assaults that may be made upon him and his bill, which is the protecting ægis of the American working man and of American industries. It is not believed by a single Republican that the false literature and the money with which Ohio will be flooded from now until the day of election by the Democrats will have any effect upon the sturdy Buckeye farmers, other than to make them more firm in true Republican doctrine, and more determined to redeem the state from the Democratic misrule under which it has suffered for the past two years.

MUST BE EXAMINED.

Lieut. J. F. Meigs, of the Navy, Ordered Before the Retiring Board for Examination.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Lieut. John F. Meigs, United States Navy, has been ordered before the retiring board for examination as to his fitness for retirement from active service. This is the beginning of the end of a case that has lately interested naval officers to an unusual degree. Lieut. Meigs, who is a son of Maj. Gen. M. C. Meigs, United States Army, retired, is regarded as an expert in ordnance matters, and has been in the service 29 years.

The law is very explicit in stipulation that a single defect in physical condition of a candidate for promotion shall be sufficient to cause his retirement, but influential friends of Lieut. Meigs made strong efforts to induce Secretary Tracy in his behalf, to suspend the operation of the law in this case, in view of the excellency of Lieut. Meigs's services, and of the fact that it would not mitigate against his work in his present line of duties.

The law officers of the department, however, represented to the secretary that an exception made in this case would constitute a dangerous precedent. The secretary has sustained the views of the law officers.

Attempt to Wreck a Train.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—A special to the *Post* from Petersburg, Va., says: Yesterday morning a daring attempt was made by three boys to wreck the train from Richmond, which left Petersburg shortly after 11 o'clock, by placing spikes and other obstructions on the track a short distance from Port Waltham, six miles north of Petersburg. The obstructions were fortunately seen in time by the engineer to prevent an accident. The boys were arrested a short distance from the railroad, where they had been lying concealed.

She Wants Her Salary.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Mrs. Susan Gale Cooke, who succeeded Mrs. Phoebe Couzins as secretary of the board of lady managers of the World's Columbian exposition, has filed a voucher for $384 at the Treasury department for salary up to June 30. The voucher is accompanied by a certificate from the secretary of the commission. The documents were referred to the solicitor of the Treasury for an opinion as to the legality of the claim.

Lottery Tickets Liable to Seizure.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—Assistant Secretary Spaulding has issued a circular to customs officers in which he says that lottery tickets and the printed advertisements, etc., which usually occupies them are liable to seizure and forfeiture as prohibited importations. They should be held and treated as forfeited goods.

WAR IN MEXICO.

The Country Infested With Lawless Savages Who Commit Depredations and Then Flee to Their Mountain Fastnesses.

CHICAGO, July 23.—Unknown to the outside world, a bloody war is raging in the mountains of Mexico. Such is the statement of Liberato and Toranato Marcor, young Mexican engineers who are in Chicago. The war is not one of revolution, but is one of even greater destruction, and news of it has hitherto been suppressed, it is said, because of possible bad effects upon intended immigration.

In bands of fifty or more the Yaquis daily make unexpected descents upon the helpless people of the plain. Fierce battles with the troops follow, but before the latter can accomplish anything the savages escape to their mountain hiding places with renewed supplies of food and ammunition, generally carrying with them, too, a number of helpless women, whose fate is never known. It being impossible to reach them as they are so fortified as to form an entirely distinct country, no one knows of the life they lead, nor is the name of their new king known. This condition of things is said to be daily growing more alarming.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 24.—*Russku Invelid* (war office organ) announces the formation of a military depot at Kuschk, a short distance from Herat in Afghanistan.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

Attempt to Kill the Wife of the French Minister of the Interior with an Infernal Machine.

PARIS, July 27.—On Saturday an attempt was made to assassinate Madame Constans, the wife of the minister of the interior, by means of an infernal machine.

The identity of the person or persons who sent the machine has not been discovered. According to the latest particulars, the book in which the explosive was concealed appeared to be a Catholic prayer book. The book, accompanied by a letter, was found by Minister Constans on Saturday morning on his desk. The handwriting on the envelope was so much like the writing of one of his nieces that he concluded that the letter was intended for Madame Constans, and he therefore sent both the book and the letter to his wife.

Madame Constans, on receiving the book, found the leaves stuck fast together and handed it to the butler to open. The butler was about to use a chisel on it, when he noticed a fuse affixed to the leaves. The book was then turned over to the police, by whom it was cautiously opened, when a cavity was disclosed, in which was concealed 200 grammes of fulminate. A few grains of the fulminate, when tested in a labratory, exploded with a report like that of a cannon.

The fulminate was mixed with buckshot and enclosed in a tin box, around which were two bands of parchment similar to the bands around boxes of cracker bonbons, the whole being so arranged as to cause an explosion if the covers of the book were pulled apart. M. Girard, the analyist, thinks that only a madman would have risked his life in preparing such an apparatus, which was formidable enough to bring down a house and make a 50-foot hole in the ground.

M. Treilie and M. Etienne had previously received letters signed by a Bordeaux doctor threatening them with death. A naval surgeon who has committed suicide at Toulon was possibly the culprit.

FORTY-NINE

Passengers Killed in a Horrible Railway Wreck in France—Over 100 Injured.

PARIS, July 27.—A collision between excursion trains occurred at St. Mande last night in which 60 persons were injured and three carriages were wrecked. Both trains were returned from a musical festival at Fontenoy.

The second train crashed into the preceding train before the latter had left the St. Mande station. The guard's van and the three carriages of the fast train were wrecked, and caught fire from the gas. The injured occupants were shrieking in despair, and the other passengers hurriedly left the train and assisted in extricating the victims. Soldiers also aided the fire brigade to quench the flames and rescue the sufferers. The work of helping the injured was carried on by torchlight. It is reported that 49 persons were killed.

A dispatch from St. Mande says that 60 persons were injured and that 15 dead bodies have been recovered, including those of two children who were mangled beyond recognition. Most of the dead victims are legless, their limbs have been crushed off through to the jamming together of the seats. Fully 20,000 onlookers are at the scene. Many relatives of the victims are assembled at the railway station, and heartrending scenes are witnessed as the victims are extricated from the wreck.

The driver and firemen of the second train were burned alive. It is reported that the stationmaster has gone mad and decamped. It is now known that 49 have been killed and 100 wounded. Thirty bodies have been recovered from the wreck.

WHITELAW REID

Doing His Utmost to Assist the Columbian Fair Commission in Paris.

PARIS, July 25.—The United States minister, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, is doing his utmost to assist the Columbian Fair commission. Ex-Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio; Judge Lindsey, of Kentucky, and A. F. Bulleck, of Massachusetts, members of the commission, breakfasted with Deputy Berger, who had charge of the recent Paris exhibition arrangements.

The French commission had several sittings during the past week, M. Roche, minister of commerce, presiding. There were warm discussions at times on the subject of railway rates between New York and Chicago, and much ill-feeling was caused.

Since the arrival of the commissioners from Chicago, the latter have met the French commission and have explained matters to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Cannibalism in the Congo Free State.

LONDON, July 25.—Advices just received from Stanley Falls, in the Congo Free State, tell of cannibalism among natives, and of an armed expedition against them. Natives along the Lomani river, who had blocked the stream with armed canoes, killed and ate fifty natives friendly to Europeans.

An expedition composed of ten Europeans and fifty Arabs soon after left Stanley Falls to punish the cannibals, and after a day's battle succeeded in routing them and occupying their villages. Hundreds of the rebellious natives were killed and wounded. The same advices also state that the Bakumas around Stanley Falls are returning to cannibalism, and that several of them have been court-martialed and executed.

PARIS, July 25.—M. Roche, minister of commerce, and M. Berger, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, will meet the Chicago Fair commissioners at Minister Guyot's. M. Berger will probably be appointed commissioner general of the fair. The chamber of commerce, the publishers' club and the Franco-American society will entertain the commissioners.

BERLIN, July 25.—The pope has approved the exhibition of the "Holy coat" at Treves and has sanctioned the forgiveness of sins of pilgrims who journey thither. Three steamers each with 900 pilgrims aboard have arrived from America.

SITUATION AT BRICEVILLE.

Gov. Buchanan Asks the Miners to Tolerate the Convicts Until the State Legislature Can Take Action.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 23.—It is pretty generally decided that there is little to fear that blood will have to be shed in the mining region. Governor Buchanan reached the city yesterday morning from Nashville, and as soon as he breakfasted began his work to smooth the tangled skein. He first called his militia officers into his consultation room and listened to their reports. Later on prominent citizens of Knoxville and friends of the governor were admitted. The governor listened to all suggestions, evidently wanting the fullest possible discussion of the situation in all its respects.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon by appointment he met the committee of the miners mentioned in the dispatches and the commission of five named by the miners. The session lasted for several hours, and at the end he announced his decision. He stated that before he left Nashville he had decided to call an extra session of the legislature, and had already made a call for an election to fill vacancies in the legislature. In his call for a special session he will embody a recommendation to the legislature that the convict lease system be modified if not repealed. In the meanwhile, pending the election, the convicts must be returned to the Briceville mines from which they had been evicted. If the miners agree not to molest them until such time as the legislature may act, the militia will be sent home.

The committee from the miners, although having power to act, concluded that the decision of the governor should be laid officially before the miners as a whole and the governor was so informed. The committee left for Coal Creek this morning, where a mass meeting of miners will be held upon its arrival, and the matter definitely decided. The committee will return this afternoon at 5:45 to notify the governor. Those best acquainted with the mountain people believe that the miners will be willing to leave the matter to the legislature and will give the required promises. If they do not, the convicts will return to Coal Creek, and with them the militia. If the force is not large enough to guarantee protection to property and the safe working of the convicts, the United States will be called on for a force of regulars.

Reports about threatened riot at Briceville are without foundation. There is nobody in Briceville for the miners to fight. The militia and the convicts and the guard are all in Knoxville. There is not a man in Briceville, nor has there been since Monday, who is not a miner or a friend of the miners.

Governor Buchanan is interested as no other man can be, for all the best lawyers believe that in calling out the militia he has exceeded his power. The constitution of the state is very plainly against him. The clause relating to the militia is: "The militia shall not be called into service except in cases of rebellion or invasion, and then only when the general assembly shall declare by law that the public safety required it."

FATAL COLLISION.

Three Passengers Killed and Several Others Badly Injured—Unfortunate Ending of a Pleasure Excursion.

DAYTON, O., July 27.—William G. Douglass, one of the foremen of the National Cash Register works, and who was also one of the committeemen in charge of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton excursion to Woodsdale, tells this story of the Saturday night wreck, in which three persons were killed and 40 seriously injured:

The train of fifteen crowded cars started on its return trip from Woodsdale about 7 o'clock, and about an hour later the accident occurred at Middletown. A draw-bar about the middle of the excursion train broke, and they stopped at Middletown to patch it up for the run to Dayton. Brakemen were immediately sent out with red flags to flag the approaching train, and nearly half an hour was consumed in repairing the disabled car. Red lights were not promptly changed to the rear of this car, though the train was pulling out when the accident occurred, at nearly 9 o'clock. Two hundred and fifty men, women and children were in the last three coaches and all knew that freight train No. 44 was following, and they appreciated and talked of their danger. Some of them called Conductor Peter G. Glancey's attention to their peril and he cautioned them that if they heard train 44 coming they should jump from the car. Five minutes later the awful disaster was upon them. The excursion train was slowly creeping off the side track when ominous roaring was heard from the expected train, No. 44, then not over a quarter of a mile away. Nearer and nearer came the monster mogul with 35 loaded cars, and when in sight of Middletown station Engineer Schwind saw the flagman waving the danger signal and he immediately called for brakes, shut off steam and applied the sand.

"He saw that a collision was inevitable. Then he and his fireman jumped, and an instant later the crash came, a rear end collision of mighty force. The excursion train was pulling out on to the main track, and all but the two hind coaches had left the siding, when the Mogul engine, with the heavy train behind it, went plowing through. The two rear cars and human freight were hurled into the ditch, and the next coach was struck fairly in the end, and the locomotive pushing under, elevated it to an angle of 45 degrees, and there it stood, filled with shrieking people. This car caught fire, but Engineer Schwind and his firemen were able to extinguish the blaze by use of hose from the locomotive. Two cars lay crushed in the ditch, with a mass of maimed and mangled people moaning in agony, pleading for help. Rescuers set to work at once to extricate them. Legs, arms and heads could be seen through broken windows, or pinned under the wreck. Moans of the helpless sufferers, and groans of the dying mingled with the frantic cries of mothers seeking husbands and children. Many had been cut by glass and timbers in the rush to escape, and bloody faces and hands bore ghastly testimony to the great number who were injured. Physicians and citizens of Middletown were soon at the scene to join in rescuing the unfortunates. The terror-stricken excursionists were made comfortable in the houses, the three dead persons were properly cared for and the injured received all the necessary attention." Three persons were killed and many injured.

SHE MARRIED AN ALLEGED COUNT.

Romantic Union of a Brooklyn Girl and a Foreign Impostor.

MILWAUKEE, July 22.—Miss Alene Loeb, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and "Count" H. F. von Blucher, who claims to be a great-grandson of Field Marshal Blucher, were married Sunday afternoon by Rev. M. M. Parkhurst.

The couple met at Elkhart Lake, where Miss Loeb was spending the summer with friends. The "count" said, after the marriage, that he would reside in America, as he thought his father would not sanction the union. The friends of the bride became convinced that "Count" Blucher is an impostor, and not only took the girl away, but induced him to sign a declaration that he was unable to support her and would present no obstacle to divorce proceedings.

The "count," who dresses in a negligee suit and looks like an ordinary emigrant, says his father allows him $125 a month, and is compelled by contract to give him $75 a month. He has been in Wisconsin only three weeks. He says he came to this country to make money, and lost $5,000 in Chicago very easily. There is a fishy tinge to his whole story, but the fact remains that he has married into a respectable family. It is said he is figuring upon plans to retain a hold upon his wife.

Disastrous Wreck.

DENVER, Col., July 24.—The narrow-gauge west bound express from Salida, Cal., on the Denver & Rio Grande collided with the broad-gauge Salt Lake express going west a few miles from Carlile, early this morning.

The trains were running at full speed and were heavily loaded. The engine and front coaches of both trains were completely wrecked and four persons killed.

JOHN SHERMAN TALKS.

His Ideas as to Republican Success and a Slight Reference to the Senatorial Question—Foster for the Senate.

CINCINNATI, O., July 22.—Senator Sherman was interviewed here last night. He says: "Of course I haven't been out through the State much, but the general view seems to be quite favorable to the Republicans, and I don't think there is much doubt but that we will elect our ticket.

"Will the tariff be the great issue? Well, there is so much difference of opinion as to the correct tariff. The general idea is, of course, for protection, but in particular it is very hard to satisfy all. The wool-growers may think they ought to have more protection and those engaged in other industries not so much. The Republicans should not allow the Democrats to make the issues. They should make them themselves."

"Do you think the free coinage plank of the Democrats will cause that question to figure much in the campaign?"

"Now there is something that may come up. And I think the people will learn that free coinage means one standard—silver with gold demonotized."

"Gov. Campbell seems to be attempting to make the tariff the issue."

"Yes, the governor is in a weak position—his party has made a platform containing certain issues which he seems to be trying to avoid."

"What figure will this third party movement cut in the state campaign?"

"Well, that is very hard to determine exactly, but in most of the counties where the Farmers' Alliance is strongest the prevailing political feeling is Democratic. The Farmers' Alliance being a secret organization, you can not tell much about it; it may be hard at work in the Republican counties also. But I am of the opinion that the Democrats will suffer worst from the movement. They seem to have an especial spite at me, principally, I suppose, on account of my views on the financial question. There is something, too, in the name. They think to turn out someone, as they did Ingalls in Kansas, and so get a great reputation."

"Is Mr. McKinley in any sense a candidate for the Senate?" was asked.

"No I think not. I do not regard him as in any sense a candidate. That is, at this time. He is running for the governorship of Ohio now."

"Is Mr. Foster a candidate, senator?"

"I suppose Mr. Foster would like to go to the senate."

"There are rumors that he is a candidate," was urged to the senator.

"Well, I can't help that. I do not go by rumors, and make no statements upon them."

"Has he informed you of any such intention?"

"He has not."

"Do you know whether he is a candidate?"

"I do not."

And just then a bell boy entered with a slip of paper, at which the Senator glanced, and then he said, "Show him up at once." Then turning to the reporter, "It's Governor Foraker." A few minutes after the ex-governor, smiling, blithe-looking, entered. Mr. Sherman said to the reporter that he would rather see the governor alone. The call lasted perhaps ten minutes, and the sound of hearty laughter which occasionally filtered through the cracks of the door and transom proved that it was carried on in the best of spirits.

Of course it will be generally taken for granted that only the weight of surmises attaches to statements as to what was the tenor of the talk between Sherman and Foraker, but a statement can be made given out as of rather more weight than this. It is that Secretary Foster's name was freely mentioned; that the secretary was recognized as also a coming candidate for senatorial honors. This embodied other points that are of importance, and it is said that the two distinguished gentlemen parted with a full and amicable understanding in the matter.

JERRY SIMPSON IN OHIO.

The Now Southern Agitator Says He Will be on Deck.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 22.—(Special to Chicago Tribune.)—Yesterday Jerry sat in a rocking chair on the porch of a railroad crossing hotel at Childersburg waiting the arrival of a belated train to carry him to Birmingham. He leaned back his head and apparently went to sleep. A great big black wasp with a body divided like an ancient Gaul—into three parts—came buzzing around Jerry's nose. The old sailor opened his eyes, then lifted up his old slouch hat that lay by his chair, and he hit that wasp a swat that settled it.

"You may tell the folks up North," he began, "that the Alliance is going into Ohio after John Sherman's scalp, and I think we are going to get it. The Alliance will support the People's party in Ohio and assist in the good work of beating John Sherman. You can say, moreover, that our presence up there won't do Maj. McKinley any particular good. We are after Sherman in the first place, and we won't help McKinley any. I am going into Ohio the 1st of October, and I am going to stump the state, speaking day and night against John Sherman. I will stay in Ohio until after the election."

This was agreed on at a conference held last week at which Polk, Livingston, Simpson, and Weaver were present. They expect to concentrate all their available speakers in Ohio by the middle of October to fight Sherman and McKinley, too. To-day Jerry referred to it in his speech out at the lake.

He spoke first of the Inter-state law, saying the railroads were afraid of the Reagan bill, so they got Cullom, who was, he said, a railroad lawyer, to introduce the present law, which was misleading and confusing. Then Jerry took a shot at Ingalls and told of his defeat last winter. The work of beating men of the Ingalls stripe wasn't complete, he said, nor would it be until McKinley and John Sherman were also killed and thrown into the political hole. The Republicans in Ohio had boldly nominated McKinley as their representative and thrown down the gantlet of battle on his principles.

"We will accept it," said Jerry. "The Republicans staked their issues on McKinley and John Sherman, who represents the plutocrats. We want to raise more money and get some speakers to go there in Ohio and beat these fellows. I am going to contribute a month's time toward that pleasant task."

Later in his speech Jerry said Sherman and McKinley were the arch-enemies of the human race, and would be so written down in history for years to come. Sherman represented all that was vile and pernicious in the construction of money and other financial policies of the Republican party. McKinley's tariff bill was robbery, nothing less.

Presently he got around to the topic a third time. He always speaks of Ingalls's defeat, and tells a story of two verdant Irishmen who were sleeping under a tree by the side of a railroad one night when a fast express train rushed by. "Jimmy," said one Turk to his mate, "get up and let's get out of this quick, hell's broke loose, and the first load has just gone by."

The audience yelled as Jerry told his story to-day and when the noise subsided the speaker shouted: "One big load of hell went by when John James Ingalls was beat, and two big loads more will go by this winter when John Sherman and William McKinley, jr., are shelved."

The Duty on Grain.

BERLIN, July 22.—There was a conference this morning in this city between members of the government and representatives of the leading grain firms of Germany. The conference was brought about by an urgent summons issued by the government. It is generally supposed that the object of this meeting is that the government is seriously reconsidering the reduction of duties upon grain.

A Canned Tomato Trust.

CHICAGO, July 22.—A special dispatch from St. Louis says that a movement is on foot looking to the organization of a trust in canned tomatoes, that agents are working all over the country trying to induce the canners to enter into an agreement not to sell for less than 85 cents a dozen at the canneries and that they have already induced a large number of the canners to sign the contract.

PARIS, July 24.—A dispatch from Vichy says that Dom Pedro, late emperor of Brazil, is progressing toward recovery from his recent illness, that the wound in his foot is closing and that he is now able to leave his bed every day.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE CHILIAN WAR.

Terrible Stories of the Civil Conflict—Balmaceda a Tyrant, Guilty of Awful Cruelties.

NEW YORK, July 28.—Chilian, Peruvian and Argentine newspapers received in this city give interesting details of the struggle of the Chilian factions. The confidential agent of the insurgents at Panama has made public the following bulletin received from the minister of foreign affairs for the congressional party:

IQUIQUA, July 3.—The ship Maipe has foundered, having aboard complete equipments of infantry, cavalry and artillery for 25,000 men.

In an account of alleged cruelties on the part of Balmaceda, *El Tacora*, of Tacna, assert that officers and soldiers daily desert the government forces. Whenever any of them are captured the authorities flog them, administering from 100 to 200 strokes, and then send them to the hospitals, which forward them to the cemeteries.

El Heraldo, published at La Paz, Bolivia, says: "A smuggled mail brought yesterday (June 17) from the capital (Santiago) brings the following: On the 16th inst. 25 individuals, soldiers and officers, were shot in Santiago, being suspected of plotting mutiny in the corps to which they belonged. The execution took place in the barracks at early dawn, so that the populace might know nothing of the occurrence. The insurgent crew of the torpedo ram Walda, which ran away from Valparaiso and was recaptured near the heights of Papudo when her coal gave out, has also been shot. The total number was seven or eight.

The greatest terror reigns in Santiago, Valparaiso and in the southern towns. The spies and minions of the tyrant not only violate homes, but also convents and monasteries. In the home they rob and pillage under pretext of looking for revolutionists. The fields are deserted because the unfortunate Hasos (farmers) have fled to the mountains to escape enforced enlistment in the ranks of Balmaceda's army.

Don Jose Luis Vergara, ex-commander of Talca, was cruelly flogged in Santiago for the alleged crime of being at loggerheads with Don Carlos Moraga, commander of the condell. The punishment was so severe that Senora Elvira Isafa de Vergara, when the bloody clothing of her husband was brought to her house, went to the Mint building to show the garments to Balmaceda. Not finding him there, she confronted Don Jose Miguel Valdez Carrera whom she denounced as a coward and assassin.

Charges of grossest cruelty were made against Balmaceda by Senor Javier Vialley Solar, special envoy of the constitutional government to the government of Peru. His interview with the editor of *El Hacienda*, of Lima, Peru, was published in that paper. Said he: "The dungeons of Santiago, Valparaiso, Talca, Conception, and nearly all the cities are filled with most worthy and respectable citizens. In these jails the torture daily applied to youth and old men to force them to avowls which would compromise their friends. The lash, the gallows, the fusillade, and other most cruel expedients of the executioner are a daily spectacle in these sombre abodes. The distinguished senoritas, Emilia Carrera Pinto and Isabel Davila Larrain, were thrown into a vile jail for the crime of being seen in the street reading a small opposition journal.

"Great establishments, costing their proprietors millions of dollars, for example those at the coal mines at Lebu of Senor Errazuriz, have been razed to the ground by Balmaceda. Works of public necessity like the wharf of the Pichilemuz Port, belonging to Senor Ortrizar, have been ruthlessly destroyed. But the destruction and incendiarism are nothing compared with the means employed to close up the banks and credit institutions, causing the ruin not only of the rich and powerful, but of the middle classes and the poorer people."

A paper of Copiaho, Chile, announces that twenty young men have been flogged in Valparaiso by order of Balmaceda for having taken passage aboard an English steamer which was bound for the North.

THE CROP REPORT.

Favorable Conditions Prevail in Ohio, Although Grasshoppers Are Damaging Oats in Some Places.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—The weather crop bulletin issued by the weather bureau for the week ending July 24, is as follows:

Temperature—The week has been cooler than usual in all sections east of the Rocky Mountains, although the departure from the normal temperature has been less than it was during the previous week, generally throughout the Southern states, while the deficiency in temperatue was more marked in the north west mountains, the excess in temperature ranged from four to six degrees above the normal. The cold weather of the past two weeks has reduced the seasonal excess in temperature previously reported over the greater portion of the country east of the Rocky mountains, and at present the greater portion of the Southern states is included in the region where the seasonal temperature is deficient, although the departure in all districts amounts to generally less than one degree per day for the period from January 1 to July 24.

Rainfall—The rainfall during the past week has been largely in excess on the Atlantic coast, the heaviest rains occurring in South Carolina and along the Allegheny range in Virginia and Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky, where the rainfall ranged from 2 to 4 inches. Smaller areas of excessive rain occurred in Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado. Light showers occurred in the central valleys, where the weather was generally favorable for harvest work, although in some localities in Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas heavy local rains were reported. No rain occurred in Northeast Texas and Northwest Louisiana, although showers were reported in the remaining portions of these states. There was an absence of rain on the Pacific coast, except light showers at Fort Canby.

The recent heavy rains in the South Atlantic states have relieved portions of that section which were previously suffering from a large deficiency in seasonal rainfall. The greater portion of the cotton region shows an excess of moisture for the season, but in Louisiana the deficiency in rainfall ranges from 12 to 15 inches, which is about 40 per cent of the normal.

THE PRIZE FIGHT DECLARED OFF.

The Efforts of the Law and Order People Rewarded.

ST. PAUL, July 22.—The Hall-Fitzsimmons fight, announced for to-night, has been formally declared off. A conference between the management of the entertainment and others, which closed at 1:30 o'clock, resulted in this decision on account of the positive action of Gov. Merriam in calling on the state guard to aid the sheriff in enforcing the law, and his order to the sheriff that the law must be enforced. The management saw that to attempt to carry out their plans would provoke serious trouble, and rather than have what promised to become almost a riot, they decided to postpone the fight indefinitely.

An Alliance Editor Arrested.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 23.—Editor H. C. Brown, of the *Southern Alliance Farmer*, has been arrested by the post-office authorities, charged with violating the postal law in republishing an editorial from a San Francisco paper which has appeared in a number of papers. It is charged this is a lottery advertisement. The case will be tried Saturday.

INTERNAL REVENUE.

Operations of the Bureau During the Fiscal Year Ending June 30—The Total Collections.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Acting Commissioner Wilson has made a preliminary report to the secretary of the Treasury on the operation of the internal revenue bureau during the fiscal year ended June 30 last. The total collections from all sources during the year were $146,035,376, an increase of $3,440,680 as compared with the collections during the preceding fiscal year. The collections were as follows:

On spirits, $83,335,963, an increase of $1,648,588; on tobacco, $32,796,270, a decrease of $1,162,720; on fermented liquors, $28,565,130, an increase of $2,556,563; on oleomargarine, $1,077,924, an increase of $291,632; miscellaneous, $260,037, an increase of $106,583.

The acting commissioner's report says: "The act of Congress abolishing all special taxes relating to tobacco, which for the last quarter of the fiscal year of 1890 amounted to $1,304,746, and reducing the tax on snuff, chewing and smoking tobacco from 8 to 6 cents per pound, which, on the basis of the returns of the last fiscal year, would make a reduction of $2,504,895, and also changing the beginning of the special tax year from May 1 to July 1, so that a large part of the special taxes, which were formerly paid in May, were this year paid in July, aggregating $1,557,944, made a total loss of taxes for the year just closed of $5,367,587. This sum, added to $3,440,689, would, but for the changes in the law, have made the increased collection aggregate $8,808,266.

"The cost of collection for the fiscal year just ended will aggregate about $4,193,000, exclusive of the amount expended for the printing of internal revenue stamps, which is paid from the appropriation for the bureau of engraving and printing. The expenses for the previous year were $4,095,110, making an increase this year of about $98,000.

"At this date it is impossible to state the exact amount of the cost of collection, as some of the accounts belonging to the past fiscal year have not yet been received, and the amount of such accounts has been estimated from the accounts of previous months, but when all are received and adjusted I do not think the total will vary much from the amount herein stated. The percentage of the cost of collection for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1890, was 2.82 per cent.

"The largest amount collected in any state was $38,364,312, made in Illinois; next in order was New York, $16,565,328; Kentucky, $15,858,707; Ohio, $14,355,260; Pennsylvania, $10,334,524; Missouri, $7,694,102; Indiana, $6,524,723, and New Jersey, $4,104,879. The smallest collection was $35,689, made in New Mexico and Arizona, which form one district."

4,000 PENSIONERS

Will Have to Wait for Commutation Money Until After Congress Meets.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—The appropriation at the disposal of the surgeon general's office for artificial limbs, and for commutation where the pensioner does not take the artificial limb supplied by the government, is already exhausted, and about 4,000 pensioners will have to wait for their commutation money until after Congress meets.

The appropriation for the year would have paid all claims under the law as it existed prior to March 3 last, but an amendment was passed on that date making the period for the renewal of artificial limbs three years instead of five. All the claims that would have been spread over the next two years under the old law, became matured under the new law on the date of its passage, but Congress made no provision to meet the increased expenditure, and the regular appropriation has covered only a third of the cases.

Brackett Has Resigned.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—(Special.)—The resignation of Chief Clerk Brackett, which it was stated in the dispatches had been called for some time ago, is now a fact, and he will retire from the Treasury department on September 1. It is not definitely determined who will be the successor of this gentleman, but it is possible that Gen. Daniel McCaully will be the appointment clerk. It is understood that he will not be made chief clerk.

DEPREDATIONS

By Chinese Against the Missionaries—A French Orphanage Destroyed by the Rabble.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.—Advices just received from China give particulars of fresh depredations by the Chinese against the missionaries. The latest attack was made at Yankaoo, on June 28, when the Catholic mission was methodically looted, the crowd passing things from hand to hand in a chain. The buildings were afterwards set on fire. A few days previous four chapels were destroyed in Kiangsi, near the city of Foochow. The chapel, school and residence of the priest were looted and burned on June 26. On the same day some predatory bands completely destroyed a French orphanage at a place called Haimen. In addition to destruction of the orphanage, eight or nine of the wretched little children cared for in the building were carried off.

A correspondent writes to the China *Mail* that there is a rumor in Canton that a disturbance has taken place in Fukien province. It is stated that the rebels are several thousand strong and have captured a city. The intelligent Chinese think it will be difficult for foreigners in Canton to escape. A junk containing three merchants, a crew of seven, and nine passengers were attacked shortly after dusk by five junks containing armed men on June 15, off the port of Kingho. The assault was resisted by those on board and a fierce battle raged for half an hour, in which two of the passengers were killed, two were shot and three were stabbed so seriously that they died within a few minutes. The remainder of those on board, seeing no other chance for escape, jumped overboard and after swimming some distance were rescued by a fishing boat. The pirates seized the junk and sailed away with her.

STATE OF TURMOIL.

Law and Order Set at Defiance by Armed Bands of Plunderers in Southern China.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 28.—Chinese advices received here by the steamer Empress of India, state that the whole southern portion of China is in a state of turmoil. Law and order are set at defiance, and armed bands of plunderers make business almost impossible.

Le Wing Chuen, governor general of Formosa, is in very bad health and not expected to live long. It is believed his death will be the signal for revolts and general uprising against Chinese rule. The feeling around Shanghai is one of disquiet on account of late riots. Foreign residents are apprehensive that attacks will be made upon them at any time.

PARIS, July 24.—President Carnot has intimated that the French government will return the flags which were captured by the French troops during the Crimean war from the Russian church at Eupatoria, a town on the western coast of the Crimea, and which have since been deposited in the church of Notre Dame in this city.

MADRID, July 25.—A majority of the military exiles will accept the amnesty granted by the government and return to this country. Senor Zorilla, the exiled Republican leader, with a few other prominent political exiles, refuse to accept the amnesty, however, hoping to immediately act in concert with the Portuguese revolutionists in a general Iberian Republican uprising.

THE ELLIOTT CASE.

After Several Days' Deliberation, the Jury Brings in a Verdict of Murder in the Second Degree.

COLUMBUS, O., July 28.—William J. Elliott, the former proprietor and editor of the *Sunday Capital*, who, with his brother, P. J. Elliott, killed Albert C. Osborne, a reporter of the *Sunday World*, and W. L. Hughes, a bystander, besides wounding a number of people, during a shooting

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.

affray on High street, in this city, in the afternoon of February 23, last, was convicted this morning of murder in the second degree. The trial has been in progress since May 11.

The jury went out last Thursday and has come in half a dozen times for instructions.

It was expected that the verdict would be murder in the first degree.

STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

Elliot and the Bad Journalism that brought him Low.

COLUMBUS, O., July 24.—(Special.)—The tragedy which resulted in the death of two persons, the wounding of several others and which finds its conclusion in the trial of Wm. Elliot for murder, had its inception in newspaper rivalry nearly two years ago. The *Sunday Capital* at that time had almost undisputed possession of the field of sensational journalism in Columbus and had also the great bulk of the Irish Catholic support in this city.

When a competitor for these two sources of revenue appeared in the newly established *Sunday World*, the *Capital* at once began a bitter war upon its rival. This was before Levering and Osborn, both direct parties to the subsequent tragedy, had been connected with the *World* in the capacity of owner and city editor. F. W. Levering bought the *World* some few months after its birth, and shortly afterward employed A. E. Osborn as his city editor.

This Osborn, who had been taken from the obscurity of a tinsmith's shop by Wm. J. Elliott and initiated into the mysteries of sensational newspaper work, had distinguished himself in this special field, and was notorious as a writer of impure but startling matter.

He had left the *Capital* after many years' service, with the intention of taking a rest, and his engagement by the rival sheet intensified Elliott's anger and jealousy against his competitor.

Soon Levering and Osborn, through the columns of the *World*, and Elliott, in his Sunday *Capital*, began a systematic process of mud slinging.

This personal war publicly waged, became more and more intense, until upon the occasion of Levering's marriage to an estimable young lady in Pennsylvania, Elliott printed a savage attack upon Levering's private character, and made Osborn also a party defendant to his charges.

The *World* of the following Sunday retorted with what was one of the most vile and bitter articles which ever appeared in any Ohio and probably in a Western newspaper. Among other infamous charges in the *World* article was an attack on the female members of Elliott's family.

This brought the personal war to its bloody close.

The day following the publication of this article in the *Sunday World*, February 23, the two Elliotts, Wm. J., editor, and Patsy J., business manager of the *Capital*, met Osborn in front of Schroder's saloon, just opposite the State house.

Whether this meeting was by previous arrangement of the Elliots was not fully established at the trial. Preponderance of testimony agrees that Elliott fired the first shot. At any rate a fusillade at once began and when firing ceased Osborn was dead, W. L. Hughes, an innocent spectator, dead and at least five persons were wounded.

Both Elliotts were at once arrested and taken to the city prison. Excitement was intense, and extra police precautions were taken to prevent lynching. A special grand jury was called, both Elliotts were indicted for murder in the first degree, within two weeks from the time of the shooting.

On May 11 the trial began before Judge Pugh, and before a jury was selected the defense made several attempts to get a change of venue. It took four weeks to secure a jury. And when the twelve men were sworn in four of them had sworn that they had already formed opinions as to Elliott's guilt.

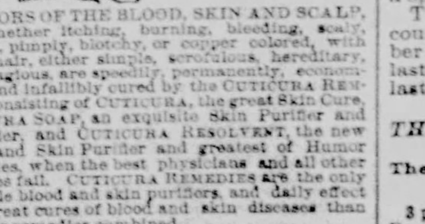
Judge Pugh held that this did not debar them, and the trial began. It has occupied six and a half weeks, including the pleas of the attorneys and the charge of the judge.

IN ALASKA.

Two Explorers Discover a Trail Whereby the Interior is Made Accessible to Pack Horses.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 22.—A letter written June 9, at Neska-Ta-Helen, in central Alaska, has been received here from Lieut. E. J. Glover, who, with Jack Dalton, started from here last April to explore the interior of Alaska, with the object of discovering a trail by which pack horses might be taken into the interior. The letter says:

"We have been entirely successful in our venture. I am writing this from one of the most central points of inner Alaska; from a part of the land entirely different from the snow covered heights so popularly supposed to be the only ground in these regions. From my present position an immense valley, thickly clothed with luxuriant grasses, stretches away for miles in every direction. We have had all kinds of experiences in reaching the present point over steeps and across swift streams. The horses have carried their 250 pounds with ease, proving that transportation by pack horses is practicable. In the interior are deep swift streams and lakes, all well stocked with fish; fine pasture and wild fruits abound. The winter is severe, but not so dreadful as generally supposed."



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

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Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

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Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

GOLD SHIPMENTS.—The confused condition of exchanges was shown last week by the fact that, though $2,100,000 gold was taken for export early in the current week, some $617,000 in Spanish gold coin was received from Europe, and further sums are said to be en route. These latter transactions are explained by the fact that the gold is en route to Cuba, where doubloons command a premium. While the principal shippers of gold stated on Wednesday that further engagements were unlikely during the week, it was understood that it depended entirely upon their ability to secure satisfactory drafts, though they actually engaged $1,500,000 on Friday. At the same time it was intimated on good authority that the week's shipments completed the outstanding contracts for gold with the Bank of France. An advance of discount in London caused some weakness in long exchange, but on the other hand sight advanced, the posted quotations being marked up on Monday from 487 to 487½, and actual business was at figures which would apparently have permitted gold shipments to the continent. Rates, however, weakened on Thursday, and on Friday the posted rate for demand was again reduced to 487.

MONEY.—The absence of speculative demand for money was shown last week by the superabundant supply of call money in the New York market, the rate for bankers' balances ranging from 1 to 2 per cent, with renewals at the latter figure. The present rate for call money is from 1 to 2 per cent lower than at the corresponding date last year. On the other hand, the commencement of the westward movement of funds has affected the market for time loans in spite of the slack demand for funds. New York exchange is at a discount in Chicago, and the treasury has made transfers of funds from New York during the week to the amount of $1,423,000. Activity in grain and provision speculation at the West may partly account for this movement, which is earlier than the usual drain in that connection with the crops. Rates for money have, however, advanced about ½ per cent, to 4½@5½ per cent for two to four months, and five and six months' money is scarce at 6 per cent. Mercantile paper is quiet, and the outside buyers, who have a practical monopoly generally, make a 6 per cent rate on best names and indorsed bills receivable.

STOCKS.—The stock market continues utterly lifeless and without anything more than a fractional variation in prices in either direction. HENRY CLEWS says this condition of things is natural enough as a sequence to the world-wide financial derangements of last fall. Caution everywhere, the contraction of credit in every direction, critical examination into the condition of the institutions through which finance operates, discouragement towards speculative operations and undertakings, and a protracted process of liquidation,—these are among the influences to which financial interests have been subjected alike in Europe and the United States for the last nine or ten months. The condition has been that of collapse after convulsion; and the question is, whether the collapse stage has run its course, so that we may expect an early return of general vigor and activity. To this question no one can give a definite answer, and the future alone can determine it.

SILVER.—The fact that the government has completed its purchases for July caused a slight decline in silver at the opening of the week, bars falling to 99¾. The London market also was dull, bars declining to 42⅝d. per ounce, while the allotments of India council bills were made at a decline of 3-16d. per rupee. The announcement, however, that some large amounts of silver had been taken here for export served to rally prices and at the same time give animation to the dealings in silver bullion certificates. It is believed that the transactions in question are due to the arrangements of foreign bankers to supply a large amount of silver to the Bank of Spain and to the Portuguese government. Announcements were made that 425,000 ounces would be shipped to Europe forthwith. When these foreign orders were filled, however, on Friday, the market again showed a declining tendency. The amount of silver bullion in New York held against outstanding certificates is 5,171,945 ounces. The closing price of bar silver in New York on Saturday was $1.00⅝ per ounce, at which rate the bullion in the silver dollar is worth 77.6 cents.

THE WEEK'S CURRENT OF TRADE.

Some Improvement in Business, But the Monetary Situation Foggy.

NEW YORK, July 25.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Some improvement in the business situation is still noted. There is more active trade in some of the leading branches and more general confidence as to the future. But the monetary situation does not grow clearer. Speculation in products is springing up, which threatens to make trouble when the crop movement becomes large. Distribution of circulars in large numbers from Minneapolis and Washington, professedly by the Farmers' Alliance, advising all farmers to hold their wheat, does not yet effect actual receipts, but stimulates speculators to buy largely in expectation of a boom, and much money has already been locked up in carrying accumulating stocks. With the utmost freedom in the movement of wheat, recovery from Europe of the $70,000,000 gold shipped this year would be difficult, but with wheat exports checked for some months, scarcity of money will be felt in all markets and all branches of industry.

At the west, crop prospects stimulate everywhere. Chicago reports wheat receipts five times last year's, an increase of 30 to 50 per cent in dressed beef, hides and butter, but some decrease in cured meats and lard. Dry goods sales are a trifle smaller at present, and trade in clothing and shoes seasonably dull, with collections improving, confidence in the future being general. At Milwaukee trade is fairly active; at St. Paul improving, and at Minneapolis active for lumber and better for flour. Wheat does not yet move largely at St. Louis, though money is getting into Illinois towns to some extent. Trade improves at Kansas City, money being in demand for packers and grain dealers. At the south little change is noted, and money is generally tight and trade inactive.

Speculation in breadstuffs has suddenly become active. Sales of 48,000,000 bu. of wheat here have resulted in an advance of 8½c per bushel, though the moderate official estimate of this year's crop would leave nearly 200,000,000 bushels in the country for export, a quantity greater than has ever yet been taken abroad. Corn has declined 3c and oats 1¾c on small trade, having been unnaturally high. Pork products rise high and a speculation in them is foreshadowed.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number 294, as compared with a total of 274 last week. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 190.

THE DAY IN WALL STREET.

The Close of Stocks in New York This Afternoon.

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 2 per cent. Bar silver 100⅜. After 12 o'clock the stock market again developed considerable strength and prices advanced generally to about the level of the best figures of the forenoon. Burlington, however, was specially prominent in the upward movement and rose nearly 1 per cent to 81 against 79⅝ last evening. On the other hand, Tennessee Coal dropped suddenly from 28 to 25 on small transactions and afterward recovered about half the loss. No other weak point was seen, however, and the best prices were well maintained until toward 2 p. m., when another drive was made at the list and a large portion of the advance in Burlington was lost, and Northern Pacific yielded materially, the common selling down to 21, against 22⅛, and the preferred to 61¾ from 63⅛. Lead also retired below 15, and a few others declined slightly. Later, prices again moved up, but no material gain was made, and the market finally closed dull and rather firm, generally at small fractions better than first prices.

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Atch.	31¾	32⅜	31¾	32⅛
A. C. O.	....	....	....	....
Can. Sou.	47½	47½	47¼	47½
C. C. C.	59	59¼	58⅛	59
C. B. & Q.	80	81¼	79⅝	80⅝
C. Gas Trust	47	47¼	46⅝	47
Del. Hud.	136⅛	136⅛	136⅛	136⅛
Del. Lack.	131	132	131	131½
Erie	18¾	18¾	18¼	18⅛
Hock. Val.	22⅛	22⅛	22⅛	22⅛
J. C.	108	108	107½	108
Lead Tr.	15⅛	15⅛	14⅞	15
Lake Shore	108	108	107½	107¾
Lou. & Nash.	69⅝	70⅛	69⅝	70
N. P.	22	22⅛	21	21¼
Mo. Pac.	65	65⅛	64⅞	65
N. E.	32	32⅛	31⅛	31¾
N. P., pf'd	62⅛	63⅛	61⅞	62
N. W.	103½	103½	103½	103½
N. Y. C.	....	....	....	....
N. A.	12⅝	12⅝	12⅝	12⅝
P. M.	33⅞	34	33⅞	34
W. L.	30⅛	30⅛	30	30
R. T.	10⅝	11¼	10⅝	11¼
R. I.	71⅝	72	71⅝	72
Reading	27⅛	27¾	27⅛	27⅛
Silver	100⅜	100⅜	100⅜	100⅜
A. S. R.	79⅝	80⅛	79⅛	79¾
St. Paul	62⅛	63	62⅛	63
T. C. I.	28	28	25	27¾
T. Pac.	12	12	11⅞	12
U. Pac.	41⅝	42⅛	41⅝	42⅛
W. L., pf'd	73⅛	73⅛	73⅛	73⅛
Wabash. pf'd	22⅛	22⅛	22⅛	22¾
W. U.	79¼	79⅝	78⅞	79⅛

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, July 29, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	July 29.	July 22.
U. S. 4's, coupons	117¼	117¼
U. S. 4's registered	117¼	117¼
Pac. 6's of '95	110	110

NEW YORK, July 25.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$1,220,650
Loans, decrease	1,887,600
Specie, increase	739,200
Legal tenders, decrease	32,600
Deposits, decrease	2,056,200
Circulation, increase	181,300

The banks now hold $19,710,325 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Trade.

During the past week the general trade of the United States has been fairly good. The movement of wheat to the seaboard is bringing large sums of money westward, and business shows improvement.

To-Day's Close.

The markets for wheat this afternoon were active and lower, the reaction being a natural one from the sharp improvement of yesterday.

At Chicago August wheat is 1⅝c lower than the opening, at 88⅝c; at Toledo it was 1⅜c off at 90⅝c; at St. Louis it was 1⅛c lower at 85⅝c; and at New York it was ⅝c off from best figures, at 98c.

December puts at Chicago, 89⅛c; calls, 91⅜c. September puts on corn, 57⅛c; calls, 60c.

Corn for September opened at Chicago at 59⅜c, rose to 60⅛c, fell to 58⅛c and closed at 58⅝c.

The amount of wheat on passage shows a decrease of one million bushels.

Grain inspected out of store at Chicago today: Wheat, 383,000 bushels; corn, 197,000; oats, 3,885.

Car lots at Chicago to-day: Wheat, 940; contract, 634; oats, 530; contract, 340; oats, 420; contract, 284; rye, 85; barley, 3.

Rains in central Illinois where yesterday there were complaints of drouth. Warm showers in the corn belt. West and Southwest and prospect for more, with warmer weather.

Stocks in public warehouses in Liverpool reported at 1,456,000 bushels wheat and 640,000 bushels corn.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 1,060,000 bushels, of which 280,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 780,000 to the continent. The shipments for the corresponding week of 1890 were 640,000 bushels. The total shipments since April were 23,540,000 bushels of which 9,040,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 14,500,000 to the continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year, were 9,268,000 bushels, of which 6,720,000 were to the United Kingdom and 2,540,000 to the continent.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo To-Day.

This afternoon there was an active market for wheat at lower prices.

No. 2, soft red wheat, 92c, 93¼c, 91¾c, close, 92c, 1c above yesterday; No. 3, soft red, 91½@90½c.

July wheat, 93¼c, 1⅛c better than the previous day; August, 92c, and finally 90⅝c, ⅝c decline on yesterday's price; September, 93@91¼c; December, 95⅛@94c, ⅝c off.

Corn dull; No. 2 nominally 65c.

Oats—No. 2, 31c; No. 3, 29c.

Rye—No. 2, 71½c; No. 3, 67c.

Clover Seed—Prime October, $4.35.

Prices of July and August wheat to-day:

July.	Opened	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	93¼	93¼	93¼	93½
Chicago	92⅛	92⅛	90	90⅜
New York	101¾	101¾	99¾	100a
St. Louis	86¾	86¾	85⅛	85¼
August.				
Toledo	92	92⅛	90⅜	90⅞
Chicago	89⅛	90	88¼	88⅞
New York	98⅜	98⅜	98	98
St. Louis	87	87	85⅛	85⅝a

Toledo Produce Market.

The market this morning was an unusually active one. The quantity of various kinds of products on sale was even larger than on Saturday, when there was the largest market of the season. In fruits early peaches grown in the vicinity of Toledo were on sale in good quantities, raspberries were very scarce. Vegetables show but little change. Meats steady. Wholesale prices are:

Butter—Creamery, 22@23c; good grades, 18@20c.

Eggs—Fresh receipts, 15@16c.

Vegetables—Peas, telephone, $1 25; common peas, $1 00 per bushel; tomatoes, per bushel, $2.50; celery, doz. bunches, 25c; squashes, per doz., 40c; cucumbers, doz., 10c; radishes, 10@15c; turnips, bush., 50c; carrots, doz. bunches, 15c; onions, doz. bunches, 15c; beets, do, 15c; string beans, bush., 50c; cabbages, doz., 40@50c; potatoes, bush., 45@50c.

Fruits—Peaches, bushel, $1 75@2 00; gooseberries, $3 00; lemons, box, $4 50@5 00; oranges, $4 75@5 00; plums, bush., $2 00; currants, $2 00; apples, bbls., $2 50@3 00; raspberries, $3 50.

Fresh meats—Beef, per lb., 4@6c; mutton, 7c; veal, 5c; lambs, 9c; dressed hogs, $6 75.

Salt meats—Bacon, sides, 8c, bologna, 6c; mess pork, bbl., $12; clear mess $15; hams, sugar cured, 15 lbs. and over, 10½c; 15 lbs. average, 11½c; under 15 lbs., 12c; smoked beef, 11c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, tierces, 8c; barrels, 8¼c; half barrels, 8½c; refined, tierces, 7½c; barrels, 8c; half barrels, 8¼c.

Hides—Cured, heavy steers, 7¼c; light hides, 5¼c; calf, 7½c; kip, 6½c; green hides, heavy steers, 5¼c; light hides, 4c; calf, 7c; kip, 6c.

Wool—Unwashed, 16@22½c; washed, 25@30c.

Hay—New timothy, per ton from wagons, $11 00@12 00.

Chicago Tips.

CHICAGO, July 28.—(Special from Wright & Haughey):—Wheat was very touchy to-day, giving way easily at signs of selling, and rebounding as quickly with any show of buying. Foreign markets, all much higher at opening, gave our market a strong opening, and sent prices up ¾ over yesterday's closing. Last cables were strong, and show as much as 3 cents per bushel advance.

This should be taken largely as a reflection of our markets yesterday. Cash wheat here can only be used to fill July sales, and no new export business being worked. Markets all closing easier on this side of the water will likely give easier tone to cables tomorrow.

Shorts are well under cover, and look for easier markets here. Corn closes cent lower than yesterday, and not so large a trade. The prominent local shorts that have thought it safe to sell September at a heavy discount, have changed their views and taken their loss.

The close is 2⅝c under top of the day. Receipts will still govern corn, and are too light for short sellers to operate with much confidence. Oats lost most of yesterday's advance, but not having advanced with other grain loss to lose.

Receipts are looming up; 250 cars for tomorrow, and will soon be very large. Seems to be but little in oats, as they can get no action. Provisions—Mess pork lost the advance of yesterday, and closes without much interest at the close.

When names are given up, it shows brokers were peddling out all day. Pork, lard and ribs and some long lines disposed of.

Grain and Produce.

BUFFALO, July 28.—Wheat—No. 1 hard dull at 108c; No. 2 red, 94½@95c. Corn—No. 2, 66@67c.

DETROIT, July 28.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash 94c; No. 2 red, 91½c; July; August, 91⅛c. Corn—No. 2 cash, and July, 65c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 38c asked; No. 2 white, 35c asked.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 28.—Wheat unsettled; No. 2 spring cash, unsettled, 92c; September, 85½c; No. 1 Northern, 98c. Corn, quiet; No. 3 on track, cash, 63. Oats, unchanged; No. 2 white, on track, 41c.

CINCINNATI, July 28.—Flour unchanged. Wheat strong, 85@86½c. Corn steady at 67½c. Oats firmer, at 31@32c. Rye quiet, 66c. Provisions unchanged. Whisky stronger; sales, 584 barrels, on basis of 1.16c.

ST. LOUIS, July 28.—Wheat lower; No. 2 cash, 85½c; August, 85⅝c; September, 88⅝c; December, 99c. Corn weak; No. 2 cash, 56⅝c; July, 56¼c; August, 56c; September, 55c; January, 40⅝c. Oats dull and about steady; No. 2 cash, 29¼c asked; July, 34½c; August, 27½c; September, 27½c. Pork firm at $11 75. Lard down. Whisky at $1 16.

CHICAGO, July 28.—9:30 a. m.—December wheat opened ⅛c off at 91c, jumped to 92⅛c, and then broke to 91½c. September corn opened ¼c up at 59⅛c, advanced at once to 60⅛c, and receded to 59⅝c. September pork opened unchanged at $11 70, and advanced to $11 75. September lard opened 2½c lower at $6 80.

11 a. m.—No. 2 wheat, July, 90⅛c; December, 90⅝c. No. 2 corn, July, 66c; September, 58⅝c. No. 2 oats—July, 37c; September, 28⅛c. Mess pork—September, $11 55@11 57½; January, $13 60. Lard—September, $6 72½@6 75; January, $7 15. Short ribs—September, $6 92½@6 95; January, $7 05.

1:15 p. m.—Close.—No. 2 wheat steady; cash, 90@90⅛c; July, 90⅛c; August, 88⅛c; September, 88¼c; December, 90⅛c. No. 2 corn easier; cash, 64½c; July, 64½c; September, 58⅝c; May, 45c. No. 2 oats easy; cash, 36⅝c; August, 29c; September, 28⅛c. Mess pork steady; cash, $11 35½; September, $11 45½; October, $11 52. Lard easy; cash, $6 57½@6 50; September, $6 67½@6 67; October, $6 80. Short ribs easier; cash, $6 80@6 90; September, $6 71½; short clear sides, $7 20@7 30. No. 2 rye firm at 71⅛c. No. 2 barley nominal at 68@70c. No. 1 flaxseed at $1 03. Prime timothy seed nominal, $1 23@1 24. Butter and eggs steady. Whisky, $1 16.

NEW YORK, July 28.—Wheat, receipts, 172,800 bu; sales, 3,974,000 bu.; early was ½@1⅛c up, declined ⅝@1c and steady; market fairly active; July, 101@101⅜c; August, 98⅛@99c; September, 98@99c; October, 98⅛@99c; December, 100⅝@101⅜c; January, 102⅛@103⅛c; May, 105⅝@106⅛c. Corn—Receipts, 90,450 bu; sales, 1,184,000; fairly active, unsettled; No. 2, 71½@73c. Oats—Receipts, 84,000 bu; sales, 80,000 bu; dull, firm, higher; western 38@60c. Beef—Quiet, steady, easy; extra mess, $9 50@10 50; family $13 00@14 00. Pork—fair demand, firm; new mess, $12 65@13 85; extra prime, $10 50@11 00. Lard—Quiet; steam rendered, $6 85 nominal. Butter—Receipts, 15,306 pkgs.; moderate demand; choice steady; western dairy, 11@14c; western creamery, 14@18c; Elgins, 18c; imitation creamery, 12@14c. Eggs—Receipts, 10,163 packages; quiet and firm; western, 17@17½c. Sugar—Raw quiet; nominal; fair refining, 2⅞c; centrifugals, 96 test, 3⅝c; refined, quiet; easy, crushed 5¼c; powdered, 4⅞c; granulated, 4⅝@4⅞c. Spirits turpentine quiet and easy at 35⅛@36c. Molasses firm, fair demand; New Orleans common to fancy, 25@35c. Tallow inactive, firm; city, ($2 for pkgs.) 4 13-16@4⅞c. Coffee—Rio contracts opened dull and without special feature; December declined 5 points, and the other months were 5 to 10 points up, with sales of 1,000 bags. Havre was dull, near months advancing ¼ franc and far months declining ¼. Hamburg was steady at ¼@¼ pfennig decline. Receipts of Rio for two days, 80,000 bags. Rio quiet, nominal; No. 7 on spot, 17⅛@17⅜c.

Live Stock.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 200; shipments, 1,600; market dull. Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; shipments, 6,100; all grades, $4 50@4 55. Sheep—Receipts, 1,800; shipments, 1,000; market steady.

ST. LOUIS, July 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000 head; market higher; fair to choice heavy, $5 50@5 70; mixed grades, $5 20@5 60; Yorkers, $5 50@5 65. Sheep—Receipts, 3,000 head; market quiet.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, July 28.—Elrick Bros.' report.—(Exclusive to THE BLADE.)—Cattle—Receipts, 2 cars; market dull. Hogs—Receipts, 900 head; market strong; heavies, $5 75@5 85; common to good lights, $5 75@5 90; pigs, $5 25@5 35; stags and roughs, $3 75@5 00. Sheep steady.

CINCINNATI, July 27.—Hogs—In good demand; common and light, $3 50@5 60; packing and butchers', $5 35@5 70; receipts, 1,857 head; shipments, 63 head. Cattle—Large supply and weaker; fair to choice butchers' grades, $2 75@4 65; prime to choice shippers, $4 25@4 50; receipts, 2,305 head; shipments, 612 head. Sheep—In good demand and strong; common to choice, $2 75@4 25; extra fat weathers and yearlings, $3 00@5 25. Lambs—Fair demand and firm; common to choice, $3 50@4 25 per 100 pounds.

BUFFALO, July 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 70 loads through, 17 sale fresh, and fully 60 loads held over; market fully ¼c lower than yesterday; best steers, $4 50@5 00; good, $3 40@4 25. Hogs—Receipts, 27 loads through, 3 fresh sales, and 12 held over; very dull, only few sold up to late hour; sales, good Yorkers, $5 85@5 90; grassy to fair Yorkers, $2 25@5 60. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 31 loads through, 2 sales; market slow, but steady, only few lambs on sale.

CHICAGO, July 28.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head, made up of 2,000 natives, 3,000 Texans, and 3,000 rangers. Business about like any other Tuesday, rather slow, but prices steady; quality of rangers the best ever seen here and are selling quick. Not a sufficient number of good natives here to make a market. Butchers' stock steady. Hogs—Receipts, 18,000 head; prime heavy rather uneven but lower; light sorts 10@15c lower; rough and common, $4 25@4 90; packers and mixed, $5 00@5 25; prime heavy and butchers' weights, $5 40@5 50; light, $5 70@5 75. Sheep—Receipts, 7,000 head. Lambs 15@25c lower than last week; sheep steady.

Wool Market.

ST. LOUIS, July 27.—Wool receipts, 118,000 pounds; shipments, 94,000 pounds; market steady and unchanged.

Petroleum.

CLEVELAND, O., July 28.—Petroleum easy; S. W., 110, 6½c; 74 gasoline, 7c; 86 gasoline, 10c; 63 naphtha, 6½c.

PITTSBURG, July 28.—Petroleum.—Nothing doing on this exchange. At Oil City 64½c was quoted at noon.

OIL CITY, Pa., July 28.—Oil opened at 63⅞c; highest, 64⅛c; lowest, 62⅝c; close, 62⅝c bid.

The Markets for Cotton.

CINCINNATI, July 27.—Cotton quiet; middling, 8½c.

MEMPHIS, July 27.—Cotton—Nominal; middling, 7⅝c; receipts, 344; shipments, 3,8; stock, 2,836; sales, 2,100.

ST. LOUIS, July 27.—Cotton, dull; middling, 7⅝c; receipts, 100; shipments, 400; sales, 300; stock, 2,10.

GALVESTON, July 27.—Cotton quiet; middling, 7 11-16c; low middling, 7c; good ordinary, 6¼c; net and gross receipts, 4; exports coastwise, 15; stock, 4,592.

NEW YORK, July 27.—Cotton—Quiet; middling uplands, 8c; middling Orleans, 8 7-16c; sales, 145 bales; sales last week (not before reported), 150 bales for consumption and 200 for export. Futures closed quiet and steady; sales, 57,500 bales; July, 7.55; August, 7.55; September, 7.71; October, 7.84; November, 7.94; December, 8.04; January, 8.14; February, 8.24; March, 8.34; April, 8.44; May, 8.54; June, 8.63.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, July 27.—No changes have taken place in the leaf tobacco market this week. The offerings have been of an ordinary kind. The quantity of good bitters has been fair. There is a growing scarcity of colory or fine red burleys, and there is good competion among buyers for them. The better grades of suckers and strippers have been doing well. Quotations for 1890 crop in good condition are: Burley—Dark trash, $1 50@3 00; colory trash, $5 00@7 50; common lugs, $3 00@4 50; medium lugs, $4 50@6 00; good lugs, $6 00@10 00; colory lugs, $10 00@15 00; common leaf, $6 00@7 50; medium leaf, $7 50@12 00; good leaf, $12 00@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, 75@1 50; common lugs, $1 50@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@4 00; good lugs, $4 00@5 00; common leaf, $4 50@5 00; medium leaf, $5 50@6 50; good leaf, $6 50@18 50. Quotations for 1889 crop tobacco in good order are as follows: Dark trash, $1 50@3 00; colory trash, $5 00@8 00; common lugs, $3 50@4 50; medium lugs, $4 50@6 50; good lugs, $6 50@10 00; colory lugs, $12 00@17 00; common leaf, $6 50@9 00; medium leaf, $9 00@14 00; good leaf, $14 00@20 00; fine leaf and selections, $20 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, 75c@$1 50; common lugs, $1 50@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@3 50; good lugs, $3 50@4 50; common to medium leaf, $4 00@5 50; medium to good leaf, $6 00@8 00; good to fine leaf, $9 00@12 50.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, July 27.—The *Mark Lane Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: English wheats are 1d lower than the average London price. The country markets are firmer. Foreign wheats are firmer for all sorts. At Liverpool foreign wheats are 1d per cental higher. Lessening shipments of American, Indian and Russian has caused a tendency in favor of sellers. Oats are 3d lower; corn is steady. At Liverpool the quotations are 1d per cental dearer. The prices of barley are in sellers' favor. Beans, peas and rye are a shade dearer.

At to-day's market English wheats were scarce and were held for 6d advance. Foreign wheats were firm, especially Australian. Flour was in good request. Corn was 3d dearer. Beans and peas were steady. Grinding barley advanced 3d.

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